Saturday Review

JUNE 14, 1958 / 25¢

FREUD, FRIENDS, AND FEUDS

A Debate Between Erich Fromm and Jacob A. Arlow

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING:

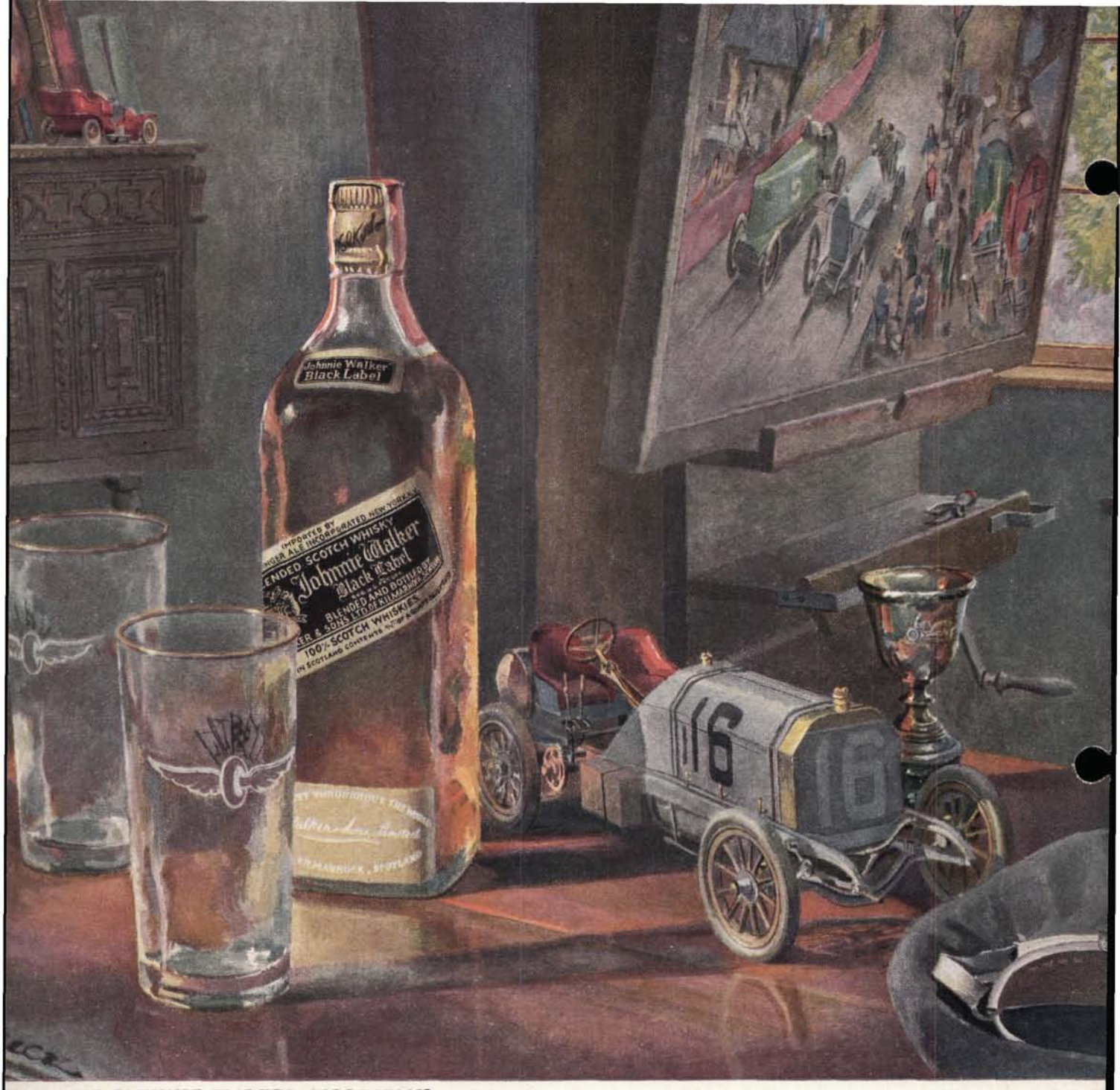
SR's Annual Survey

French bookstall, vintage 1958

See Jerrold Lanes's review of "From the Nouvelle Revue Française," on page 21

SR120980 91-142
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBR
363 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FROM THE JOHNNIE WALKER COLLECTION

"Champion" by PETER HELCK

The Artist at the Wheel

Peter Helck has put a lot of nostalgia into this painting. There's the model of his beloved "Old 16." Peter owns the actual car—the huge Locomobile racer that won the 1908 Vanderbilt Cup. That's a replica of the Cup next to the car. Highball glasses hail from Indianapolis Speedway.

The classic that completes the picture is, of course, Johnnie Walker Black Label . . . champion among champions. No other Scotch whisky in the world could be more at home among symbols of a great tradition.

JOHNNIE WALKER
Born 1820
still going strong

Blended Scotch Whiskey...86.8 Proof. Imported by Canada Dry Corporation, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2009 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Special Message to Magnavox Owners...

and the 300,000 people who will buy a Magnavox this year!

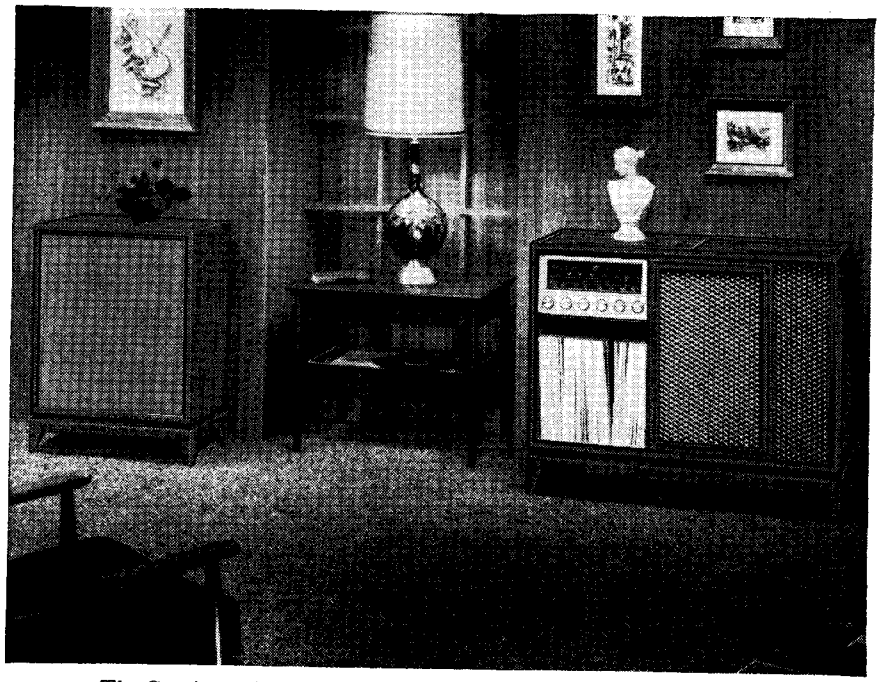
New Instruments . . . New Sound From New Records

NOW **Magnavox introduces** stereophonic dimensional sound that seems to come from everywhere in the room . . . music that envelopes you with an intimacy that makes you a part of the performance. It's achieved by new Magnavox stereophonic high fidelity instruments and stereo records. You can believe this miracle of music only when you hear it. Your present LP's too, can now be played with greater fidelity, depth and beauty than you have ever heard before.

If you now own Magnavox high fidelity—Magnavox has developed a special stereophonic conversion unit that will enable your dealer to add the second stereo channel (master control, speakers, amplifier and stereo cartridge) at a moderate cost.

Or, if you now own Magnavox Hi-Fi Television—your dealer will tell you how it too, can be converted into a stereo channel as part of a complete stereophonic high fidelity record player system.

If you have not yet experienced the pride and endless pleasure of owning a Magnavox—there is a special listening thrill in store for you when you hear Magnavox stereophonic high fidelity . . . in combination with television or separately. Heretofore, stereophonic sound was attainable only through expensive, complicated machines and costly *tape* recordings!



The Continental Stereophonic FM-AM Radio Phonograph system

Magnavox full console, seven speaker stereophonic systems are priced from only $279.50. Magnavox is sold only through fine stores in your community carefully selected for their ability to serve you. Choose from 30 beautiful styles and a variety of fine woods.

There is no end to the musical wonders that Magnavox—world leader in high fidelity—brings into your life. Go to your Magnavox dealer now. Be the first to hear Magnavox stereophonic high fidelity . . . the first to own and enjoy it!

magnificent **Magnavox**

stereophonic high fidelity • radio-phonographs • television

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY • FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A RARE OPPORTUNITY

For a limited time

Bennett Cerf

will autograph copies of his

READING FOR PLEASURE

for readers of *The Saturday Review*

who use the coupon below

Saturday Review readers like Bennett Cerf, and Bennett Cerf likes readers of *The Saturday Review*. By way of expressing that long time friendship, Mr. Cerf has agreed to autograph every copy of his best-selling READING FOR PLEASURE ordered through this advertisement. This is a privilege extended to the readers of no other publication, and even to those of *The Saturday Review* for a limited time only.

Of all Mr. Cerf's many books, none has aroused more enthusiasm than READING FOR PLEASURE. In it the famous editor, publisher, lecturer and television star (and former conductor of *Trade Winds*) has brought together, with introduction and comment, a feast of enjoyable writing from a lifetime of pleasure in reading. It is a lavish feast of many courses, offering fiction and non-fiction . . . humor and nostalgia . . . adventure and exploration . . . superb storytelling and first-rate reporting . . . scholarship and reflection . . . romance and fantasy, all warranted pleasurable by Bennett Cerf himself.

As John T. Winterich noted in reviewing READING FOR PLEASURE for *The Saturday Review:* "His goal, attempted and achieved, is variety with entertainment." And John K. Hutchens said in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune:* "When you hear that the items include contributions by Ring Lardner, Rachel Carson, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, F. Scott Fitzgerald, O. Henry, perhaps you will take it on something more than faith that this is quite a convocation."

READING FOR PLEASURE will bring you countless evenings of great pleasure. And your pleasure will be enhanced by owning a copy autographed by Mr. Cerf, whom all *Saturday Review* readers rightly regard as an old and good friend. Because he is as busy a man as these United States contain, Mr. Cerf can't promise to autograph copies of READING FOR PLEASURE *indefinitely*. So please fill in the coupon below immediately to obtain copies for yourself and to present as gifts. Don't delay. Fill it in now!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

HARPER & BROTHERS, 51 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me _____copy(ies) of READING FOR PLEASURE, autographed by Bennett Cerf, at $5.50 per copy. If for any reason I am not satisfied, I may return the book(s) within 10 days for full credit.

☐ Check enclosed

☐ Charge my account

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

7414A

The Saturday Review

JUNE 14, 1958

Cover Photograph: Wide World

SR/IDEAS

11 Freud, Friends, and Feuds: A Debate Between Erich Fromm and Jacob A. Arlow

17 De Gaulle: Savior of the Republic or Its Assassin? by Theodore H. White

26 Report from a Friend: An Editorial, by Ida Day

SR/BOOKS

15 Literary Horizons

16 Books for Summer Reading

20 The Question, by Henri Alleg
Reviewed by Ivone Kirkpatrick

21 From the N. R. F., edited by Justin O'Brien
Reviewed by Jerrold Lanes

22 Turgenev's Literary Reminiscences, translated by David Magarshack
Reviewed by Ernest J. Simmons

24 Mayor Watching and Other Pleasures, by Philip Hamburger
Reviewed by E. P. Monroe

25 Ladies with a Past: A Quintet of Literary Profiles, by Rollene Waterman

35 The Loom of History, by Herbert J. Muller
Reviewed by C. A. Robinson, Jr

35 July 4, 1776, by Donald Barr Chidsey; Thunder at Harper's Ferry, by Allan Keller
Reviewed by Bruce Lancaster

36 The Great Age of Discovery, by Paul Herrmann
Reviewed by Isabel Barclay

37 The Way of the Tumbrils, by John Elliot
Reviewed by Allan Temko

38 Stories for Lazy Hours

41 Notes from the Warsaw Ghetto, edited by Jacob Sloan
Reviewed by Henriette Roosenburg

41 Desperate Mission, by Joel Brand
Reviewed by Tibor Koeves

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Trade Winds

24 Literary I.Q.

27 Letters to the Editor

28 *SR* Goes to the Movies

29 TV and Radio

32 Booked for Travel

37 Literary Crypt

48 Mid-Month Recordings

59 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1264

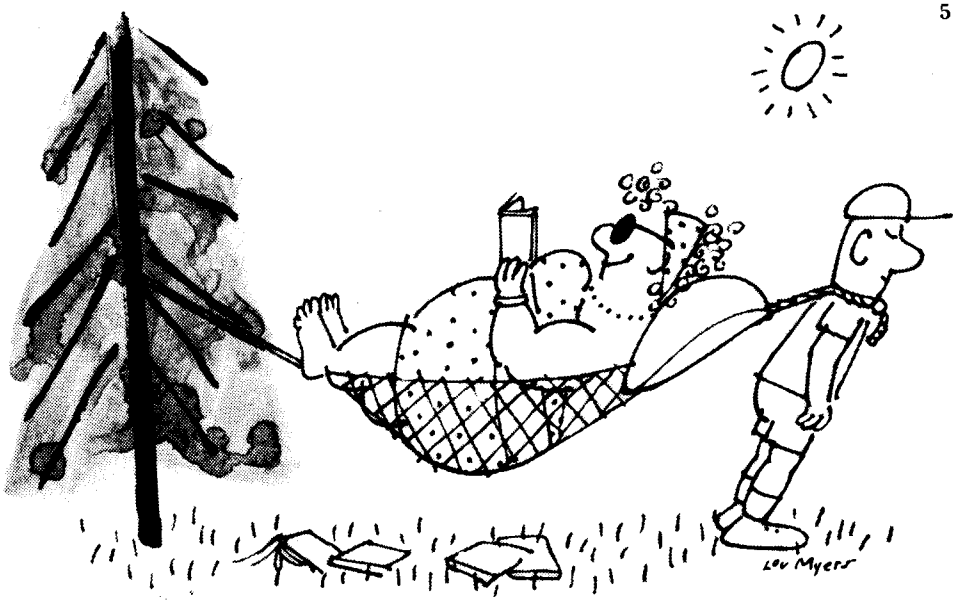
The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher; Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Vol. XLI, No. 24, June 14, 1958. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952 at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1958 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article, without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vacation bound? Take paperbound.

EVERGREEN, *of course*



This summer, let your bookseller show you how to keep cool with Evergreen. For on his shelves are nearly 100 wonderful Evergreen books to choose from – the finest in contemporary literature, the best of the classics. And not only are they easy on your pocketbook ($1 and up) but on your *pocket* as well (each weighs only a few ounces). Tomorrow, take or mail this page to your bookseller. Or, if you prefer, mail the coupon below.

AMERICAN LITERATURE

THE ANTIC MUSE. R. P. Falk, ed. (E37/$1.45)
A LONDON LIFE. Henry James. (E58/$1.25)
OMOO. Herman Melville. (E94/$1.95)
THE CONFIDENCE MAN. Melville. (E1/$1.75)
WHITE JACKET. Melville. (E43/$1.95)
PIERRE. Melville. (E55/$2.45)
THE PIT. Frank Norris. (E41/$1.75)
PUDD'NHEAD WILSON. Mark Twain. (E25/$1.45)
THE REVERBERATOR. Henry James. (E66/$1.45)
THE SACRED FOUNT. Henry James. (E5/$1.45)

WORLD LITERATURE

COUNT D'ORGEL. Raymond Radiguet. (E4/$1.25)
EARTH. Emile Zola. (E10/$1.75)
GERMINIE. E. & J. de Goncourt. (E21/$1.25)
INSULTED AND THE INJURED. Fyodor Dostoevsky. (E22/$1.75)
THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD. Dostoevsky. (E48/$1.45)
JAPANESE LITERATURE. Donald Keene. (E9/$1.25)
LITTLE NOVELS OF SICILY. Giov. Verga. (E14/$1.25)
MASTRO-DON GESUALDO. Verga. (E17/$1.45)
SELECTED WRITINGS OF MRS. APHRA BEHN. (E3/$1.45)
SELECTED WRITINGS OF GERARD DE NERVAL. (E103/$1.95)
SELECTED WRITINGS OF JULES LAFORGUE. (E78/$1.75)
THREE EXEMPLARY NOVELS. Unamuno. (E30/$1.75)
TO THE HAPPY FEW: LETTERS OF STENDHAL. (E11/$1.45)
VIRGIN SOIL. Ivan Turgenev. (E27/$1.45)
THE WAY AND ITS POWER. Arthur Waley. (E84/$1.75)
A WEEK IN TURENEVO. Tolstoy. (E89/$1.75)

CONTEMPORARY FICTION

THE ALTARS OF THE HEART. Richard Lebherz. (E93/$1.25)
THE BLIND OWL. Sadegh Hedayat. (E100/$1.45)
THE LAST ENEMY. Berton Roueche. (E46/$1.25)
MALONE DIES. Samuel Beckett. (E39/$1.25)
MURPHY. Beckett. (E104/$1.95)
MOLLOY. Beckett. (E18/$1.45)
MANO MAJRA. Khushwant Singh. (E28/$1.25)

Jack Kerouac's
THE SUBTERRANEANS
The "beat generation's" most outspoken writer tells of the San Francisco hipsters, in this brilliant novel.
(E99/$1.45)

MURDER BY FOURTEEN. D. C. Cooke, ed. (E36/$1.45)
TEN SECONDS FROM NOW. Kay Cicellis. (E85/$1.45)
THREEPENNY NOVEL. Bertolt Brecht. (E42/$1.75)

DRAMA & DRAMA CRITICISM

ON ACTORS AND THE ART OF ACTING. George Lewes. (E61/$1.95)
PARABLES FOR THE THEATER. Bertolt Brecht. (E53/$1.45)
THE QUARE FELLOW. Brendan Behan. (E69/$1.25)
THREE PLAYS. Ugo Betti. (E90/$1.75)
WAITING FOR GODOT. Samuel Beckett. (E33/$1.25)

Samuel Beckett's
ENDGAME
"Shows us a mystery outside the grasp of any other dramatist now writing."—LONDON TIMES
(E96/$1.25)

FOUR PLAYS. Eugene Ionesco. (E101/$1.75)
THE MAIDS. Jean Genet. (E44/$1.25)
THE NO PLAYS OF JAPAN. Arthur Waley. (E62/$1.75)

LITERARY CRITICISM

CALL ME ISHMAEL. Charles Olson. (E95/$1.25)
THE CREATIVE EXPERIMENT. C. M. Bowra. (E80/$1.75)
D. H. LAWRENCE. Horace Gregory. (E74/$1.45)
THE NATURE OF LITERATURE. Herbert Read. (E92/$1.95)
PROUST. Samuel Beckett. (E50/$1.25)
REASON AND ENERGY. Michael Hamburger. (E64/$1.75)

POETRY

COLLECTED POEMS. Edwin Muir. (E77/$1.75)
MID-CENTURY FRENCH POETS. Wallace Fowlie, ed. (E26/$1.45)
NIGHT THOUGHTS. David Gascoyne. (E83/$1.25)
ONE FOOT IN EDEN. Edwin Muir. (E38/$1.45)
THE POEMS OF CATULLUS. Horace Gregory, tr. (E29/$1.45)
POET IN NEW YORK. Garcia Lorca. (E54/$1.45)
SELECTED POEMS. H. D. (E71/$1.45)
SELECTED POEMS. Lawrence Durrell. (E57/$1.25)
TEN CENTURIES OF SPANISH POETRY. Eleanor L. Turnbull, ed. (E81/$2.45)
VERSE IN ENGLISH OF RICHARD CRASHAW. (E2/$1.25)

PSYCHOLOGY, SOCIOLOGY & PHILOSOPHY

THE BIOSOCIAL NATURE OF MAN. Ashley Montagu. (E40/$1.25)
EDUCATION AND HUMAN RELATIONS. Montagu. (E87/$1.45)
IMMORTALITY. Montagu. (E8/$1.00)
BLACK ANGER. Wulf Sachs. (E60/$1.75)
THE FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE. Erich Fromm. (E47/$1.75)
JUNG'S PSYCHOLOGY AND ITS SOCIAL MEANING. Ira Progoff. (E24/$1.75)
LISTENING WITH THE THIRD EAR. Theodor Reik. (E34/$1.95)
MASOCHISM IN MODERN MAN. Theodor Reik. (E79/$1.95)
THE SEARCH WITHIN. Theodor Reik. (E107/$2.95)
THE MARQUIS DE SADE. Simone de Beauvoir. (E6/$1.75)
PSYCHOANALYSIS: EVOLUTION AND DEVELOPMENT. Clara Thompson. (E67/$1.75)
REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE. Robert M. Lindner. (E45/$1.75)
SPECIALIZED TECHNIQUES IN PSYCHOTHERAPY. Bychowski & Despert, eds. (E91/$1.95)
A STUDY OF INTERPERSONAL RELATIONS. Patrick Mullahy. (E76/$2.45)
OEDIPUS, MYTH & COMPLEX. Patrick Mullahy. (E23/$1.95)

BIOGRAPHY & AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHEKHOV. David Magarshack. (E16/$1.45)
FLAUBERT. Philip Spencer. (E7/$1.25)

Jean Cocteau's **OPIUM: THE DIARY OF A CURE**
Fantasies, nightmares and weird sensations when on—and off—opium. (E98/$1.75)

GENERAL

DEMOCRACY AND DICTATORSHIP. Z. Barbu. (E31/$1.45)
THE DISCOVERY AND CONQUEST OF MEXICO. Bernal Diaz del Castillo. (E86/$2.45)
THE FACE OF SPAIN. Gerald Brenan. (E51/$1.45)
JAZZ. Andre Hodeir. (E70/$1.75)
NEW LIGHT ON THE MOST ANCIENT EAST. V. Gordon Childe. (E72/$1.95)
THE SCIENCE OF CULTURE. Leslie A. White. (E105/$1.95)

Langdon Warner's
THE ENDURING ART OF JAPAN
An informal survey of all of Japan's facets. 92 half-tone plates. (E97/$1.95)

THE ANTARCTIC CHALLENGED. Admiral Mountevans. (E52/$1.45)
CAPTAIN DREYFUS. Nicholas Halasz. (E49/$1.45)

EVERGREEN REVIEW

VOL. 1, No. 1. Sartre, Beckett, Schorer, Michaux, Dodds, Hamburger, Purdy. (E59/$1.00)
VOL. 1, No. 4. Kerouac, Ginsberg, Adamov, Rumaker, Trocchi, Ionesco, Logan. (E88/$1.00)

MAIL TODAY

To your favorite bookseller, or
GROVE PRESS, INC., Dept. C47, 795 B'way, N.Y. 3

Please send me, postpaid, the books whose numbers I have written below. I understand that if I am not completely delighted, I may return any of the books within ten days for refund of purchase price.

.....
.....
.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE....STATE.....

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Send C.O.D. (I will pay postal charges.)
(N.Y.C. residents please add 3% sales tax.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reading as you like it...

THE DIMENSIONS OF
ROBERT FROST
by Reginald L. Cook

"It will be a long time before we have a better book on Frost — if we ever do. It is riddled with Frost's humor and wit, compounded equally of his seriousness and his playfulness."
— CARLOS BAKER

"It seems to me that this book defines as no previous studies have done the peculiar merits and delights of Frost's poetry. It shows, moreover, from an intimate knowledge of the poet's thought and personality and approach to his craft exactly how these effects are achieved."
— ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS $3.95

THE HIRELING
by L. P. Hartley

"Light, lively and always amusing."
— *Philadelphia Inquirer*

"A tragic love story, a beautiful book . . . Hartley masterfully brings off his effects, writing with delicacy and tact, yet vigorously." — *Harper's*

"Gracefully and strongly written . . . Like life, Mr. Hartley's novel yields both a feeling of wonder and of inevitability."
— *N. Y. Herald Tribune* $3.50

At all booksellers

RINEHART

TRADE Winds

IT IS TIME AGAIN for another desk clearing, so stand by for a mass of enlightenment, both cipherable and undecipherable.

The Yale Club of New York has its laundry done by the Princeton Laundry, Inc. The laundry is unprejudiced enough, however, to label its tags, "Gentlemen's List."

Did the psychiatrists who reported "The Three Faces of Eve" send their bills in triplicate?

A photographer who has spent too much time in his darkroom is reported to be facing life with mixed emulsions.

A nuclear physicist has been reported to have too many ions in the fire.

A seven-year old said recently to her father, "I standed up on my toes yesterday." "You *stood* up," her father corrected. "How do you know?" asked the girl. "Were you there?"

A small boy was asked by his parents to pray for his new baby. "God bless Mommy, God bless Daddy, God bless my new baby brother," he said. "Make him love me and be friendly, God—and get him out of here!"

MORE CRITICAL REVIEWS of unlikely books: "The Works of Plato"—*Good dialogue.* "Euclid's Geometry"—*Only for squares.*

Super-sophisticates in the desk-sign field are now putting signs on their desk which read PLAN AHEAD and THINK, spelled absolutely correctly, with no distortion of the letters. This is known as a satire-on-a-satire.

The employes of a certain fountain-pen company are throwing a Pen Point Ball.

A tax evader is now known as an "income-poop."

A group of tall basketball players recently got together for a meeting at the summit.

DICK MANNING of *Popular Boating* tells of two transportation incidents of note. Seated in front of two tired commuters on the New Haven Railroad were two other tired commuters. The one next to the window had slumped down out of sight for a short nap. The man next to him got up to leave, and the two tired commuters in the seat behind put both feet on the seat ahead to stretch their legs and *pushed.* After they had extricated the sleeping commuter from between the seats, they apologized to him for the rest of the trip.

In another incident, a proud possessor of a brand-new Buick pulled up at a traffic light beside a car identical to his own. Forgetting for the moment that he was driving his commuting car, an old beat-up Chevrolet, he leaned out the window and said: "Boy, these are great cars, aren't they? You can't beat 'em!"

THEN THERE IS the lion-tamer who kept looking for a protection claws in his contract. A yes-man who said "You can't prove nodding by me." And the baseball pitcher with a sore arm who was in the throws of agony. And the touring prophet who was a sightseer.

And the man in the summer suit who had a viyella strip down his back. And the transcendentalist who worked only on upper plates. And the broken dic taphone, which goes without saying. And the lady who was asked by her analyst to talk. . . "Why?" she asks . . . "Because it takes my mind off my troubles," he replies.

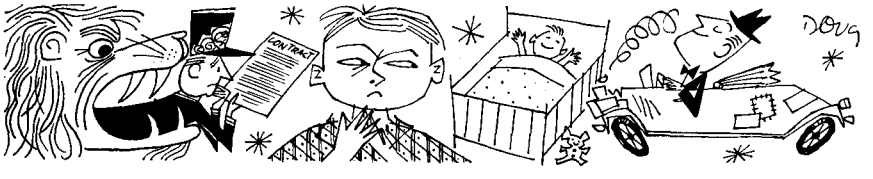
OVERHEARD ON A Fifth Avenue bus: "Do you think Rex Harrison is his real name?" Answer: "Whose?"

This season, the big thing on Madison Avenue will be the sincere-sucker suit.

Report from Allan Kalmus, the publicity expert: "There is a cruel kid on that beach who is leaving no tern unstoned."

Ancient history department: The *Variety* report on Grace Kelly's wedding announced, "Grace Kelly, actress, married Prince Ranier, non-pro."

Robert Benchley, Jr. reports several morning-after stories: the man who missed his mouth with five straight tries of an aspirin tablet, the housewife who found herself scrubbing the toast with steel wool, the woman who addressed twenty-five



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas cards to herself last year.

Comment by a Nebraska housewife: "I read 'War and Peace' because it was *there*."

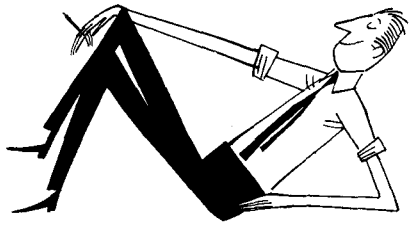
A girl is reported to have told an over-amorous piano player to keep his dissonance.

Chester Feldman, the TV producer, reports a suggested title for a Steinbeck sequel: "Stamping Out the Vintage" . . . also one for Hemingway: "They Toll for Thee."

Facts That Couldn't Possibly Do Anyone In the World Any Good: *Nobody* knows who the tallest man in the world is. They all distort their exact height, because of publicity purposes, and shy away from an objective measurement.

In case you're worried about sponsors giving away too much money, the average of give-away shows on television shows comes to only $7,500 a week, in spite of the $64,000 and other boasts of big-money quiz-shows.

A press agent of a top-name comedian on television is reported to have said at a conference called to boost ratings: "What we need is a big humanitarian gimmick."

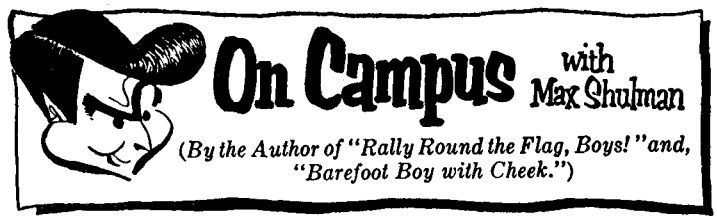


WITHIN THE PAST FIVE YEARS the National Safety Council reported a motor-vehicle death every fourteen minutes —a motor-vehicle injury every twenty-three seconds. What would happen if the Detroit designers took a full year off, forgot about horsepower, and designed a car for one, and *only* one, purpose: *safety*. They have skilfully managed to bring the death rate up from 1,700 a year in 1910 to over 30,000 in the past few years. In some forms of society, this would be considered criminal. Frankly, it should be here. The present death rate is just about the same as that of the Korean War.

IF YOU ARE AN average parent, and worried about the influence of rock 'n' roll (as who wouldn't be), just try to recall the Betty Boop craze of your own era.

The only way to get a hot roast-beef sandwich at the Brown Derby is to order a slice of cold roast beef, an *a la carte* order of bread, an *a la carte* order of butter, and an *a la carte* order of gravy. Expensive, but you finally get what you want.

C. B. de Mille is reported to have



SWEENEY IN THE TREES

Spring is here—the season of tree-sitting contests. This I applaud. Tree-sitting is healthful and jolly and as American as apple pie. Also it keeps you off the streets.

Tree-sitting is not, however, without its hazards. Take, for example, the dread and chilling case of Manuel Sigafoos and Ed Sweeney, both sophomores at the Nashville College of Folk Music and Woodworking, and both madly in love with a beautiful alto named Ursula Thing, who won their hearts singing that fine old folk song, *I Strangled My True Love with Her Own Yellow Braids, and I'll Never Eat Her Sorghum Any More.*

Both Manuel and Ed pressed Ursula to go steady, but she could not choose between them, and finally it was decided that the boys would have a tree-sitting contest, and Ursula would belong to the victor. So Manuel and Ed clambered up adjoining aspens, taking with them the following necessaries: food, clothing, bedding, reading matter, and—most essential of all—plenty of Marlboro Cigarettes.

We who live on the ground know how much you get to like with a Marlboro. Think how much more important they must be to the lonely tree-dweller—how much more welcome their fine, mild tobacco; how much more gratifying their free-drawing filters; how much more comforting their sturdy, crushproof flip-top box. Climb a tree and see for yourselves.

Well supplied with Marlboros, our heroes began their tree-sitting contest—Manuel with good heart, Ed with evil cunning. The shocking fact is that crafty Ed, all unbeknownst to Manuel, was one of three identical triplets. Each night while Manuel dozed on his bough, one of Ed's brothers—Fred or Jed—would sneak up the tree and replace him. "How can I lose?" said Ed with a fiendish giggle to his brother Fred or Jed.

But Ed had a big surprise coming. For Manuel, though he did not know it himself, was a druid! He had been abandoned as an infant at the hut of a poor and humble woodcutter named Cornelius Whitney Sigafoos III, who had raised the child as his own. So when Manuel got into the tree, he found much to his surprise that he had never in all his life felt so at home and happy. He had absolutely no intention of ever leaving.

After seven or eight years Ed and his brothers wearied of the contest and conceded. Ursula Thing came to Manuel's tree and cried, "I am yours! Come down and pin me."

But Manuel declined. Instead he asked Ursula to join him in the tree. This she could not do, being subject to mopery (a morbid allergy to woodpeckers), so she ended up with Ed after all.

Only she made a mistake—a very natural mistake. It was Jed, not Ed, with whom she ended up.

Ed, heartbroken at being tricked by his own brother, took up metallurgy to forget.

Crime does not pay.

© 1958 Max Shulman

* * *

This column is brought to you by the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes who suggest that if you are ever up a tree when trying to find a gift, give Marlboros. You can't miss!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ready Now!

BEST PLAYS of the MODERN AMERICAN THEATRE

Fourth Series: 1952-1957

Each complete — 17 magnificent plays of the last half-decade. Edited, and with an introduction, by JOHN GASSNER

TEA AND SYMPATHY
THE CRUCIBLE
THE FOURPOSTER
THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON
THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK
CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF
THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH
THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL
I AM A CAMERA
PICNIC
THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC
INHERIT THE WIND
NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS
SABRINA FAIR
TAKE A GIANT STEP
IN THE SUMMER HOUSE
THE ROSE TATTOO

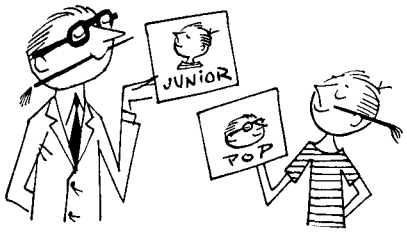
$5.75, now at your bookstore Crown PUBLISHERS

when cheese lovers
get together...
they enjoy Flora Danica, the Danish Blue Cheese that makes friends easily . . . a friendship based on the camaraderie of good taste. Flora Danica is the finest of Danish Blue Cheeses, aged like a vintage wine. In salads . . . sauces . . . hors d'oeuvres, try this supreme example of good taste, FLORA DANICA.
Genuine FLORA DANICA IMPORTED DANISH BLUE CHEESE

ordered ginger ale at a party, dark shade. "If I *did* drink," said De Mille, and he doesn't, "I would drink Scotch —and this looks enough like it."

Garry Moore, whose schedule is more tightly packed than a tax man's in April, reads an average of a book a day.

Edward Eager, the author and lyricist, reports a phone call from a



local chairman of an art show: "I understand both you and your son paint, is that right?" "No," replies Mr. Eager, "I'm a writer." A silence on the other end of the line, then: "I'm sorry that won't do. Both son *and* father must have talent."

A WAITER at the Cafe Ristorante in New York overheard to say: "Would you care for some of our rum cake—or are you driving?"

A literate tire dealer labelled his new and used tires under the captions "Friction" and "Non-Friction."

Hugh Matheson, of Miami, sends a coupon from an *SR* advertisement which reads: "Yes—I'm going to Europe! Please send me absolutely *free*." At Rene Dreyfus's "Le Chanticleer," where sports-car racing is the major topic, a regular is overheard telling a new guest: "Remember, Ferrari is *not* the name of the headwaiter—it's a sports car."

BOB FISHER, of the English Department of Dartmouth, asks and answers a single question: "Where do books bound in limp leather come from? From *very* relaxed cows, of course!"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1263)

RAY:

(MY) LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER

Every theatrical club or affiliation in America, almost, was represented, that great day in theatrical history. A play-actor, who once upon a time could not get buried from a church, was now being enshrined in a stained-glass window! With scenes from the play!

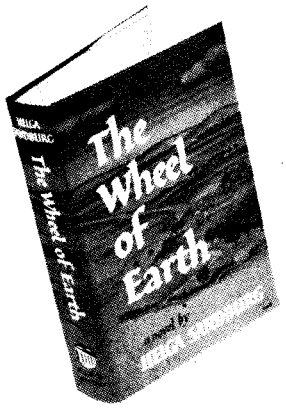
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTABLE FICTION from

McDowell, Obolensky INC.

"One of the rare books of today ...which for sheer beauty of understanding...has not often been equaled."

—FANNY BUTCHER,
Chicago Tribune



"A triumph of storytelling."
—*The New Yorker*

"A book to love and believe in."
—DAVID DEMPSEY, *Saturday Review*

"A strong and intensely interesting novel...that commands deep respect for its compassion and its integrity."
—VICTOR P. HASS,
N. Y. Times Book Review

"A satisfying book to read, a fine and solid achievement."
—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*

2nd printing $4.95

THE WHEEL OF EARTH

by Helga Sandburg

Pulitzer Prize Fiction Award!

James Agee's best-selling novel

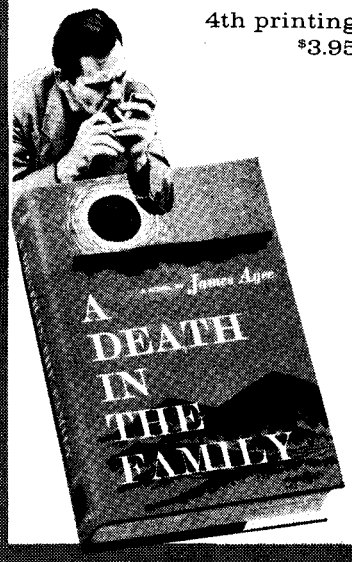
"Thrusts and pulses with the joy of existence."—*Time*

"An unforgettable picture of a family and a community."
—*Los Angeles Times*

"An utterly individual and original book."—ALFRED KAZIN, *N. Y. Times*

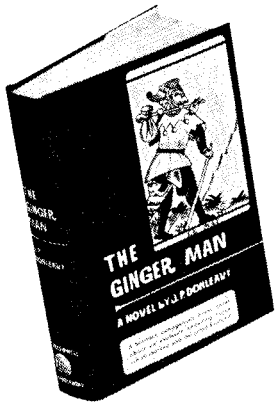
"A novel of very great beauty... belongs with things to be cherished always."
—EMERSON PRICE, *Cleveland Press*

4th printing
$3.95



"Lusty, violent, wildly funny. It is a rigadoon of rascality, a bawled-out comic song of sex."

—DOROTHY PARKER,
Esquire



"If he didn't so frequently make you helpless with laughter, he would curdle your blood."
—LESLIE HANSCOM,
N. Y. World-Telegram & Sun

"Distinguished by humor, often inelegant, even coarse, but explosive and irresistible....Powerful and original."
—GRANVILLE HICKS, *Saturday Review*

"A fascinating portrait, harrowingly real....Vitality is its keynote."
—GENE BARO, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

$3.95

THE GINGER MAN

by J. P. Donleavy

RIVER'S END and Other Stories
by
Anthony C. West

These compelling short stories by a gifted Celtic writer are like no other fiction being written today. Many first appeared in Esquire which called the title story "the second greatest" in the magazine's history. $3.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These are the books they are talking about

J.B. A Play in Verse
ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

"As poetry that illuminates and comments on recent human experience, 'J. B.' is a notable piece of work. In essence it is highly personal; everyone can see in it his own experience." — *Brooks Atkinson's review of the Yale production* $3.50

Schools without Scholars
JOHN KEATS

"Required reading . . . a clear, honest and fair exposition . . . (of) some murky issues and clouded thinking in American education . . ." — *William Cornog, New York Times* $3.00

The Battle of Gettysburg
FRANK A. HASKELL
Ed. by BRUCE CATTON

"Young Wisconsin Lawyer Haskell could fight — and write. He played a distinguished personal part in repelling Pickett's Charge, and the fever of battle still hot in him, he wrote his account of Gettysburg . . . the classic of its kind."
— *Time* $3.50

An End to Valor
The Last Days of the Civil War
PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

"Such a sense of excitement, such a feeling for the significance of set pieces . . . such command of his enormous cast that he holds our almost breathless attention to the last."
— *New Yorker* $5.75

The Riddle of Genesis County
LYNNE DOYLE

"Lynne Doyle is something special . . . what to call her book? In a sense it is a novel; it is probably largely autobiographical; it is about Indiana both past and present; it is life."
— *Chicago Tribune* $3.00

and just published

The Affluent Society
JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

The author of *American Capitalism* and *The Great Crash* outlines the history of our economic attitudes which were born in poverty and predicts the consequences inherent in adhering nostalgically to these attitudes in today's Affluent Society. $4.75

"In that much abused genre, the historical novel, there come along from time to time writers who lift it to a true art . . . such a writer, now, is Anya Seton, and such a book is her new novel, THE WINTHROP WOMAN." — *Saturday Review* $4.95

The Winthrop Woman
ANYA SETON

Carson McCullers' new play in the original "Princeton" version of which she says, "It is the most nearly the truth of what I want to say." $3.00

The Square Root of Wonderful
CARSON McCULLERS

"The most enthralling portrait of a personality to appear in print since Maurice Goudekei's likeness of another genius in *Close to Colette* . . . absolutely outstanding." — *Leslie Hanscom, New York World-Telegram and Sun* $5.00

The Naked Face of Genius
Béla Bartók's American Years
AGATHA FASSETT

"Mr. Marshall's name on a novel is a guarantee that it will be unusual, broad in its sympathies and mordant in its witty thrusts at humbug and pretension. 'The Accounting', has all these qualities . . ." — *New York Herald Tribune* $3.75

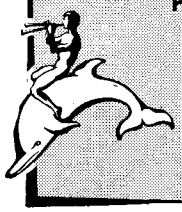
The Accounting
BRUCE MARSHALL

The text of Thoreau's hitherto missing journal, along with notes and a commentary which may prove the most penetrating ever offered. $4.00

Consciousness in Concord
Edited and Annotated by
PERRY MILLER

Comte de Ségur's account of Napoleon's disastrous invasion of Russia in 1812 has long been one of the most reliable and dramatic. For the first time in over fifty years it is made available to the American public in a new translation. $5.00

Napoleon's Russian Campaign
PHILIPPE-PAUL de SÉGUR



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREUD, FRIENDS, AND FEUDS

Unfortunately, ideological revolutions, like political ones, usually devour their own children. Excitements of reform breed excitements of fanaticism, and the brothers who joined to fight against obsolete ideas tend to turn on each other in a struggle for the power which victory brings. Again and again it has happened: in the rivalry of the Greek philosophical schools; the bloody persecution of Arian or Athanasian in the patristic Church; the showdown between "nominalist" and "realist" in the Middle Ages; the Mensheviks vs. the Bolsheviks, etc. In the following two articles two psychoanalysts with opposite points of view, Erich Fromm and Dr. Jacob A. Arlow, discuss the schisms which shook the psychoanalytical movement in the lifetime of Sigmund Freud, and which have continued to embitter it since his death.

1. Scientism or Fanaticism?

By ERICH FROMM

THAT Freudian psychoanalysis is a therapy for the cure of neurosis and a scientific theory dealing with the nature of man is well known. What is somewhat less well known is that it is also a "movement," with an international organization on strictly hierarchical lines, strict rules for belonging, and for many years guided by a secret committee consisting of Freud and six other members. This movement has on occasion and in some of its representatives exhibited a fanaticism usually to be found only in religious and political bureaucracies.

The nearest comparison, as far as another revolutionizing scientific theory is concerned, is Darwin's theory. Its impact on modern thought was, if anything, still more powerful than that of psychoanalysis. But is there a Darwinistic "movement," determining who has the right to call himself a Darwinist, strictly organized and fanatically fighting for the purity of Darwin's doctrine?

I want first to demonstrate some of the more drastic and unfortunate expressions of this "party line" spirit in connection with the recently published third volume of the late Ernest Jones's biography of Freud. This seems to be all the more indicated for two reasons: one, that Jones's party fanaticism leads him to grotesque, posthumous attacks against men who disagreed with Freud; and because many reviewers of Jones's book have accepted his data without criticism or question.

Jones's "re-writing" of history introduces into science a method which we so far have been accustomed to find only in Stalinist "history." The Stalinists call those who defected and rebelled "traitors" and "spies" of capitalism. Dr. Jones does the same in psychiatric lingo, by claiming that Rank and Ferenczi, the two men who were most closely linked with Freud and who later deviated from him in some respects, had been psychotic for many years. The implication is that only their insanity explains their crime of defecting from Freud and, in the case of Ferenczi, that his complaints about Freud's harsh and intolerant treatment of him are, *ipso facto*, evidence of psychosis.

FIRST of all, it is worthwhile to take note that for many years before there was any question of Rank's or Ferenczi's "disloyalty," there were violent fights and jealousies within the secret Committee between Abraham, Jones and, to some extent, Eitingon on the one hand, Rank and Ferenczi on the other. Already in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1924, when Rank published his book on the birth trauma, which was received at that time with friendliness by Freud, Abraham, "encouraged on hearing that Freud was open to criticism," suspected Rank of following Jung's path of "treason."

While Freud reacted at first with tolerance to Rank's new theories, later, probably under the influence of the intrigues and insinuations of the Jones faction, and also of Rank's unwillingness to modify his theoretical lines, he broke with him. At that time Freud spoke of Rank's neurosis as being responsible for some of his deviations; only eighteen months before Freud had said that in fifteen years "he had scarcely ever had the idea of Rank needing analysis."

However this may be, Freud speaks of *neurosis*, not of *psychosis*. Jones suggests that Freud repressed the knowledge that Rank suffered from "manic-depressive psychosis," a knowledge Freud is supposed to have had "years before." In view of Freud's statement just mentioned, Jones's suggestion does not sound entirely convincing. (Also because the only reference to this alleged knowledge of Freud is to a letter written to Ferenczi in the same year —and not years before.) A whole history is constructed to explain the existence of this alleged psychosis. Its foundations are laid in the five years after the First World War, in which Rank worked very hard, and successfully, in directing the affairs of the psychoanalytical publishing house in Vienna. These five years, "in which Rank continued in this furious tempo, must have been a factor in his subsequent mental breakdown." That a psychiatrist, not to speak of a psychoanalyst, should explain a manic-depressive psychosis as being partly caused by overwork is quite unusual.

By 1923 "the evil spirit of dissension arose"; at that time Freud blamed Jones and Abraham for the disintegration of the Central Committee. But in the end Jones was to win out over his rivals. "It was only after the lapse of a few years that the true sources of the trouble became manifest: *namely, in the failing mental integration of Rank and Ferenzci.*" This leads up to the crowning statement. The losers in the interfactional fight, Rank and Ferenczi, had carried the germ of a psychosis for many years, but these psychotic germs only became manifest when the two men disagreed with Freud. When they refused to appease Freud, the psychosis revealed itself! As Jones put it with refreshing frankness: Freud's hope, "when founding the Committee, was that the six of us were suitably endowed for that purpose. It turned out, alas, that only four of us were. Two of the members, Rank and Ferenczi, were not able to hold out to the end. Rank in a dramatic fashion . . . and Ferenczi more gradually toward the end of his life developed psychotic manifestations that *revealed* themselves *in, among other ways, a turning away from Freud and his doctrines. The seeds of a destructive psychosis invisible for so long, at last germinated.*"

If what Jones writes were true, it would be, indeed, a most amazing oversight of Freud's that until the moment of manifest conflict he should not have seen the psychotic development in these two of his closest pupils and friends. Jones does not even make any attempt to give objective proof for his statement about Rank's alleged manic-depressive psychosis. We have nothing but Jones's own statement: that is to say, nothing but the statement of a man who had been intriguing against Rank, and suspecting him of disloyalty for many years, in this fight within the court around Freud. On the other hand, there is plenty of evidence to the contrary. I quote only from a statement by Dr. Harry Bone, psychoanalyst in New York, who knew Rank since 1932, and was in frequent personal contact with him until his death. Dr. Bone states that, "In all the numerous times and all the quite various situations in which I had the opportunity to see him in action and in repose I never registered any indication not only of psychosis, but of any mental abnormality whatsoever" (personal communication to me).

While Rank at least made an open break with Freud, Ferenczi never did so, and it is all the more astonishing that he too should be accused by Jones of betrayal. As in the case of Jung and Rank, the story of the betrayal is supposed to have begun with a fatal trip to America. When Ferenczi wanted to go to New York, some "intuitive foreboding, probably based on the unfortunate sequels of Jung's and Rank's similar visits," made Jones advise him to decline. Ferenczi, fully supported by Freud, left for the States anyway, but the "outcome was to justify my (Jones's) foreboding. Ferenczi was never the same man again, after that visit, although it was another *four or five years until his mental depression became manifest to Freud.*"

In these next years fantastic rival-

ADLER (1870-1937): Adler was the first to break with Freud and found his own school, the "School of Individual Psychology." He emphasized social and interpersonal factors. For him the experience of the young child in mastering his environment, sometimes overcompensating for deficiencies, modeled his later behavior. By encouraging direct application of his concepts in schools, social agencies, and courts Adler influenced a great many people outside of psychoanalysis, especially since he made an effort to keep them easily understandable to laymen. Adler hypothesized that the individual's basic feeling is inferiority; confronted with overwhelming environmental forces, the individual compensates by striving for power. Sexual factors he largely ignored. Repression and the unconscious were discarded, leaving a theory that was essentially one of ego psychology.

FERENCZI (1873-1933): Ferenczi was outstanding in the organization of psychoanalysis and accompanied Freud to America in 1909. A prolific writer, he was also the initiator of the International Psychoanalytic Association. Referring to his therapeutic observations and ideas Freud said that he "made us all his pupils." Later, Ferenczi came to believe that the reliving of the infantile situation in analysis should be a corrective experience, and that the analyst as a parent substitute should supply the love and warmth the patient had missed in childhood. He sought new techniques and identified with the infantile side of the patient in an effort to overcome the ego-resistances in analysis. He eventually rejected the classical passive analytic method.

JUNG (1875-): The Swiss psychiatrist's criticism of Freud and his publication of "The Psychology of the Unconscious" led to a break with the psychoanalytic group in 1913 and the foundation of a school known as analytical psychology. Jung branched out into more impersonal aspects of psychology, advocating a complete revision of the libido theory, suggesting that due to evolutionary changes the libido has become desexualized. Symbols he regarded as indicators of things to come rather than signs of something repressed. Jung postulated a collective psyche, described various personality types, and stressed the role of religion in psychotherapy. He made valuable contributions to association and psychological-typology theory, but in his later physical and anthropological work he concentrated on man in general, not man the individual.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CREDIT: *The biographical sketches on pages 12 and 13 were prepared by* BERNARD SCHOENBERG, M.D. *psychiatrist at the New York Psychiatric Institute.*

ries and intrigues between Jones and Ferenczi seem to have continued. Ferenczi suspected Jones of lying and of the ambition, based on financial motives, to unite the Anglo-Saxon nations under his, Jones's, scepter. According to Jones, "Freud was thereby influenced unfavorably against me." But the anti-Ferenczi forces seem to have won in the end. Freud wrote Ferenczi in December 1929, "You have without doubt withdrawn yourself outwardly from me in the past few years, but not so far, I hope, that a move toward creating a new oppositional analysis has to be expected from my Paladin and secert Grand Vizier!"

WHAT was the essence of the theoretical difference between Freud and Ferenczi? Ferenczi had been quite impressed by the importance of parental unkindness, and believed that in order to get cured, the patient needed more than "interpretations." That he needed the kind of motherly love which was refused to him as a child. Ferenczi changed his attitude to the patient, from that of a detached observer to that of a participant, loving human being, and he was himself very enthusiastic about the therapeutic results of the new attitude. Freud at first seemed to have reacted with tolerance to this innovation. But his attitude changed, apparently because Ferenczi was not sufficiently ready to appease him; perhaps also because the suspicions cast on him by the Jones faction had their effect.

The last time Ferenczi saw Freud was in 1932, before the Congress in Wiesbaden. This visit was a truly tragic occasion. Freud summed up his final impressions of the man who had been his devoted follower and friend since the early years of the movement in a cable to Eitingon: "Ferenczi inaccessible, impression unsatisfactory." Ferenczi himself told Dr. Clara Thompson (a student and friend of Ferenczi's, now Director of the William Alanson White Institute of Psychiatry, Psychoanalysis, and Psychology in New York) of the visit immediately after it, in the train which brought them from Vienna to Germany. He said that the visit had been "terrible" and that Freud had told him that while he might give his paper at the psychoanalytic congress in Wiesbaden, he should promise him not to publish it. Shortly afterwards Ferenczi noticed the first symptoms of the disease, pernicious anemia, from which he was to die the following year.

Even sometime before this last meeting Ferenczi had told Mrs. Izette de Forest (also a student and friend of his, psychoanalyst and author of "The Leaven of Love," which contains an excellent exposition of Ferenczi's new ideas on technique), how sad and hurt he had felt by the harsh and hostile way Freud had treated him (personal communication to me). This treatment of Ferenczi shows a remarkable intolerance. Yet that Freud could not forgive a former friend who deviated from him is shown even more drastically in the contemptuous hate he expressed at the death of Alfred Adler. ("For a Jew-boy out of a Viennese suburb a death in Aberdeen is an unheard-of career in itself, and a proof how far he had got on. The world really rewarded him richly for his service of contradicting psychoanalysis.") In the case of Ferenczi, to call this attitude "harsh" or "almost enmity," as I. de Forest has done in "The Leaven of Love," is a rather mild characterization. Jones, however, who denies that Freud had any traces of authoritarianism and intolerance, flatly asserts that there is no truth to any such story of hostility, "although it is highly probable that Ferenczi himself in his final *delusional state* believed in and propagated elements of it."

A few weeks before his death, Ferenczi still sent Freud congratulations on his birthday, but allegedly "the mental disturbance had been making rapid progress in the last few months." Ferenczi, according to Jones (without giving any source), related how one of his American patients had analyzed him, and so cured him of all his troubles, and that messages came from him to her across the Atlantic. Jones, however, has to admit that Ferenczi had always been a staunch believer in telepathy, which rather destroys this "proof" of Ferenzci's madness. The only available "proof" is "the delusions about Freud's supposed hostility." Apparently Jones assumes that only a diseased mind can accuse Freud of authoritarianism and hostility.

JONES now brings the story of Ferenczi's alleged psychosis, the germs of which are supposed to have existed earlier, to a climax. When the disease attacked the spinal cord and the brain this, according to Jones, undoubtedly "exacerbated his *latent psychotic trends.*" When Ferenczi, in almost his last letter to Freud, after Hitler's coming to power, suggested to Freud that he go to England, Jones interprets this rather realistic advice as a sign "that there was some *method in his madness.*" "Eventually, toward the end, came *violent paranoic and even homicidal outbursts*, which were followed by sudden death on May 24." Jones does not claim any first-hand knowledge nor is any proof or evidence whatsoever offered of Ferenczi's psychosis, nor of the "violent paranoic or even homicidal outbursts." In view of this, and of the following statements, Jones's assertions about Rank's and Ferenczi's psychosis must be judged to be untrue and open to the suspicion that they are the fabrications of wishful thinking, motivated by old personal

(*Continued on page* 55)

RANK (1884-1939): Not an M.D., Rank took his original training in engineering, philosophy, psychology, and art. His major influence on psychology in the U.S. was in the field of social work — the "functional approach." He emphasized Freud's idea that the painful experience of birth is the prototype of fear; but he gave it the central position in the etiology of neurosis in place of Freud's Oedipus complex. Rank believed that the sudden change from the bliss of the womb to post-natal life leads to the fundamental feeling of anxiety. This primal anxiety then proliferates into future anxiety reactions. The "birth trauma" may be overcome in childhood, but those who do not succeed in this struggle become neurotics. Rank's therapy consisted mainly in compelling the patient to repeat in the transference situation the drama of birth.

JONES (1879-1958): Jones was born in England, studied as a postgraduate in Munich, and then went to Toronto as a professor of psychiatry. He returned to England before World War I. He became the leading English-speaking psychoanalyst and remained a collaborator and friend of Freud for more than forty years. From 1922 until about 1932 Freud was intermittently critical of Jones. This was probably due to the part Jones had played in the break with Rank and Ferenczi. Later on Freud's antagonism may have come as a result of disagreements with Jones on lay analysis, telepathy, and Jones's admiration and support for Melanie Klein and her co-workers. During the Nazi invasion of Austria, Jones flew to Vienna and rescued Freud and his family, bringing them back to sanctuary in London. The final years of his life Jones spent on his long biography of Freud.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. Truth or Motivations?

Toward a Definition of Psychoanalysis

By JACOB A. ARLOW, M.D.

MR. ERICH FROMM has, it would seem, three main points to make: first that Ernest Jones, the last of whose volumes on the biography of Sigmund Freud has recently been published, had untruthfully declared insane several of the pioneer figures of psychoanalysis; second, that Jones did so in pursuit of an established policy of the international psychoanalytic "movement," a policy which aims to discredit by slander those who dare defect from Freud; and, finally, that he, Fromm, has in his possession both the diagnosis and cure for what ails the body psychoanalytic.

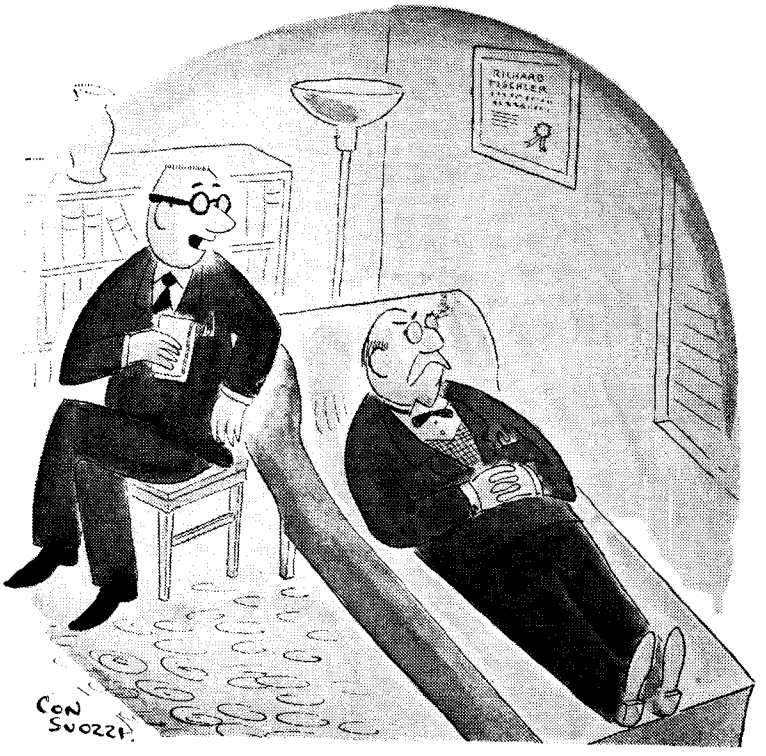
Concerning the first point, one must acknowledge some degree of indebtedness to Mr. Fromm for bringing the issue to the fore, although it should be observed he is not the first to do so. The matter had already been the subject of an exchange of letters between Dr. Michael Balint and Dr. Jones several months ago in the pages of *The International Journal of Psychoanalysis*. Unfortunately, Jones is no longer alive to participate in the controversy and to supplement the data which could justify or validate the claims he made about Rank and Ferenczi. The statements are weighty ones and, if proven unjustified, would constitute grievous errors against the memory of two men of unquestioned brilliance who made important contributions to psychoanalysis. All fair-minded persons as well as students of the history of psychoanalysis will welcome further research to clarify this issue. In the meantime, this article by Fromm must be regarded as a step in that direction and a stimulus to further investigation.

Concerning the second point, namely that Jones slandered Rank and Ferenczi in the interests of the international psychoanalytic "movement," it is difficult to be generous with Mr. Fromm. To compare psychoanalysis to an unpopular, subversive political movement, a movement which promulgates a rigid policy line, which rewrites history to suit its purposes, and which assassinates defectors and their reputations, is to employ a discredited political technique which seems happily to be fading from the American scene. It is all the more startling, therefore, to witness the re-emergence of such tactics in the columns of a celebrated, liberal, literary periodical like *The Saturday Review*, and to find such tactics levelled against an organized body of science. Experience has shown that reason and truth rarely overtake the effects of unspecified accusations, innuendoes, and indictment by comparison. It is futile to fly in the face of experience, but for the sake of the record a few objections must be entered regarding certain misrepresentations by the author.

In psychoanalysis, as in other fields, theory and practice go hand in hand. The technical innovations which Ferenczi introduced in keeping with his theory about unloving parents went beyond psychoanalytic concepts. Ferenczi did give his patients more than interpretations. He sat them on his lap, spoke to them in baby talk, kissed and caressed them. This may be effective therapy—but it is not psychoanalysis. To my knowledge, none of the students of Ferenczi who were mentioned in Fromm's article uses these specific techniques. Since psychoanalytic technique is based on definite hypotheses concerning the nature of the mind, radical revision of technique implies a reorientation toward the underlying body of theory. There must be some line of demarcation between psychoanalysis and other theories of mental functioning. Hypnotism, psychosurgery, suggestion, inspiration, drugs, and electric shock are all accepted forms of treating mental illness, but they are not psychoanalysis. Chemists would not hesitate to distinguish their science from alchemy, nor would astronomers refrain from similar action toward astrologers. Psychoanalysts have every right to do likewise without thereby constituting themselves a devout or fanatical sect.

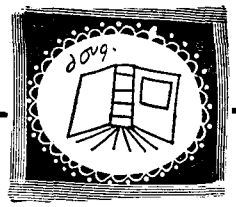
Although Jones was for many years honorary president of the International Psychoanalytic Association, it would be ludicrous to regard him as the enunciator of a "party line" for psychoanalysis. As a matter of fact, for the past fifteen years Jones has been identified with a small minority group within psychoanalysis, the group which espouses the views of Melanie Klein. This comment is not intended to reflect unfavorably on Jones. The only point I wish to make is that in psychoanalysis there is no monolithic party structure with a "party line." All the disciples of Ferenczi whom Fromm mentioned in his article are still members of the International Psychoanalytic Association, and the works of Ferenczi are

(*Continued on page* 54)



"Don't you see! Your brother didn't really hide your teddy bear; he merely misplaced it!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LITERARY HORIZONS

Prizes and Praises

By Granville Hicks

THIS year I was surprised, though not dismayed, by both the National Book Award in fiction and the Pulitzer Prize. If someone had arranged a sort of daily double for the two awards, and if I were a betting man, I should have laid my money on James Agee's "A Death in the Family" for the NBA and James Gould Cozzens's "By Love Possessed" for the Pulitzer, and I should have lost.

So far as the National Book Award is concerned, my basic assumption—and in this I turned out to be right—was that Cozzens would not get it. I have served on a couple of NBA fiction juries, and I know that the jurors are inclined not to do what is expected of them. The acclaim given to "By Love Possessed" on publication was, I felt, almost a guarantee that the jurors would pass it by.

What is more important, I am convinced that the extravagance of such admirers of Cozzens as Brendan Gill and John Fischer did him harm in many quarters. After their effusions, and after some revelations of Mr. Cozzens's *Weltanschauung*, even one who had admired and praised the novel, as I had, had to work hard to remember it really is a good book. A full-scale counterattack was inevitable, and it came with Dwight MacDonald's completely witty but partly wrong-headed article in *Commentary*. The response to the MacDonald piece demonstrated how much resentment Cozzens and his devotees had managed to build up. That a more balanced evaluation of the novel will eventually prevail is indicated by the articles in a special Cozzens issue of *Critique*, a periodical published at the University of Minnesota, but for a time partisanship has been running high.

Assuming, then, that "By Love Possessed" would not win the National Book Award, whether it deserved it or not, I was prepared to bet on "A Death in the Family"—because it is good, because it is highbrow, and because a posthumous award always seems to have a special virtue. Why the jurors passed it by I have no idea. But, since they did pass it by, I am glad they chose John Cheever's "The Wapshot Chronicle." For one thing, though it is held together "by spit and wire," as Carlos Baker observed in *The Saturday Review* of March 23, 1957, the "Chronicle" is as truly engaging, as completely readable, as any piece of fiction I encountered last year. For another, Cheever has been writing excellent short stories for twenty years or more with comparatively few kudos, and I was delighted to have his qualities recognized. One always feels happy when an award goes to a good writer, whatever opinions one has as to what may be best.

Unlike NBA juries, Pulitzer committees have tended to fulfil expectations, and that is why I thought "By Love Possessed" was a certainty. Cozzens's previous novel, "Guard of Honor," had received a Pulitzer, and the new novel seemed at least as worthy—an ambitious, carefully constructed, vigorously written book, conservative in outlook without being conventional and staunchly unfashionable without being stodgy. It is possible that "By Love Possessed" was turned down for what would seem to me to be the wrong reasons—for instance, because of the candor of scenes portraying sexual behavior—but the suggestion may do the committee an injustice. I just don't know.

In any case I can't complain about the Pulitzer choice because it would have been my choice if I had been voting on either committee. The decision would not have been easy. Certainly I should have given a thought to "The Wapshot Chronicle" and to Bernard Malamud's "The Assistant" and Mark Harris's "Something About a Soldier." But in the end I should have felt compelled to choose between "By Love Possessed" and "A Death in the Family."

How can one weigh two such different novels against one another? Cozzens is a great craftsman of fiction; Agee was a poet. Cozzens sought to sum up a lifetime's observation of men in society; Agee was releasing a cry from the heart. Cozzens's great strength is his detachment, Agee's his involvement. Each has his virtues, and each has his corresponding defects.

Choice becomes a choice between qualities, and if I ultimately choose Agee, it is because I know that his virtues have more importance to me in the present and because I believe they count more heavily for survival. Cozzens has always and rightly been known as a cold novelist, and although it seems to me that at the end of "By Love Possessed," when Arthur Winner realizes that his carefully built tower of reason has collapsed, he achieves a new kind of emotional intensity, a chill pervades

(*Continued on page* 47)

Pick of the Paperbacks

PYLON. *By William Faulkner. Signet.* 35¢. A powerful and original novel about three intense people caught up in the tenuous, dreamlike existence of the air races.

FOR THE SAKE OF HEAVEN. *By Martin Buber. Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. Meridian.* $1.45. The distinguished philosopher's fictional chronicle of the spiritual meaning of *hasidism* played against the background of the Napoleonic wars.

COURTROOM. *By Quentin Reynolds. Popular.* 50¢. This rousing biography tells the story of the crusading and controversial trial lawyer and judge, Samuel S. Liebowitz.

THE SEARCH WITHIN. *By Theodor Reik. Evergreen.* $2.95. An articulate, literate psychoanalyst reviews his long friendship with Freud, his own analysis, and the final codification of his own psychoanalytic philosophy.

SMALLER CLASSICAL DICTIONARY. *By Sir William Smith. Everyman.* $1.45. From abacus to Zosimus, this is a compact guide to gods and goddesses, myths and legends, and to the general miscellanea of ancient civilizations.

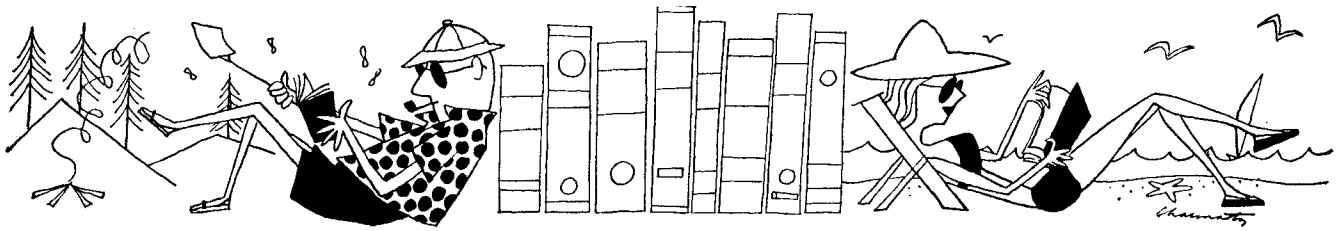
THE LIVING THOUGHTS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON. *Premier.* 50¢. Selections from Emersonia include essays, poems, lectures, prefaced by a lengthy introduction by Edgar Lee Masters.

THE WORLD IN SPACE. *By Alexander Marshack. Dell.* 35¢. An introduction to the International Geophysical Year, what it is, what is planned, and what are the implications for future scientific study. For the layman.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING

This year's summer months offer reading material for the most diversified tastes, so, to spare you a measure of indecision in making your selections, SR, *once again, has asked the book editors of thirty leading newspapers throughout the country to submit a dozen recent or soon-to-be-released titles that they themselves recommend. These appear below. On subsequent pages there is a forecast of some of the best books to be published in June, July, and August, as well as suggestions for non-literary fare complementary to your hobbies, your travels, and out-of-doors hours.*



FIVE VOTES:

DEATH OF A NATION. *By Clifford Dowdey. Knopf.* $5.
A stirring account of General Robert E. Lee and his men during three torturous days at Gettysburg's decisive battle. (Beatty, Cady, McManis, Molyneux, Troy.)

THE HARD BLUE SKY. *By Shirley Ann Grau. Knopf.* $5.
The sultry atmosphere of the Mississippi Gulf envelopes this novel of fisherfolk who live in the remote and primitive world of the bayous. (Barkham, Bradley, Kirsch, Little, Nichols.)

TWO WOMEN. *By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Angus Davidson. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $4.95.
This realistic tale of a shrewd mother and her virtuous daughter, who becomes a prostitute, is a bitterly revealing portrayal of war's corruption. (Kogan, Lucchese, J. K. Sherman, T. B. Sherman, Tinkle.)

THREE VOTES:

THE CATTLEMEN. *By Mari Sandoz. Hastings.* $6.50.
This historical account of the cattle industry with its cowboys and cattle barons gives a panoramic view of the Old West's glorious days. (Bradley, Hass, O'Neill.)

INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY. *By John Gunther. Harper.* $5.95.
Behind the iron curtain and "inside" modern USSR, by an old hand at comprehensive and factual reportage. (Bradley, Lucchese, T. B. Sherman.)

THE LONG MARCH. *By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by Austryn Wainhouse. World.* $7.50.
Communist China, as seen by a leading French intellectual, who liked what she saw during her brief visit. (Hogan, Little, Nichols.)

SEIDMAN AND SON. *By Elick Moll. Putnam.* $3.95.
A funny, often touching, novel of life and love in the complex milieu of New York's Seventh Avenue garment district. (Appel, Kirsch, Nordell.)

OTHER SELECTIONS:

ADMIRAL HORNBLOWER IN THE WEST INDIES. *By C. M. Forester. Little, Brown.* $4.

THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY. *By John K. Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin.* $4.

AFTERNOON OF AN AUTHOR. *By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Scribners.* $3.50.

ALL ABOUT MEN. *By Joseph H. Peck. Prentice-Hall.* $3.50.

AMERICAN MODERNS. *By Maxwell Geismar. Hill & Wang.* $3.95.

ANATOMY OF A MURDER. *Robert Traver. St. Martins.* $4.

THE BANQUET YEARS. *By Roger Shattuck. Harcourt, Brace.* $8.50.

THE DIAMOND SMUGGLERS. *By Ian Fleming. Macmillan.* $3.50.

THE ENEMY CAMP. *By Jerome Weidman. Random House.* $4.95.

THE FINAL FACE OF EVE. *By Evelyn Lancaster. McGraw-Hill.* $3.95.

THE FIRST YEAR OF AMERICAN HERITAGE. *Simon & Schuster.* $10.

THE FLAMING HEART. *By Mario Praz. Anchor.* $1.25.

THE FOOD OF FRANCE. *By Waverly Root. Knopf.* $9.

FOREIGN POLICY: The Next Phase. *By Thomas K. Finletter. Harper.* $3.50.

A FRIEND IN POWER. *By Carlos Baker. Scribners.* $3.95.

FROM APE TO ANGEL. *By H. R. Hays. Knopf.* $7.50.

THE GREAT EB. *By Herman Kogan. University of Chicago.* $4.95.

THE HIRELING. *By L. P. Hartley. Rinehart.* $3.50.

ICE PALACE. *By Edna Ferber. Doubleday.* $3.95.

I'M NOT STILLER. *By Max Frisch. Abelard-Schuman.* $4.50.

THE IMAGE MAKERS. *By Bernard V. Dryer. Harper.* $4.95.

INDEPENDENT MAN. *By Harry Barnard Scribners.* $5.95.

LAND WITHOUT JUSTICE. *By Milovan Djilas. Harcourt, Brace.* $5.75.

THE LOOM OF HISTORY. *By Herbert Muller. Harper.* $7.50.

THE MAGIC BARREL. *By Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $3.75.

MAINLY ON THE AIR. *By Max Beerbohm. Knopf.* $3.75.

THE MALIGNANT HEART. *By Celestine Sibley. Doubleday.* $2.95.

(*Continued on page* 43)

THE thirty critics who participated in SR's annual summer book poll are:

DAVID APPEL, *Philadelphia Inquirer*
FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate
RICHMOND BEATTY, *Nashville Tennessean*
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
CHARLES A. BRADY, *Buffalo Evening News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
A. D. EMMART, *Baltimore Sun*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
WILLIAM HOGAN, *San Francisco Chronicle*
ROBERT R. KIRSCH, *Los Angeles Times*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun-Times*
CARL VICTOR LITTLE, *Houston Press*
SAM F. LUCCHESE, *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*
JOHN MCMANIS, *Detroit News*
ROBERT MOLYNEUX, *Pittsburgh Press*
LUTHER NICHOLS, *San Francisco Examiner*
ROD NORDELL, *Christian Science Monitor*
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
ROBERT L. PERKIN, *Denver Rocky Mountain News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star & Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
GEORGE TROY, *Providence Journal*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

De Gaulle: Savior of the Republic or Its Assassin?

La Belle France in a Time of Troubles

By THEODORE H. WHITE

"MEN fundamentally can no more get along without direction than they can without eating, drinking, or sleeping"—so, in 1932, wrote an obscure French major as he finished transcribing a course of lectures on military history he had just delivered at the twin holy places of the French Army, Saint Cyr and the Ecole de Guerre.

As he continued in his book—"Le Fil De l'Epee" ("The Edge of the Sword")—its burden became simpler: that the instruments of Republican government in France had so decayed as to be useless. They had fallen into the hands of politicians who could not govern. A politician, declared the author, is a man of the auction-place "Who to become master must pose as servant and bid against his rival with promises." "La foule" (the mob), says the author, craves another kind of leadership—"these political animals need organization, which means simple order and chiefs." French Republican tradition provided them with neither; and thus, implies the writer, either France or its Republican institutions were doomed.

If, today, "Le Fil de l'Epee" seems certain of a flourishing revival in France, it is not only because it is a classic study in French political theory of government and state. It is because its author's name was Charles Andre-Marie-Joseph De Gaulle. And this week the Republic of France, people and politicians alike, wait in agony to find out whether De Gaulle has returned to history to save the Republic, reform it—or assassinate it.

Authority is the very essence of the State, De Gaulle had insisted twenty-six years ago in his book. But, he wrote gloomily, "Our times are hard for Authority. Customs breach it, and laws enfeeble it. At the hearth as in the workshop, in the State as in the street, it excites impatience and criticism rather than confidence or subordination. Struck down each time it shows itself, it has begun to doubt itself, to grope, to act at the wrong moment either feebly—with reticence, caution, and excuses—or in excess by snapping, harshness, and formalism."

Last week the French were ready to recognize the truth of this analysis and to agree that without Authority the Fourth Republic had all but dissolved. But whether Charles De Gaulle could restore this authority without crushing their Republican liberties they did not know, and whether, if it came a choice between Authority or Liberty, one was more important than the other they could not say.

That the French should be so perplexed by their De Gaulle is no accident. By the summer of 1940 the obscure French major, now a tall, gaunt combat general, had become the mystic symbol of all that was noble in a nation drenched in squalor and betrayal. By the fall of 1944 he had returned to Paris. For the next sixteen months he presided over the political architects remodeling the Republic he had restored—and watched them fashion a new Constitution which promised all things to all men: social-security, justice, free unions, free parties, free press, freedom of person and expression, equality and liberty reaching to the most primitive heathen in the farflung French Empire. Then, in disgust, in January 1946, he spat on the new Constitution in preparation and withdrew to a brooding, oracular retirement from which he predicted that this new Fourth Republic, as the Third before it, would perish for lack of Authority to govern.

—*Culver.*

De Gaulle in 1940—"the mystic symbol of all that was noble in a nation drenched in squalor and betrayal."

Last month, in the mad and never-to-be-forgotten days of May 1958, the Fourth Republic proved finally that this midwife's curse had been more prophesy than malediction. The malignancies De Gaulle had diagnosed had become cancerous. The Assembly of the Republic had lost its authority; it could not govern.

WHAT had happened to the dreams and promises of the Republic De Gaulle had installed thirteen years before?

More vividly than any essay can relate, two symbolic signs until recently spoke from the walls of the Palais Bourbon, home of the French Assembly, of the wild and contradictory moods with which Frenchmen had come to regard the sovereign organ of their freedom.

One, which still remains, was a row of white marble plaques incised with gold lettering, emblazoning the names of four French youths who at that spot in the glorious days of the August Liberation from the Germans in 1944 had given their lives that the Republic might flourish again. Even now, in devotion, Frenchmen still thrust flowers into the crevices of these plaques to honor their sacrifice.

The other sign was a blue-enameled plaque with white lettering which said simply, "Défense D'Uriner" ("Do Not Urinate Here"), praying that passers-by not stain this shelter with dishonor. Perhaps because the second sign so amused foreign visitors the French several years ago removed the white-and-blue plaque from the wall, leaving only the socket of its studs still visible.

Yet the range of emotions the two signs spanned—of contempt and love, of devotion and disgust—remained to simmer and sputter and bubble until finally in three dramatic weeks last month the Assembly of France, as it had been constituted, ceased to exist. No violence overthrew it, no blood was shed on its threshold in defense this time. It ceased to exist simply because it had ceased to govern.

Deep down at the root of its ills

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lay the doctrines of its chartering Constitution—a constitution inspired by the most hyperthyroid concept of democratic liberty. So completely did it express the Frenchman's distrust of strong executive leadership that any and all groups within society were given a veto power over the Executive's ability to act. Five or six major parties and as many minor parties all were guaranteed the right to coalesce, dissolve, and coalesce again in a kaleidoscopic pattern of leadership which gave the French state twenty-six changes of cabinet and government in fourteen years. Liberty and freedom were for all, even for the enemies of freedom. Each Frenchman was guaranteed the right to vote for any of the many parties of his choice; each party was guaranteed the right to make and unmake governments at the slightest rustle of discontent in its ranks. The result, finally, was that no Frenchman enjoyed the clear democratic right to vote for a majority government or opposition that offered a real choice of directions in which to move the nation.

Not only that. Each weak and good-willed government (established only after long internal party bargaining) had to bargain, further, with an infinite spectrum of entrenched groups outside government, all enjoying rights sanctified by law or custom. The butchers of Paris could bargain with a Premier of France over the price of meat and threaten to bring him down. The nationalized industries of France could bargain with the State, their proprietor, and flout it. So could the great cartels of private industry. So could lobbies of beet-growers, wine-growers, wheat-growers exercise a veto power over a leadership too weak to slap them in place. French colonists in Algiers could pelt a Prime Minister (Guy Mollet) with rotten eggs and watch him return to Paris to submit to their demands.

MOST of all did the enormous bureaucracies, without which no modern state can live, begin to sense their power. France's worst wave of postwar strikes—in the summer of 1953—began when a group of postmen in Toulouse, misreading an unedited copy of a government proposal on pension rights, called a wildcat strike which closed posts, airlines, mines, hospitals, railways for weeks until the government could explain itself to them to bow to their demands. There still returns in memory to this correspondent a conversation with a strike leader in Marseilles in the summer of 1953 when he discovered that the state was too weak even to negotiate with him. "If they submit to us," he said, "then parliamentary government is at the mercy of strikers and they are no longer sovereign. But if they don't submit to us, they'll have to crush us by force. The Assembly can't function with a gun at its head—and we can't go on like this because the nation is at our mercy."

—*Wide World.*

De Gaulle in 1949—"not remotely Fascist . . . dictatorship is as abhorrent to him as to a Roman Senator."

Fortunately, the postmen, the railway men, and the street-cleaners had no guns, and once the government had yielded the post ran again, the trains rolled, and garbage was collected.

One bureaucracy in France did, however, have guns. This was the officer corps of the French military establishment. And like a sinister thread through the tangled skein of the thirteen postwar years in France runs the uncontrolled flouting of civilian authority by officers sworn to uphold the policies of that authority. As early as June 1946 Admiral Thierry D'Argenlieu in Indo-China decided to set up an independent-puppet French regime in Cochin-China—purposely calculating and succeeding in disrupting negotiations which the French cabinet was then holding with Indo-Chinese emissaries in Paris to set up an all-Indo-China state. Nor was he chastised. Six months later, without authority, French officers in Indo-China bombarded the port of Haiphong over open sights, launching that war which was to end in disaster in Dienbienphu eight years later.

And while the sailors and soldiers in Asia went unpunished, soldiers in North Africa learned to imitate them. It was the officer-junta led by Marshal Juin that planned and executed the deposition and exile of the Sultan of Morocco in 1953—and found Paris gracing their act with legality after the fact. It was, finally, the officer corps of Algeria who, without authority, flouting government policy, this winter sent planes across the border to bomb Sakiet in Tunisia—thus precipitating the international crisis which brought down the Gaillard cabinet and ended in the dissolution of all civilian authority this week.

It would be unfair not to explain the emotions of blood and suffering in the officer corps out of which their uneasy revolt has sprung. In the bloodletting of the First World War an entire family of ancient military tradition, like the de Castelnaus, might be wiped out to the last male bearer of the name. But such was the fate of a thousand obscure French families too. The colonial wars since 1945 have, however, not been the expression of a nation in arms. They have until just recently been wars largely led and fought in tragedy by elite and patrician families of officers who have led the French Army since Napoleon's time. By now the entire family of Marshal DeLattre de Tassigny is extinguished, the last male bearer of the name, Bernard, a lieutenant, killed in the closing skirmishes of the Indo-China war. The family of Marshal LeClerc, himself killed on duty in Africa, saw his son killed in Indo-China. So too did the family of Marshal Franchet D'Esperey lose a son in Indo-China. And also General Raoul Salan, the uncertain chief of the Algerian junta, mourns a son buried in Algeria, killed there last year.

For such families, close-knit as they have been for generations, seeing the widows of their dead existing in hunger and in hovels on the miserable pensions of the French Army, the nagging questions of Why? For what Purpose? have returned with increasing frequency. And when, in a conclusion of exasperation last month, they lashed out at the government, as so often before, they found this time there was no government strong enough to lash back.

TO explain this emotional background is in no way to justify their revolt against Republican tradition of civilian leadership. For when union strike, or bureaucracies present demands, or cartels seduce government, such groups are bound by no obligation of sacrifice for the State. But the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sole loyalty of an army must be to its State. And when an army refuses to serve the State, it must then act as the State itself.

THIS then is the first problem of Charles De Gaulle in the uneasy weeks of his new power—To decide whether he is the instrument of the army that hoisted him back to leadership or the Republic that welcomed him back in shame.

It is too early to guess how De Gaulle will handle this problem. In "Le Fil de L'Epee' he states that no great State and no great army can exist unless each clearly recognizes the other's domain of leadership. A civilian Bismarck, he holds, was the father of Moltke's triumphs; a civilian Carnot was the architect of the victories of France's revolutionary generals. Doom follows swiftly for that state where military men crowd statesmen out of their domain of supreme power—as when Ludendorf and Hindenburg in the First World War forced unrestricted submarine warfare on the civilian chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg, thus bringing America to arms as Germany's enemy. Statesmen must clearly lead, he insists. Yet within their leadership, he continues, politicians must accept a secondary role. They are the salesmen and shills of great leaders' decisions, bringing the people to assent and understanding, not consultation.

One will search in vain in De Gaulle's writing for any blueprint of the state he wishes to design. If, to be sure, his writings are clearly not even remotely Fascist, they reflect an odd and archaic Republicanism—Republicanism in the Roman sense, of *res publica*. Over and over again in his work one hears the echo of the classic Roman concept of state—of a patrician stewardship of affairs, where eminent men gravely resolve the great problems of nation. Dictatorship is as abhorrent to him as to a Roman Senator—but the *plebs*, the common people, are as despicable.

Even less can one project from De Gaulle's writing any clue to a solution of the stubborn problems which face France today—how she may extricate herself from the Algerian trap, how the hemorrhage of her foreign trade may be stanched this side of bankruptcy, how France may be able to weave herself into the union of Western Europe which she has both conceived and impeded. Yet this very obscurity is not at all odd. Obscurity, De Gaulle believes, is the essence of great leadership. Prestige, he proclaims in his book, "cannot exist without mystery since men have little reverence for that which they know too well."

Thus, France waits to see how De Gaulle will walk the narrow edge of the sword. To conduct himself as the army's choice makes him captive of the officers—a French General Naguib to be succeeded by a Colonel Nasser if the army is discontent. To act as the peoples' choice, subject to old French Assembly rules and votes, renders him as powerless as his predecessors. And yet again, to crush those Republican liberties he once re-established is to rouse the blood of those Frenchmen who love such liberties with anarchic ferocity. "Action," says De Gaulle, "is simply man in the midst of circumstances." What his action will be in these circumstances, no one can guess. It is too early to mourn for the liberties of Republican France; yet it is no time to cheer.

—Wide World.

At the 1943 meeting at Casablanca, Roosevelt, Churchill, and De Gaulle planned Allied strategy against Hitler.

I had a very stony interview with de Gaulle, making it clear that if he continued to be an obstacle we would not hesitate to break with him finally. He was very formal, and stalked out of the villa and down the little garden with his head high in the air. Eventually he was prevailed upon to have a talk with Giraud, which lasted for two or three hours and must have been extremely pleasant to both of them. In the afternoon he went to see the President [F.D.R.], and to my relief they got on unexpectedly well. The President was attracted by "the spiritual look in his eyes," but very little could be done to bring them into accord . . . I had continuous difficulties and many sharp antagonisms with him [de G.]. There was however a dominant element in our relationship. I could not regard him as representing captive and prostrate France, nor indeed the France that had a right to decide freely the future for herself. I knew he was no friend of England. But I always recognised in him the spirit and conception which, across the pages of history, the word "France" would ever proclaim. I understood and admired, while I resented, his arrogant demeanour. Here he was—a refugee, an exile from his country under sentence of death, in a position entirely dependent upon the good will of the British Government, and also now of the United States. The Germans had conquered his country. He had no real foothold anywhere. Never mind; he defied all. Always, even when he was behaving worst, he seemed to express the personality of France—a great nation, with all its pride, authority, and ambition. It was said in mockery that he thought himself the living representative of Joan of Arc, with whom it is said one of his ancestors served as a faithful adherent. This did not seem to me as absurd as it looked. Clemenceau, with whom it was said he also compared himself, was a far wiser and more experienced statesman. But they both gave the same impression of being unconquerable Frenchmen.
—*From* "The Hinge of Fate," by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Wide World*

Oran, Algeria—Alleged infiltrators captured by French authorities . . . "senseless violence born in fear."

Torture in North Africa

"The Question," by Henri Alleg *(translated by John Calder; Braziller. 124 pp. $2.95), is a graphic journal of the tortures endured by the author, an editor in Algiers, at the hands of French paratroopers when he was a political prisoner. Last March, following its publication in France, the book was seized by the local police.* SR's *reviewer is Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the British Foreign Office from 1953-57.*

By Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick

M. HENRI ALLEG was the editor of a newspaper which was in open sympathy with the cause of the Front de Liberation Nationale rebellion. In order to avoid internment he went into hiding but was discovered and arrested. His book is a stark and indeed revolting account of the tortures to which he was subjected at the hands not of the police, but of French parachute troops. Two months later he was brought before a magistrate and subsequently charged, as a member of the Algerian Communist Party, with endangering the State and with reconstituting a banned political movement. Since then he has been imprisoned in the civil prison of Algiers.

The publication of the book has not unnaturally created a stir in France. M. Alleg's story is a pure narrative, but M. Jean-Paul Sartre has contributed to *L'Expresse* a fulminating article which deserves analysis. No civilized man will disagree with his denunciation of torture:

> It is not the individuals in this case who matter. Executioners and victims alike are in the grip of a violent and anonymous hatred. It is a hatred that debases them both through each other, taking the form of torture. . . . Torture is senseless violence born in fear.

All human experience bears this out. But M. Sartre with characteristic pessimism draws two conclusions of which the first is questionable and the second certainly wrong.

He believes that torture "is a plague infecting our whole era. . . . Disavowed—sometimes very quietly—but systematically practised behind a façade of democratic legality, torture has now acquired the status of a semi-clandestine institution." Violence begets violence and we are living in tumultuous times. More people, for example, have been killed by violence since the foundation of the United Nations than during the 100 years following the Congress of Vienna. Accordingly it is not surprising that man's sensibility should be chilled and that frequent acts of cruelty occur which no longer arouse flaming protest. It is, however, surely an exaggeration to say that torture has now acquired the status of an institution. In particular an Englishman must fiercely repudiate M. Sartre's statement that it is an institution in Cyprus, where a commission from the Council of Europe has recently been granted full facilities for investigation.

It may be asked why the use of torture should appear in France. The answer may be found in M. Sartre's mouth, when he tells us that it is a practice which debases the victims as well as the executioners. We know that men who have been bullied are apt, when the occasion offers, to turn bullies themselves. It is not fanciful to suggest that five years under Hitler's heel have corrupted France to a point when under the pressure of a bloody insurrection such things became possible.

However this may be, it is the helpless pessimism of M. Sartre's second conclusion which requires rebuttal. He believes that in the effort to suppress the Algerian insurrection the employment of torture is inevitable. "We know now that it is not a question of punishing or re-educating certain individuals and that the Algerian war cannot be humanized. Torture is imposed by the circumstances. . . . If we want to put an end to the atrocious and bleak cruelty . . . there has always been and still is only one way: to open negotiations and to make peace."

It may be comforting to believe that torture is now a universal institution and that its use is imposed by circumstances in Algeria. Neither premise is correct; and it would be cowardly to act on the conviction that public opinion and a decent government cannot insist on the cessation of these inhuman and damaging practices. They can be and must be stopped. But the basic problem remains. France is either justified or not justified in pursuing the war in Algeria. If she is not justified, the war should be brought to an end, whether or not parachute troops have committed excesses. Similarly, if she is justified, the crimes should be punished but the struggle should not be abandoned on the feeble ground that they are otherwise inevitable.

In her Algerian dilemma France deserves sympathy and understanding. This is no simple colonial problem. Algeria was created by France. Before she came there was no Algerian nation, only a few pirate communities along the coast. Today over a million French settlers and a substantial number of Moslems nurtured in the French tradition passionately desire to maintain their connection with France. Where does France's path of duty lie? Are the French settlers to be added to the homeless and indigent refugees who wander through our world, whilst the Moslem friends of France are thrown to the wolves?

There is another factor to be considered. Already in the name of self-determination a number of states have been created who do not possess the resources to lead an independent existence. At the moment many of them are kept in life by the generosity of the United States. But it is worth considering whether it is wise or right to go on encouraging this process of fragmentation, regardless of its economic consequences. Otherwise the American taxpayer must face the alternative either of dipping his hand still further into his pocket or of delivering men into the hideous bondage of Soviet Russia. If American wealth and patience are not inexhaustible, self-determination will soon become a euphemism for Communist bondage.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Golden Summer of a Great Review

"From the N.R.F.," edited by Justin O'Brien *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 383 pp. $5), is a collection of critical essays from the* Nouvelle Revue Française, *which between World Wars I and II was France's most vital literary organ. Jerrold Lanes, a student of French political and intellectual thought, assesses its contributions.*

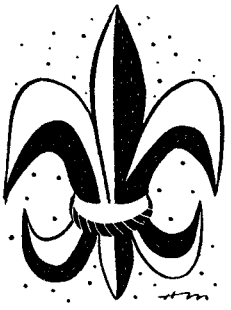
By Jerrold Lanes

FOUNDED in 1909 and inspired, until the summer of 1940, by André Gide, the *Nouvelle Revue Française* was by far the most eminent French literary periodical of the years between the two wars. It is difficult to separate the *N.R.F.* from its legend and from the publishing house, founded by Gaston Gallimard, whose books bore the same three letters on their covers. The legend is in great part justified, and the periodical and publishing house need perhaps not be separated, since they published largely the same authors. Virtually everybody of any importance in French letters has appeared in the one as in the other, from Gide, Valéry, Proust, and Claudel through Cocteau and Malraux to Sartre, Camus, and de Beauvoir.

Justin O'Brien has now had the excellent idea of selecting a group of critical essays from what seems to us nostalgically as the long, golden summer of the review (1919-1940). It is a rather disappointing collection—and, curiously enough, through no fault of Mr. O'Brien's. The undertaking O'Brien proposed had, of course, its risks, not to say its liabilities. Restricting himself to one periodical, he could give us Alain, but not on politics; and could include nothing by de Jouvenel or Siegfried, perhaps the most important political authors of the period. In literature, he has fared much better: there is Gide on Dadaism, Claudel on Mallarmé, Malraux on D. H. Lawrence. There are also some extremely important writers whose work had so far—and very regrettably remained virtually unknown in this country: Charles Du Bos, Valery Larbaud, Pierre Drieu La Rochelle, Ramon Fernandez. But some of Fernandez's best work, on Gide, is disqualified; so is Mauriac on Racine, Georges Blin on Baudelaire—these essays appeared either in book form, or in some other review. Then, too, O'Brien, confined to the *N.R.F.*, yet constrained to represent a discovery as crucial as Freud's, had to include Jules Romains's altogether pathetic effort on psychoanalysis.

Generally speaking, however, the faults of this book are due not to O'Brien, but to the criticism published by the *N.R.F.* itself and, indeed, to the failure of an entire tradition which may be called, following the terms of one of the *N.R.F.*'s editors, the "liberal" tradition.

In a statement of principles written for the first issue to appear after the close of World War I, Jacques Rivière rather rashly asserted, "We think we perceive the direction which the creative instinct of our race . . . is about to take"; and he went on to say that "the esthetic age which began with Romanticism is now completely ended," that there was in the offing "a classical renaissance" in which "the intellect [would] recover its rights in art: not in order to replace feeling entirely, but to analyze it, to rule over it." It is odd how wrong he was: the two outstanding movements of the time, Dada and surrealism, were of just the opposite nature; even cubism, in its literary consequences, seemed antipathetic to the *N.R.F.*, as the feud between Gide and André Rouveyre, the champion of Apollinaire, shows. And the closest friends of the *N.R.F.*—Valéry, Proust, Claudel—owed the greater part of their style to the Symbolist movement Rivière had declared to be bankrupt.



For it is surprising, in retrospect, how limited and—despite its eclectic and liberal open-mindedness—how closed the *N.R.F.* was to new developments, particularly to the unceasing assimilation of the Romantic ethos that was the major accomplishment of French literature between the two wars. It is as though the *N.R.F.*, whose taste was nothing if not Catholic, published creative work by writers whom, critically, it was not equipped to understand. The question came to the surface in a crucial debate between Rivière and Marcel Arland. In 1919 Rivière was willing, albeit with some skepticism, to entertain the "possibility" that "the war diminished the importance of art and literature among human preoccupations," but said he would wait and see, observing the situation with a typically "open mind . . . a spirit free of prejudice . . . ready to analyze and interpret," maintaining the "gratuitousness" of literature and its "disjunction" from the pressing issues of the day, spiritual or political.

Arland took issue with him, asserting, "*Beyond* all literature there is an object of primary importance to me: it is myself. . . . Literature . . . no longer charms us very much except in its relationship to ourselves and in accordance with the influence it can have on us." Literature, for Arland, became merely a "means—means for knowing ourselves and means for testing ourselves"; and he added that "some literary experiences are more dangerous than real experiences."

Rivière tried his best to understand, but while the *N.R.F.* was liberal enough to acknowledge opposition and give it a voice it did not really enter into the spirit of what Arland called "a new *'mal du siècle.'*" Rivière recognized that Arland and his generation were "tormented by the need of an absolute" and that they hoped to find it in literature, but the idea of a spiritual "drama," of questions which might be asked *of literature, from which* an answer was *demanded*, was quite foreign to most of the *N.R.F.*'s criticism, of which Thibaudet remains the paragon—graceful, sensitive, flexible, but writing about things at one remove, writing about them rather than into them, unable to identify himself with them enough for his own spiritual quest to be illuminated by that of whichever author he was reading. For Rivière, as for Thibaudet, the idea of a personal quest seemed a strange one: Rivière insisted on the "modesty" inherent in his conception of writing, and before the imperious questions and doubts of the younger men could only say that "all progress of mankind along the path of a certain physical comfort and productivity, at least, if not in the direction of happiness, has always coincided with his lack of interest in final causes"—all in all, a curiously philistine statement for the editor of France's most important literary review.

But it would be ungrateful to close on a negative note, for on the whole this is a book to be read by all serious readers, not to say writers.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Observer of Russian Life

"Turgenev's Literary Reminiscences," *(translated and with an introduction by David Magarshack; prefatory essay by Edmund Wilson; Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 309 pp. $5), is a collection of "fragments," some autobiographical, by the great Russian novelist. Our reviewer, Ernest J. Simmons, an author who has been a professor of Russian literature at Columbia University since 1947, edited Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons."*

By Ernest J. Simmons

AT A time when the works of Dostoevsky are undergoing a startling renaissance in America in criticism, in the movies, and on the stage, it is instructive to be confronted by the hitherto untranslated literary reminiscences of his great and relatively neglected rival Turgenev, whose vision of Russian life and its reflection in art are so strikingly different. Further, Edmund Wilson introduces the book with a long essay, a fresh and penetrating analysis of the creative art of Turgenev. The traditional images of the superfluous man and the strong, duty-loving woman are dismissed. Mr. Wilson goes back to the harrowing domestic experiences of Turgenev's youth and to his termagant of a mother for an explanation of the persistent pattern of characterizations and themes in the short stories and novels. The basic themes, he declares, are the two friends, the inadequate man and the demanding woman. And Mr. Wilson credits Turgenev with more sincerity in his political and social views, so important in his fiction, than many of his contemporaries, and especially his famous rivals Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, attributed to him. He was the first Western writer, according to Mr. Wilson, "to perfect the modern art of implying social criticism through a narrative that is presented objectively, organized economically, and beautifully polished in style." Lacking the vast sweep of Tolstoy's art and the profound inwardness of Dostoevsky's, he is the observer rather than the psychologist of the phenomena of Russian life.

Instead of the customary footnotes, the translator, Mr. Magarshack, provides an introduction which amounts to a very informative frame of reference keyed to the many literary allusions and nineteenth-century figures appearing in the reminiscences. Turgenev began his reminiscences late in the 1860s at a time when his reputation as a progressive writer had been thoroughly undermined by the fierce attacks from both radicals and conservatives that followed the publication of his most celebrated novel, "Fathers and Sons." Bitter and deeply hurt, Turgenev undoubtedly used his reminiscences to defend his political position and to explain the function of his art. The first five "autobiographical fragments," as Turgenev described them, appeared as his "Literary Reminiscences" in the 1869 edition of his works. The remaining eight "fragments" were added in successive editions between 1874 and 1883.

Though all these pieces are interesting and several of them, such as "The Man in the Grey Spectacles," "The Execution of Tropmann," and "The Quail," amount to short stories based on Turgenev's personal experiences, the two most significant by far are "Reminiscences of Belinsky" and "Apropos of 'Fathers and Sons'." Belinsky, the so-called "father of the Russian intelligentsia," had been the revered ideological master of the radical critics who had so harshly attacked Turgenev, and hence his emphasis in this article upon his early

20th of October, 1851

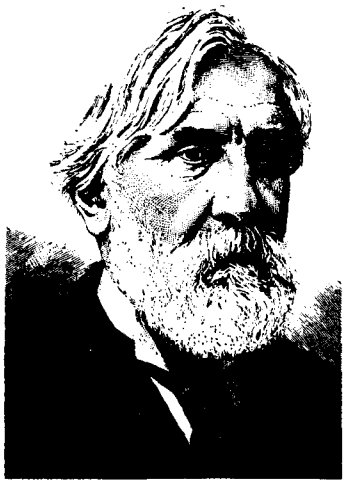
The following paragraphs, excerpted from "Turgenev's Literary Reminiscences," describe the writer's impression of Gogol. They are published here by special arrangement with Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.

By Ivan Turgenev

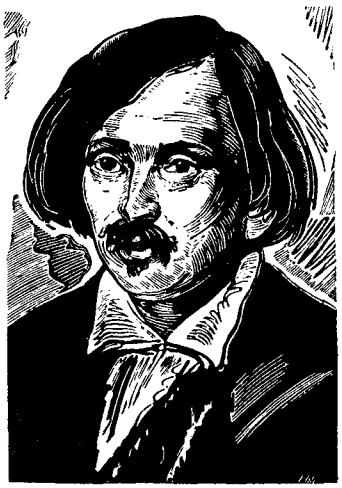
I WAS taken to meet Gogol by the late Mikhail Semynovich Shchepkin. I remember the day of our visit: 20th of October, 1851. Gogol lived in Moscow at the time, in Nikitsky Street. We arrived at one o'clock in the afternoon: he received us at once. His room was on the right of the entrance hall. We entered and—there was Gogol standing before a tall bureau with a pen in his hand. He was wearing a dark coat, a green velvet waistcoat, and brown trousers. A week before I had seen him in the theatre at a performance of "The Government Inspector"; he was in a box in the stalls, near the very door and, craning his neck, looked with nervous anxiety at the stage over the shoulders of two stout ladies, whom he used as a screen from the curiosity of the public. F[eokstitov], who was sitting next to me, pointed him out to me. I turned round quickly to have a look at him; he must have noticed my movement, for he shrank back a little into the corner of the box. I was struck by the change that had taken place in his appearance since 1841. I had met him twice then at Avdotya Petrovna Ye[lagin]'s. At that time he was a stout thick-set Ukrainian; now he looked a very thin haggard man who had been through a great deal of trouble in life. A sort of hidden anxiety and pain, a sort of melancholy restlessness hung over the usually shrewd and intelligent expression on his face.

SEEING Shchepkin and myself, he went up to us gaily and, shaking hands with me, said: "We should have become acquainted long ago." We sat down—Shchepkin in an armchair beside him and I next to him on the sofa. I looked at him more closely. His fair hair, which fell straight from the temples, as is usual with Cossacks, still preserved its youthful tint, but had thinned noticeably; his smooth, retreating white forehead conveyed, as before, the impression of great intelligence. His small brown eyes sparkled with gaiety at times—yes, gaiety and not sarcasm; but mostly they looked tired. Gogol's long, pointed nose gave his face a sort of cunning, foxlike expression; his puffy, soft lips under the clipped moustache also produced an unfavorable impression; in their indefinite contours—so at least it seemed to me—the dark sides of his character found expression. When he spoke, they opened unpleasantly, showing a row of bad teeth. His small

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Turgenev—of censorship he said: "What one needs is truthfulness . . . freedom, absolute freedom of opinion and ideas . . . nowhere so needed as in art."



Gogol—". . . speaking of censorship [to Turgenev], almost glorifying it, almost approving of it as a means of developing the writers' acumen and skill . . ."

friendship with Belinsky was deliberately intended as a rejoinder to his critics. The artist in Turgenev, however, supersedes the polemicist, for this account—within its scope—is easily the most brilliant biographical study of the great critic that we possess. Belinsky's difficult, lonely nature, his intellectual integrity, and the extraordinary perceptiveness of his literary judgments are all wonderfully brought out by Turgenev.

In his defense of "Fathers and Sons" Turgenev indulges in one of his rare formal efforts at self-criticism and literary theorizing. He repudiates the persistent charge that the nihilist hero, Bazarov, was a lampoon of the radical critic, Dobrolyubov. On the contrary, Turgenev maintains, the character was inspired by a provincial doctor he had become acquainted with. And with obvious fervor Turgenev insists that he never deserted the cause of the Westerners in their struggle with the Slavophiles. "But I expect many of my readers will be surprised," he writes, "if I tell them that with the exception of Bazarov's views on art, I share almost all his convictions." The trouble with the critics, he contends, is their conviction that an author should be concerned with developing his ideas in a novel; "they refuse to believe that to reproduce truth and the reality of life correctly and powerfully is the greatest happiness for an author." In depicting the harsh personality of Bazarov, he had not attempted to insult the progressively-minded younger generation. "Fathers and Sons" is as it is, he asserts, "Because *in the given case life, according to my ideas, happened to be like that.*"

TURGENEV's defense of the autonomy of art against all those who would exact from it political propaganda or special pleading is an old one. But his passionate words about the artist's needs, in addition to talent, deserve to be recalled by those who preside over the destinies of artists in the Soviet Union today: "What one needs is truthfulness, a truthfulness that is inexorable in relation to one's feelings; what one needs is freedom, absolute freedom of opinion and ideas . . . nowhere is freedom so needed as in art, in poetry."

---

chin disappeared in his wide, black velvet cravat. In Gogol's bearing, in his gestures, there was something not so much professorial as schoolmasterly —something reminiscent of teachers in provincial institutes and secondary schools. "What an intelligent, queer, and sick creature you are!" I could not help thinking as I looked at him. I remember that Shchepkin and I had gone to him as to an extraordinary man, a man of genius, who was a little touched in the head . . . all Moscow was of that opinion of him. Shchepkin had warned me not to talk to him about the continuation of "Dead Souls," about the second part of his novel, at which he had been working so long and so assiduously and which he burnt before his death.

SHCHEPKIN had warned me beforehand that Gogol was anything but talkative; but actually it turned out quite otherwise. Gogol talked a lot and with great animation, enunciating every word clearly and emphasizing it, which not only did not seem unnatural but, on the contrary, lent his speech a sort of agreeable weight and impressiveness. I could not detect any particular Ukrainian accent in his speech, except that he pronounced the letter O without slurring over it. Everything he said was absolutely right and to the point. The impression of fatigue and morbid nervous restlessness, which had struck me at first, disappeared. He spoke of the importance of literature, the vocation of the writer, and what one's attitude to one's own works should be; he made a few subtle and true observations about the process of literary work itself, the physiology, if one may put it that way, of authorship; and all that in an imaginative and original language and, as far as I could see, without any preliminary preparation, as is all too often the case with "famous men."

It was only when Gogol began speaking of the censorship, almost glorifying it, almost approving of it as a means of developing the writers' acumen and skill in protecting his beloved child as well as his patience and a multitude of other Christian and worldly virtues, it was only then that I could not help feeling that he was drawing it all out of a ready-made arsenal. Besides, to prove the need for censorship in this way—is it not tantamount to recommending and almost praising the cunning and craftiness of slavery? I could, I suppose to some extent accept the verse of the Italian poet: *Si, servi, siam; ma servi ognor frementi* [Yes, we are slaves; but slaves who are always mad with rage]; but self-satisfied submission and double-faced hypocrisy of slavery—no; I'd rather not speak of it. In such excogitations and rationalizations of Gogol one could clearly detect the influence of those high-placed personages to whom he had dedicated the greater part of his "Selected Passages"; it was from there that that stale and musty odor came. In fact, I soon felt that there was an impassable gulf between Gogol's outlook on life and mine. It was not the same things that we hated and not the same things that we loved; but at that moment that did not matter to me. A great poet, a great artist was before me, and I looked at him and listened to him with veneration even when I did not agree with him.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Wondrous Whirl

"Mayor Watching and Other Pleasures," by Philip Hamburger *(Rinehart. 276 pp. $3.75), is a medley of light essays that originally appeared in* The New Yorker. *Manhattanite E. P. Monroe reviews them.*

By E. P. Monroe

Rin Tin Tin, a visitor, and New York's former Mayor William O'Dwyer—". . . nostalgia for the city and its ways."

AS ANY faithful reader of *The New Yorker* magazine can tell you, there's a new pastime in the land. It's called "mayor-watching," and it consists, quite simply, of watching mayors (New York City's mayors, that is) instead of birds. Its originator is Philip Hamburger, a member of *The New Yorker* staff whose previous pastimes have included, among others, watching novelist J. P. Marquand. As Mr. Hamburger's observations of Mr. Marquand, which were first published in *The New Yorker* eventually turned up as a book ("J. P. Marquand, Esquire"), so now in the same way have his observations of mayors along with various other light essays, all more or less amusing, on Manhattan, its inhabitants, and some of its visitors (Rin Tin Tin, Queen Elizabeth II).

An ostensibly unbiased miscellany, "Mayor Watching and Other Pleasures," for all its carefully cultivated objectivity, turns out to be full of nostalgia for the city and its ways. For here is the late Fiorello H. La Guardia "batting out flies" to his son on the lawn of Gracie Mansion (official habitat of mayors), or a view of the Battery as seen from a ferry in the haze of an Indian-summer day, or an opening of the Metropolitan Opera at which nobody stands on his head. And here is former Mayor William O'Dwyer reminiscing from his Mexico City penthouse on such typical mayoralty chores as attending Waldorf banquets ("I'd eat at home, and have the cops phone me from the Waldorf at the end of the second course, and then I'd zip down"), or receiving delegations ("If they get belligerent, and they often do, you call in the newspaper boys from Room 9"). Here also are *New Yorker* profiles of the present mayor, Robert F. Wagner, of James E. Casey, president of the United Parcel Service (to whom "there is no such thing as an ugly package"), and of Oscar Hammerstein II, lyricist and librettist (in case someone doesn't know) of "Oklahoma!" and "South Pacific."

To this reader the sketch about Hammerstein was Mr. Hamburger's least entertaining effort—perhaps because the success story of the author of the lyrics of "Some Enchanted Evening" has less freshness than, say, Mr. Hamburger's description of the "Manual of Instructions" for drivers of United Parcel, which includes such agreeable information as "in order not to embarrass customers, C.O.D. amounts should be announced in a low tone of voice," and "if a lady comes to the door to receive a package, lift or remove your cap." It is also true that the Hammerstein piece, along with a description of the late Arturo Toscanini on a tour with the NBC Symphony Orchestra, falls at the end of "Mayor Watching and Other Pleasures" and perhaps, as can happen with Mr. Hamburger's carefully objective prose, they are just too much of a good thing. But, why quibble! "Mayor Watching and Other Pleasures" cannot fail to appeal to New Yorkers. As for the rest of the country—including that famous old lady from Dubuque—well, it should at least soften their hearts a bit about New York.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"THE DAUGHTERS OF MY FATHER'S HOUSE"

Comparatively few of Shakespeare's heroines have mothers who appear in the plays, but the twenty young ladies listed on the left can boast of their mixed-up fathers on the right. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to unmix them. The wise children know their own fathers on page 28.

1. Cassandra	( ) Baptista
2. Celia	( ) Brabantio
3. Cordelia	( ) Calchas
4. Cressida	( ) Capulet
5. Desdemona	( ) Charles IV
6. Hermia	( ) Cymbeline
7. Hero	( ) Egeus
8. Imogen	( ) Frederick
9. Jessica	( ) Glendower
10. Juliet	( ) Lear
11. Katharina	( ) Leonato
12. Katharine	( ) Leontes
13. Lady Mortimer	( ) Pericles
14. Lavinia	( ) Polonius
15. Margaret	( ) Priam
16. Marina	( ) Prospero
17. Miranda	( ) Reignier
18. Ophelia	( ) Shylock
19. Perdita	( ) Simonides
20. Thaisa	( ) Titus

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LADIES WITH A PAST

They Remember Bangkok, Boston, Ballrooms, Bathing Suits, and Bing

LEILA HADLEY was attractive, twenty-five, and divorced; she had a six-year-old son and a glamorous job in television. But her frivolous life bored her. Uprooting herself, Leila and her son, Kippy, boarded a freighter for Hong Kong. During the next two years, they wended a sprightly path around the globe, reported on in her zestful account, **"Give Me the World"** (Simon & Schuster, $5). Leila, the undaunted type, talked the misogynic crew of the schooner *California* into signing her as cook. With breezy equanimity she weathered immodest quarters, the ritual self-torture festival in Penang, and sunstroke in Delhi. Her travel tale is lively and gay and she appears herself to be no less so. It even has a happy ending—Leila married ex-crewmate Yvor Smitters. Now Kippy has a sister named Victoria California.

NANCY HALE makes it clear in **"A New England Girlhood"** (Little, Brown, $3.75) that growing up in Boston is very special. Moreover, being a Boston Yankee is a little like belonging to a secret society whose members communicate with such signals as "the Copley" for the Sheraton-Plaza and "Perse's" for S. S. Pierce. Miss Hale, who has subtitled her book "an affectionate re-creation of things past," uses such Proustian devices as a Charlotte Russe (instead of a *madeleine*) to recall the little girl who peeked into the elegant world of grown-up dinner parties. Each sketch glides back to the first quarter of the century, to Miss Macomber's Boston dancing class for the slide polka, to a timid debutante stepping out to the Grand March, and finally, to "the Copley" for tea-dancing with a young Harvard man (Porcellian Club, of course).

MARIA MOLNAR grew up in the world of Hungarian nobility before World War II. In **"Love with Paprika"** (Harper, $3.50), Maria reminisces about halcyon days when she lived in a twenty-eight-room manor house peopled with a French governess, a coachman, and numerous titled relatives. Peacocks strolled on the lawn while "happy peasants" sang as they swung their scythes. But behind this sugary facade are foreshadowings of social change: the governess charms haughty Uncle Sigmund into a morganatic marriage; Countess Valerie, a pretty little cousin, forsakes rank and riches to elope to America with a *déclassé* doctor. No clouds of war mar Maria's sunny skies. But now, long afterwards, she seems to recall those remote and carefree times with detachment, some nostalgia, and with only a modicum of regret.

CYNTHIA LINDSAY's "Mother Climbed Trees" (Simon & Schuster, $3.95) recalls a childhood as different from Nancy Hale's as Hollywood, California, in the Thirties is different from Brahmin Boston in the early part of the century. Cynthia, to put it bluntly, was miserable. She owed it all to Mother—or Elsie, as she preferred to be called. Elsie lived the legend of the early Hollywood years: flame-colored hair, smoking pajamas, six-inch cigarette holders, and successive forays into numerology, faith healing, and spiritualism (to contact Rudolph Valentino). Cynthia reacted by wallowing in Indian philosophy and Krafft-Ebing; clad in a rhinestone bathing suit she swam to no success at all in aquacade movies. But Cynthia grew up enough to write with more indulgence and amusement than resentment about both Elsie and Hollywood.

VIOLA ILMA, or "little Vi" as she sometimes calls herself, is a White Ethiopian Princess (a title inherited from her missionary grandfather), and the author of her *apologia,* **"A Political Virgin"** (Duell, Sloan, $3.50). Says Vi, "I was not conceited, I merely had a conscious knowledge of an effortless superiority." Viola was an organizer. Inspired by her visit to Germany with Goebbels she rallied the American Youth Congress which, she says, was "snatched away" from her by the Communists. Her book is a marvel of name-dropping —Doris Duke, Bing Crosby, Jim Farley, who with 1,000 others, financed her Paris jaunt. Back in Ethiopia, Viola remarks, "Grandfather would be pleased to know that Viola had returned." The Emperor Haile Selassie was apparently pleased too that the White Princess had come home.—ROLLENE WATERMAN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor: Norman Cousins
Publisher: J. R. Cominsky
Associate Editors: Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin

Associate Publisher W. D. Patterson
Feature Editor Peter Ritner
Science Editor John Lear
Poetry Editor John Ciardi
Editorial Production Dorothy Chadbourn

Editors-at-Large
Harrison Brown
John Mason Brown
Joseph Wood Krutch
Walter Millis
Elmo Roper
John Steinbeck

Contributing Editors
Cleveland Amory
Henry Hewes
Granville Hicks
James Thrall Soby
Horace Sutton
John T. Winterich

Contents Copyrighted, 1958, by Saturday Review, Inc.

Report from a Friend

Editor's Note: *Once again,* The Saturday Review *has called upon Mrs. Richard L. Day to report on the present situation of the Hiroshima Maidens. Mrs. Day, who is affiliated with the New York Friends Center, was in charge of the hospitality program for the girls and has been following their careers carefully since their return to Japan.*

SOME months ago, Hideko Hirata wrote to one of her hostesses: "Thank you very much for the key to your house. You opened my heart by it." Hideko was a Hiroshima girl, the one with the soft footsteps and bird-like voice. She had always been frail. Early this March the doctors told her parents that Hideko had cancer of the stomach. One month later, after an operation and painful illness, Hideko died. Her loss is deeply felt, not only by her own parents, sisters, and brother, but by all who knew her. She had been the president of the "Maidens." They loved her for her goodness, gentleness, and courage. Tadako Emori, with whom she lived among Rockland County Friends in the United States, has written to us: "Her farewell ceremony was held at Nagarekawa Church (Reverend Tanimoto's). Many friends of hers cried and prayed for her. She was loved by every one. I think you are as sad as I am. I feel as if I still hear her that voice."

Tadako took a special course in making ceramic jewelry while she was in the United States. Today, a selection of her work is on sale at the gift shop in the United Nations building. I recommend it to anyone shopping for unusual and attractive presents.

Most of the Hiroshima girls today are pursuing their studies or continuing at their jobs. However, there are a few new developments.

Misako Kannabe has finished her course at the hairdressing school in Tokyo. The director of the school, "Arden," has given her a job in her exclusive beauty shop in Tokyo.

Hiroko Tasaka is also in Tokyo now. Her Peekskill, New York, hosts are sending her to cutting (making dress patterns) school. This will complete her training as a dressmaker.

Toyoko Minowa, who stayed behind in the U.S., is making spectacular progress in her career as a fashion designer. The Parsons School of Design has awarded her another full ($800) scholarship for next year. On May 1 she sailed for Europe for five months of special study in England, France, and Italy. Three Parsons teachers—experts in art, architecture, and design—are conducting a specially selected group of students to famous European couturier establishments as well as to the places of artistic and cultural interest. The School awarded Toyoko a scholarship for the tuition; interested friends are defraying her travel expenses. Her dream is to have a dressmaking house in Tokyo in which the "Maidens" who are dress-makers (there are several) can make their living and help support their parents. While she is abroad, Bergdorf-Goodman is holding her Saturday job for her return.

A second baby has been born to the group. Hideko Sumimura, one of the youngest of the group, is now a proud and happy mother. The child is in perfect health.

Atsuko Yamamoto, who was married last November, writes: "I am living very happily. You wouldn't know how happy I am to acquire Yasuaki [her husband] and to have many good friends in and out. Yasuaki is so gentle and has plenty of intelligence and knowledge that he was pined for by almost all of the girls who knew him when he was bachelorhood. If you would see him, I believe you may love him at once."

The new husband, in turn, has written about Atsuko: "I am very lucky man to be able to get her. She is wonderful better half for me. I am going to introduce myself. I am aged twenty-four. I graduated from Kansai University last year, and work at Hotel New Hiroshima. For a Japanese, I am fairly tall, standing 5 ft. 6 in. and weigh 120 pounds. My hobbies are sports, above all I am fond of baseball and badminton, camera, and reading. I am healthy and cheerful by nature."

In the meantime, the program of plastic and reconstructive surgery is proceeding in Hiroshima, performed by the doctors who accompanied the girls to this country. Under a special act of the Japanese Diet, the surgical program is now financed by the Japanese government.

The young women who had wanted to come to the United States but were unable to do so have expressed a wish that they might have the friendship of American people as well as surgery. Consequently, Friends from Bucks County undertook to establish such friendships by mail. An active correspondence is now being carried on by thirty-five families and girls. Christmas, birthday, and wedding presents have been sent—tokens of an interest and friendship which makes that group of Hiroshimans feel they are not forgotten in America. The value of this project is evidenced by the fact that one girl who knew no English was so anxious to write her own letter to her American family that she got a dictionary and spent two weeks writing the letter in English with no help, looking up each word.

Recently in Nagasaki, Helen Yokoyama, who came to America with the girls and served as nurse and confidante, was asked why only Hiroshima, not Nagasaki, had received American attention. She explained that the intention of the project-people was to get a comprehensive program started that would eventually include Nagasaki. And now, thanks to special funds provided by the Japanese government, this is being done. Mrs. Yokoyama has also suggested to New York Friends that they undertake correspondence with people in Nagasaki who wish to establish friendships. This, too, is being done. —Ida Day.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GOD IN PRISON

THE "GOLDEN RULERS" ("The Men of the Golden Rule," *SR* May 24) are in prison, imprisoned by Christian leaders. Christianity has become a wall behind which the dirtiest things are done in the name of, and to the "glory" of, man—who has deified *himself*. God is indeed dead—within. But alive in prison. That is how it always will be.

ELIZABETH S. SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

SUBTLE MEANNESS

IT IS A dangerous fallacy to imply that everyone who protests these tests must, in the natural order of things, play into Communist Party hands, committing an act of sabotage which will lead America into impotence before Russian aggression. These indiscriminate accusers place our consciences at the mercy of our patriotism, and the "free" press becomes a tyrant of subtle meanness.

MRS. S. J. COLCOCK.

Rome, Ga.

SENSIBLE ARTICLE

MOST PEOPLE today are afraid to criticize our national "defense" program. N. C. deserves credit for his sensible article.

HELEN W. FORD.

Denver, Colo.

JESUS LIVED

IF JESUS CHRIST were here in the Body today most people would call Him a crackpot. Isn't it a good test of the value of a deed to ask oneself if it is the kind of thing Jesus would do?

LAURA TRUMBULL.

Schenectady, N. Y.

RAREFIED AIR

THE TRAGEDY of the *Golden Rule* is not that its four crew members are in jail but that there should be only four when many millions would like to join them. Yet no one tells us how this is to be accomplished. For, despite N.C.'s many excellent editorials, despite the lawsuits being prepared against the air-befouling governments, despite Albert Schweitzer, despite petitions signed by hundreds of scientists, the entire controversy still rages in the rarified atmosphere inhabited by scholars and scientists. But where's the organization through which those of us who are neither can make ourselves effectively heard?

DAVID DUNCAN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

UNINFORMED ON C.O.'s

I KNOW THREE of the men on the ketch and quite a number who are conscientious objectors. In my experience I have found such young Americans to be markedly courageous and intelligent. By and large the public remains uninformed or wishes to remain so as to the role these men have and do play in the effort to make our country worthy of the leadership position it assumes in the world-community.

ROBERT E. SPENSLEY.

New York, N. Y.

"Say—this doesn't mean my allowance will stop, does it?"

WHO DIED FIRST?

RE *SR*'S AD for "Life In The World Unseen" (*SR* May 24), which opens with the lines "I knew at once, that I had died. I saw my physical body lying lifeless upon its bed, but here was I . . . alive and well," I thought *SR* would be intrigued by the coincidental similarity between this and a short-story called "The Secret" which is included in Steve Allen's new book "The Girls on the 10th Floor." Allen's story, originally published two years ago in *Collier's*, starts "I didn't know I was dead until I walked into the bathroom and looked into the mirror . . . Just to be sure, I stepped back into the den. I felt better when I saw my body lying on the couch."

ERNIE OTTO.

New York, N. Y.

BUY HIS SENTENCES

I WONDER if John G. Fuller (TRADE WINDS, *SR* May 24) would consider going to an optometrist, letting him have one look at his eye, and then leaving without paying him. Why, then, should man walk into a bookstore, use the bookdealer's time (after all, the best-sellers have to be ordered, unwrapped, displayed, and even *paid for*) and his capital? Certainly not for the purpose of copying first sentences for an article by *SR*. Did it by any chance dawn on Mr. Fuller to *buy* these ten best-sellers, take them to his office and then copy the sentences for his article?

MR. WILLIAM OSTFELD,
The Ideal Bookstore.

Chicago, Ill.

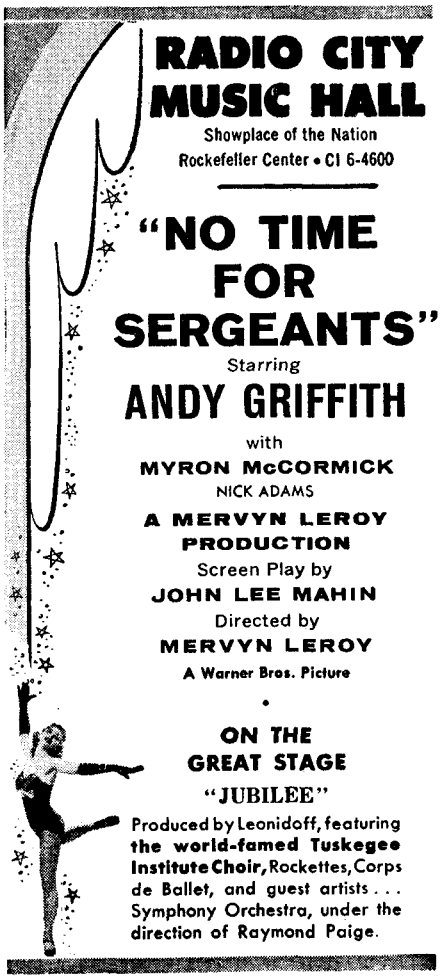
MERCY AND FAITH

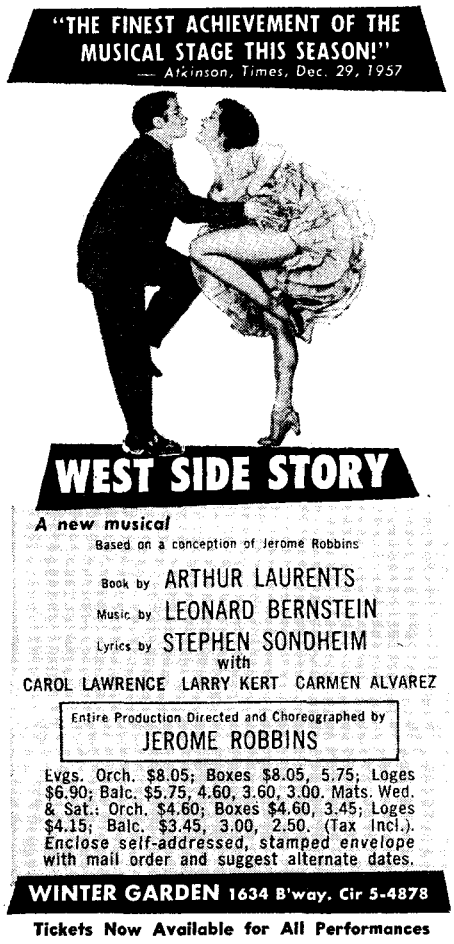
FATHER HUDDLESTON, in his review of Frank Laubach's book, "The World is Learning Compassion" (*SR* May 24), declares that he is "constantly angered and at times infuriated" by the main thesis of the book, because the humanist work of the foundations, programs, and organizations listed by the author is "just not the direct result of the Christian Gospel—in fact, it is not Christian compassion at all." I wonder whether Father Huddleston's anger and irritation do not stem from his own doubt of the strength and validity of his criticism. Is he not aware that love and compassion have everywhere characterized man's struggle against his brutish instincts? And is it not true that mercy is a cardinal precept of all the world's living faiths?

JOSEPH KRIMSKY, M.D.

Huntington, W. Va.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center • CI 6-4600
"NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS"
Starring
ANDY GRIFFITH
with
MYRON McCORMICK
NICK ADAMS
A MERVYN LEROY PRODUCTION
Screen Play by
JOHN LEE MAHIN
Directed by
MERVYN LEROY
A Warner Bros. Picture
ON THE GREAT STAGE
"JUBILEE"
Produced by Leonidoff, featuring the world-famed Tuskegee Institute Choir, Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, and guest artists . . . Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Raymond Paige.


"THE FINEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE MUSICAL STAGE THIS SEASON!"
— Atkinson, Times, Dec. 29, 1957
WEST SIDE STORY
A new musical
Based on a conception of Jerome Robbins
Book by ARTHUR LAURENTS
Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Lyrics by STEPHEN SONDHEIM
with
CAROL LAWRENCE LARRY KERT CARMEN ALVAREZ
Entire Production Directed and Choreographed by
JEROME ROBBINS
Evgs. Orch. $8.05; Boxes $8.05, 5.75; Loges $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 3.60, 3.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Boxes $4.60, 3.45; Loges $4.15; Balc. $3.45, 3.00, 2.50. (Tax Incl.). Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.
WINTER GARDEN 1634 B'way. Cir 5-4878
Tickets Now Available for All Performances

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Wrath of the Northmen

IN "The Vikings" three robust fellows, Kirk Douglas, Ernest Borgnine, and Tony Curtis, go in for deeds of daring and do. They are fierce men, cruel and lustful, heroic in zest if not in sense. When they live they live hard, wenching and quenching. When they fight they give it their all. And when they die they die good, sword in hand, like Vikings should—otherwise they wouldn't make Valhalla. All this takes place in the ninth century, a period when the dreaded Northmen had a way of plundering and pillaging a land called England, across the North Sea. They came out of the fjords in their dragon ships and spread terror in the name of Odin. If all this sounds somewhat like the prologue to a comic-strip on the general order of "Prince Valiant," I'm afraid it's because the movie is like a handsomely animated comic-strip.

It also struck me as the kind of movie that might have been made by a group of popular actors, fervently adolescent in heart and spirit, who had been given almost unlimited funds to play around with. This is close to what actually happened, for the production is Kirk Douglas's own, and United Artists provided him with close to 4 million dollars to enable him, his cast, and his crew to tool around the fjords. They actually went there—the first time, so far as I know, a feature film has been shot in Norway. They built Viking ships and a whole Viking village; when hampered by rain and mist they went ahead and shot in the rain and mist. Vikings after all, didn't always wait for sunshine. The two-hour film is certainly handsome photographically, and no one can deny that it makes for a strange sight to see those Viking ships sail up the fjords.

Mr. Douglas has seen to it that no one of his stars gets slighted when noble titles are handed out. They may be wild, but they're gentry. Ernest Borgnine becomes Ragnar, a hirsute king. Douglas plays Einar, Ragnar's son and heir; he's so tough that no one dares to question his idiosyncrasy of shaving his beard. (Just what kind of razor he uses is not made clear, but it must have been good, because the shave is a nice smooth job.) Tony Curtis, upon first meeting, appears to be a slave. But not so. He's the offspring of Ragnar and the Queen of England, conceived when Ragnar was in a mood for raping as well as plundering and pillaging. Thus, Einar and the slave, Eric, are brothers—and, naturally, since they don't know this, they hate each other on sight. Eric lets fly with a falcon which claws out Einar's eye. Einar still has enough presence of mind not to smite Eric on the spot. He saves him for some later tortures.

Enter Morgana, a princess of Wales (Janet Leigh), who, after being captured and nearly raped by Einar, feels deeply drawn to Eric. He, equally drawn, escapes with her, with Ragnar as hostage. I shall summarize. Through Eric's good offices, Ragnar is allowed to die happily in a wolf pit, sword in hand. For providing the sword (and entry to Valhalla) Eric has his left hand lopped off by the evil English king. This leaves his right hand free to eventually battle Einar. Mortally wounded, Einar is also provided with a sword and enters Valhalla in scarlet Wagnerian style.

It seems to me that this movie is quite probably beyond the pale of criticism, and it might even better be left to someone with psychological training to attempt to figure out why three grown men, all of fairly humble origins who have become enormously successful in their careers, would take roles of this kind. Tony Curtis: the slave who turns out to be of royal lineage; Kirk Douglas: warrior prince; Ernest Borgnine: fierce but valiant king . . . Isn't it in this way that children sometimes see themselves in their imaginations? But I doubt that "The Vikings" was meant entirely for children. No responsible parent would want to expose his kids to all that hand-lopping, eye-gouging, and other ninth-century recreations.

—Hollis Alpert.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 11, 5, 4, 10, 12, 8, 6, 2, 13, 3, 7, 19, 16, 18, 1, 17, 15, 9, 20, 14. Plays keyed on Column One: 1. "Troilus and Cressida." 2. "As You Like It." 3. "King Lear." 4. "Troilus and Cressida." 5. "Othello." 6. "A Midsummer Night's Dream." 7. "Much Ado About Nothing." 8. "Cymbeline." 9. "The Merchant of Venice." 10. "Romeo and Juliet." 11. "The Taming of the Shrew." 12. "King Henry V." 13. "First Part of King Henry IV." 14. "Titus Andronicus." 15. "First Part of King Henry VI." 16. "Pericles." 17. "The Tempest." 18. "Hamlet." 19. "The Winter's Tale." 20. "Pericles."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Matter of Moments

THE most dramatic utterance—and one of the few great dramatic moments—of this year's television occurred in the narration of a documentary. A dramatized documentary to be sure, but still a representation of an actual event. Some fifteen minutes after "Nightmare at Ground Zero" had established the fact that it was reporting the destruction of the island of Bikini, by "the most powerful explosive device ever created by man," the specialists in the bunker who will set off the bomb discover a leakage of helium. And the narrator says: "The first dangerous miscalculation had occurred."

This "first" is admirable; it carries in it the essence of suspense. Given the circumstance that men's lives are at issue, you cannot, after that single sentence, turn away from your set. Given the knowledge that this was the culmination of years of work on fusion, and that this is also the event which involved the *Lucky Dragon* and started the present phase of the world's agony over the fall-out, "first miscalculation" is shattering. That great combination of powers, modern science and the modern state, has made a mistake! To be sure it is, so far, a mathematical error—a "miscalculation"—but this is only the "first." There are more to come.

This is not the only point of interest in the "Playhouse 90" production. Toward the end, when the men in the bunker are trapped by the fall-out, a message is relayed to them that an expected event has occurred—one of them has become a father. "Her scientist daddy, crouching in a dark suffocating cave in the middle of the Pacific" cries out, "What are we doing? Poisoning the air—who's going to wash the skies? And what happens . . . when someone decides national honor has been insulted or national security has been endangered—or even when someone somewhere . . . pushes the wrong button? And there won't be a man, a bird, or a beast alive in the world?"

Having these things said—and sympathetically—is important. "Playhouse 90" is at this moment the only serious dramatic program certain to continue as a live production next season, and everybody connected with it—CBS, Martin Manulis (whose resignation as producer has been announced), Franklin Schaffner (who directed this program) all deserve well of the Republic.

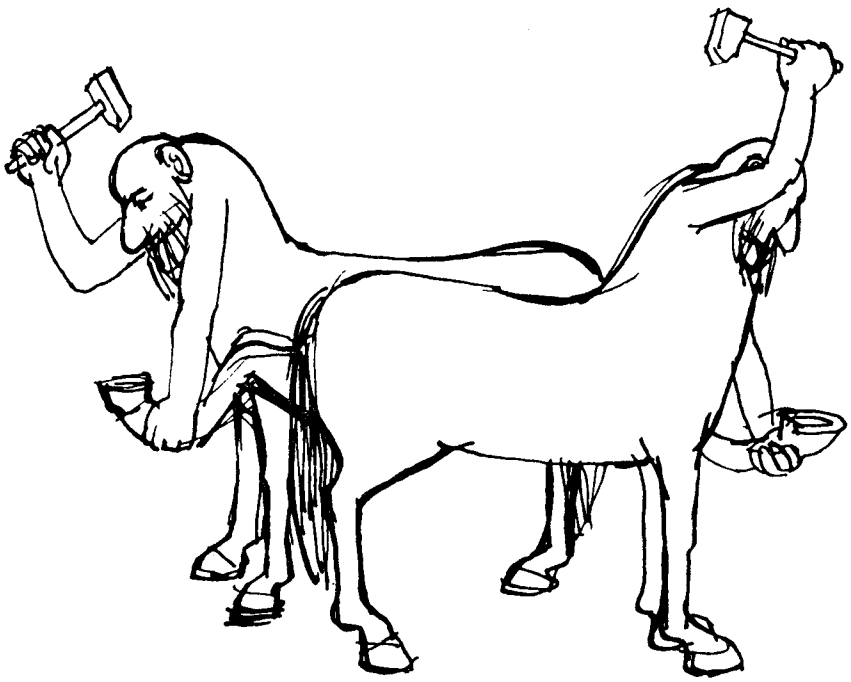
If I now turn to less satisfactory details, it is not to suggest that the production could have been better *for its purpose,* fundamental to which were two obligations: to get on the air and to hold an audience. My dissatisfactions come from the conditions of getting on the air, the necessities of reassuring a group of sponsors, for instance, and the ways of holding an audience.

Let us return to that excellent dramatic moment when we hear of the first miscalculation. It is, in reality, not important. The only one that counts—as far as the drama in the bunker goes—is a later one, when the direction of the wind is miscalculated so that the men are imprisoned. A few seconds after a tool is dropped, with reverberating sound effects and closeups—this is straight hokum and it means that the creators of the preceding suspense didn't believe the audience would completely respond to it. The stage directions in the script read: "There should be a dead silence underscoring each twist of a bolt . . . milk it for suspense . . . if Joyce drops a wrench the clatter . . . should sound like all hell about to pop."

Perhaps they are right. If they are, it is because they and the movies before them have taught us and conditioned us to respond to all hell, and not to the quiet voice. They have taught us also to expect certain characters—the odd circumstance in this program was that the intelligent scientist reminded me over and over again of Bill Bendix playing the boy from Brooklyn in a war movie. And they have taught us that if the people in this particular plot come out all right all major problems have been solved.

Still, the major problem was projected and that is saying a great deal. The *Lucky Dragon* is mentioned—and suggests that the next documentation of nuclear fall-out should come from Ralph Lapp's brilliant and terrifying story of that event. "Nightmare at Ground Zero" was written by Paul Monash and suggested by an article by Dr. John C. Clark and Robert Cahn. I do not know how to distribute the credit between them—there is enough for all.

—GILBERT SELDES.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARBORO
NEW YORK'S MOST EXCITING BOOKSTORES

important BOOK

NEW! Volumes never before available at less than original prices.

5859. THE ENGINEERING PROFESSION. By Theodore J. Hoover & John C. Lounsbury. Revised edition of a standard work that explains who is an engineer, defines engineering, describes the nature and character of the field and discusses salaries. "Everybody interested in the engineering profession should have a copy of this book."—*The Professional Engineer*. Charts & diagrams, 486 pp.
Pub. at $7.50. *Only* **1.98**

6405. DEBUSSY: Musician of France. By Victor Seroff. The personal and artistic life of this musical iconoclast, an enigmatic figure whose unconventionality as a musician was paralleled in his life, is here revealed with impressive skill in one of the most thorough studies yet published. This excellent book is, at the same time, a comprehensive guide to the understanding of Debussy's music. Illus.
Pub. at $6.50. *Only* **2.98**

6456. MAN IN SEARCH OF HIS ANCESTORS. By Andre Senet. A popular and scholarly story of man's absorbing search for his ancestors in all parts of the world, for the remains of creatures long since gone from the face of the earth, and for a picture of how life on this planet began and the forms it first took. *Over 100 illustrations.*
Pub. at $5.50. *Only* **1.98**

6263. CHINESE ART. A concise and lucid survey of painting, sculpture, ceramics, textiles, bronzes and the minor arts of China, by such eminent authorities as Roger Fry, Laurence Binyon, Bernard Rackham and others. Many of the masterpieces illustrated in the 23 full color and 64 monochrome plates have never before been reproduced. 10½" x 7".
Pub. at $7.50. *Only* **2.98**

6293. SARTRE—BEING AND NOTHINGNESS. Trans. & intro. by Hazel E. Barnes. Available for the first time in English, Jean-Paul Sartre's major opus is a *sine qua non* for understanding Existentialism and its importance as one of the leading philosophical movements of the 20th Century. Over 700 pp. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

6307. THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF AMBROSE BIERCE. Ed. and introduced by Clifton Fadiman. The strange tales and epigrams of the fantastic American writer, "Bitter Bierce," whose tone and style are unique among writers of his or any time. 810 pp. *Pub. at $4.95.* *Only* **1.98**

6134. Guide to EARLY AMERICAN HOMES: North. By Dorothy & Richard Pratt. Complete coverage of 950 rewarding old houses from Maine to Delaware, from Cape Cod to Wisconsin, including Sturbridge, Shelburne, Deerfield and other restored villages as well as highly individual private homes. A treasury of *over 160 pictures* and interesting descriptive reading, with full information on how, when and what to see for utmost enjoyment.
Pub. at $6.95. *Only* **4.98**

5772. ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By Nathan Schachner. A distinguished work, acclaimed as "the most comprehensive and meticulously accurate of all the biographies of Hamilton," this book brings to life the real Hamilton, not the school-book legend. Here is a fabulous life story that swings from peaks of dazzling accomplishment to depths of tragedy. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

4786. IN SEARCH OF ADAM. By Herbert Wendt. The greatest detective story of all time—the search for the truth about the origins of Man in the mists of the unrecorded past. Here, in one 550-page volume, is everything that is known about the kinship between humans and apes, the "missing link," and the mysterious lost races who may have been our first human ancestors. 48 pages of photos.
Pub. at $6.50. *Only* **1.00**

5957. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. By Francis Jourdain. The desirable "Tisne" edition imported from Paris, containing a splendid gallery of 128 gravure reproductions, including 24 tip-on plates in full color of Lautrec's most famous works. Noted art savant Francis Jourdain has contributed a definitive essay on the artist and Jean Adhemar has compiled a complete catalogue of Lautrec's art. Text in French. 8⅝" x 10¼".
Orig. pub. at $14.95. *Only* **4.88**

5537. THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV. By Feodor Dostoyevsky. A handsome permanent edition for your library of one of the enduring masterpieces of literature. A great novelist's revelation of the summits and depths of the human spirit, written with compassion and unequalled psychological insight.
877 pages. *Special* **1.98**

6406. A Pictorial History of BURLESQUE. By Bernard Sobel. Here in lively text and a wealth of pictures is the history of burlesque from Aristophanes to Minsky, from Lydia Thompson and her British Blondes, who delightfully shocked N.Y. in the 1860's, to Gipsy Rose Lee and Margie Hart. Here too are Bobby Clark, Smith and Dale, W. C. Fields and the other great comedians who graduated from burlesque. This is a treasure house of facts and figures (of more than one kind) that recaptures all the hurly-burly of a great art form.
Pub. at $5.95. *Only* **2.98**

6432. THE LORE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Joseph Gaer. Through selections from the rich folklore of the literally thousands of legends which have grown up around the New Testament, chronologically arranged in a stirring progression of events, this book presents the Life of Jesus, as reflected in folk imagination. Much of it will come as a surprise to the layman, particularly the legends on the so-called Unknown Life of Jesus.
Pub. at $6.00. *Only* **1.98**

5783. EGYPTIAN MAGIC. By Sir Wallis Budge. An elaborate magic ritual played the main part in the ancient Egyptian religion. This clear, lively exposition of its darker side has never been bettered. Here are selections from the *Book of the Dead*, vivid re-creations of the world of the Egyptian priests, and footnotes on the curious modern survivals of "black" magic. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **2.98**

5944. James Reynolds—PANORAMA OF AUSTRIA with Glimpses of Bavaria and Switzerland. A splendid addition to Mr. Reynolds' books on England, Spain and Italy. Here he wanders agreeably through one of Europe's most fabled regions: Bavaria, the Danube region, Vienna, the Tyrol. A personal guidebook by a most engaging writer and artist, with numerous illustrations by the author.
Pub. at $8.50. *Only* **2.98**

6400. THE SHAPING OF COLONIAL VIRGINIA. By T. J. Wertenbaker. A classic volume in Americana, consisting of the three famous books: *Patrician and Plebian in Virginia, The Planters of Colonial Virginia* and *Virginia Under the Stuarts*. In addition to its great historical value, this work contains an important contribution in Genealogy by including the complete Rent Roll of 1704-1705, covering every county of Colonial Virginia. Indexed. Over 800 pp.
To be pub. at $12.50. *Special pre-pub. offer* **9.95**

5073. TRUMAN MEMOIRS. By Harry S. Truman. The history making memoirs of a man who forged some of our era's most momentous decisions, the most important presidential biography ever written. These volumes are a remarkable record of the former President's tumultuous years as the nation's Chief Executive. Two-volume set; almost 1,200 pages!
Pub. at $10.00. *Only* **1.98**

P-304 UTRILLO: MONTMARTRE STREET SCENES. Portfolio of 8 Parisian scenes in the delicately colored tonalities that have made his moody landscapes collectors' favorites. Each full-color plate measures 16" x 20". Includes—*Montmartre Street, Place de Tertre, The Garden of Montmartre, Rue de Montmartre, Montmartre Corner, Montmartre Scene, Le Lapin Agile* and *Village Road*.
Pub. at $10.00. *Only* **2.98**

6344. LIBRARY OF JUVENILE CLASSICS. Magnificently bound set of 12 masterpieces for children in six matching volumes: *Robin Hood, Last of the Mohicans, Treasure Island, Captains Courageous, Lorna Doone, Pride & Prejudice, Count of Monte Cristo, House of 7 Gables, Ivanhoe, Kidnapped, Red Badge of Courage, Connecticut Yankee*. Selected, edited and re-written by distinguished educators to conform to the approved vocabulary for children up to 16 years old. Large, clear type; enduring luxury bindings stamped with rich gold. Over 2,000 pp. Each volume 5½" x 8½".
Set of 6 vols., special **3.88**

5815. THE MAPMAKER'S ART. By Edward Lynam. Essays on the history of maps by a famous authority on early maps and the history of geographical discovery. A fascinating book, written with learning and wit, that contains over 50 delightful illustrations. 7½" x 10". *Special* **1.98**

6413. Life of HILAIRE BELLOC. By Robert Speaight. Written at the request of Belloc's literary executors by the biographer of their choice, based on published and unpublished papers and personal interviews, the fruit of two years of intensive research, this book presents a portrait of a great personality who brought a new sense of the European and Catholic tradition to English life. Many photos. 552 pp. *Pub. at $6.50.* *Only* **2.98**

6617. Four Thousand Years of Beautiful Women: THE CHANGING FACE OF BEAUTY. By Madge Garland. A magnificent picture book presenting the most dazzling beauties of the past 4,000 years. A fascinating record—*over 400 illustrations*—of the ever-changing fashions and forms of feminine beauty from Minoans to Marilyn Monroe: the classic beauty of Greek goddesses, the luxuriant nudity of Venice in its golden age, the fresh look of today. A gallery of forms divine, draped, bustled, exposed and emancipated. 8½" x 11". *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **3.95**

5536. LOVE IN THE SOUTH SEAS. By Bengt Danielsson, anthropologist on the Kon-Tiki voyage. A complete, accurate, frankly written account of the family and sex life of the Polynesians, that deals with sex instruction, marriage customs, sexual freedom and prohibitions, attitudes toward nudity, abortion and virginity, and the basic concepts of a people to whom the sexual act is as natural as eating and drinking. *Photos. Pub. at $4.00.* *Only* **1.98**

6444. THE MOSCOW KREMLIN: Its History, Architecture and Art Treasures. By Arthur Voyce. A comprehensive, richly illustrated study of the Kremlin, one of the most impressive cities in the world, tracing it from a rude wooden-palisaded compound to a medieval stone citadel with such modern additions as the Lenin Mausoleum. Its unique collection of art treasures is discussed and illustrated in great detail. Included are biographical studies of the autocrats, architects and others who contributed to its building. Over 100 photos, engravings, plans and elevations, some in color, most of the published for the first time in the West.
Pub. at $10.00. *Only* **3.95**

P-348. MEXICAN BULLFIGHT POSTERS. Two striking bullfight scenes, done in broad, sketchy lines that catch the immediacy of the flashing cape, the charging bull and the graceful matador. Vivid reds, blues, black, yellow and green, against a deliberately indeterminate background, heighten the impact of the figures; by C. Ruano Llopis, world's foremost artist of the *corrida*. 36" wide x 27" high.
Special **1.98**

5650. Frazer's GOLDEN BOUGH. The standard one-volume edition, prepared by Sir James G. Frazer from his monumental 12-volume work, of this world famous study in magic and religion. Based on remarkably broad and reliable knowledge and written with fine literary skill, it traces many myths and rites to the prehistoric beginnings of agriculture. 880 pp. Reprint edition. **3.95**

5698. COLLECTED PAPERS OF OTTO FENICHEL: First Series. Highly significant essays exploring subjects only touched on in his books, many of these discussions are comprehensive monographs in themselves and have become classics in their fields. These papers, by one of the most brilliant scholars in the world of psychoanalysis, were written between 1922 and 1936. Some are published in English for the first time. *Pub. at $8.50.* *Only* **2.98**

5699. COLLECTED PAPERS OF OTTO FENICHEL: Second Series. A further collection of essays that mark a significant contribution to psychoanalysis; written between 1936 and the author's death in 1946.
Pub. at $8.50. *Only* **2.98**

6548. ASPECTS OF MODERN ART: The Selective Eye 3. Authoritative, exciting, a visual delight—an unorthodox anthology of writings on modern art from *L'Oeil*. Europe's leading art review. Lautrec, Bonnard, Rouault, the Bauhaus, Brancusi, Arp, Braque, Pevsner, Kokoschka and many others are the subjects of the brilliant series of articles illustrated by 225 plates in monochrome and *40 pages in color*. Many new works of the School of Paris are shown in color for the first time. 9½" x 12½". No dust jacket.
Pub. at $9.75. *Only* **4.95**

6556. HOMAGE TO PICASSO on His 70th Birthday. A magnificent collection of 80 drawings and watercolors—three in full color—done since 1893. Appreciations by Roland Penrose and Paul Eluard. Photos of Picasso in his studio. Self-binding, with a Picasso lithograph reproduced in full color on the cover. Printed in London, 9¾" x 12¼". *Pub. at $7.00.* *Only* **2.98**

5219. Bertrand Russell: UNDERSTANDING HISTORY. A world-renowned iconoclastic philosopher contributes a biting analysis of current misconceptions of historical events. Hardbound. *Special* **1.49**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new listings of BARGAINS SAVE

NEW! Imports from great publishing houses of England and the Continent. **NEW!** Fabulous savings on books in every field if you order promptly. **35% TO 85%**

6135. THE COLUMBUS ATLAS. By John Bartholomew. Prepared by one of the world's finest cartographers, this new regional atlas of the world contains 160 pages of fully colored maps and an index of nearly 50,000 place names, with populations, keyed to the maps. All the plates have been handmade by a highly intricate special color process, and their clarity, precision and complete accuracy make this atlas invaluable for everyone wishing to keep up with the complex affairs of today's world. 8½" x 11". *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **5.49**

THE MASTERWORKS LIBRARY

Prized volumes of the collected works of the world's greatest writers. These handsomely bound, uniformly sized books average 500 pages each; they are printed in clear, easily readable type, and contain (except where noted) *complete* texts of the outstanding novels, plays, poems and essays that make up our literary and cultural heritage.

EACH VOLUME, ONLY 1.00

5867. CARLYLE. Two great works complete, *Sartor Resartus* and *Heroes and Hero Worship*, plus three other major essays by this Victorian giant famed for his dynamic writings.

5869. DEFOE. Both parts of *Robinson Crusoe*, the greatest of all shipwreck adventures, and *A Journal of the Plague Year*, considered more fascinating than Pepys.

5870. DICKENS. Three major works complete, *A Tale of Two Cities*, the Christmas tale *Cricket on the Hearth*, and *American Notes*, the fascinating record of a trip to the U.S.

5871. EMERSON. The famous *Essays*, First and Second Series, complete, plus his important writings on *Nature, Conduct of Life, English Traits*.

5872. FLAUBERT. Three complete novels, *Madame Bovary, Salammbo* and *The Temptation of St. Anthony*, by one of the greatest stylists and most influential writers in French literature.

8573. HAWTHORNE. Both *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables*, complete, plus the best of the *Twice-Told Tales*, including *The Great Stone Face*.

5874. IBSEN. *Peer Gynt, A Doll's House* and seven other plays, all complete, that form the very cornerstone of the modern drama; some of the most influential plays ever written.

5876. PLATO. The most famous dialogues of the great Greek philosopher; *The Republic* and *Symposium* complete, plus full texts or important passages of many others.

5877. POE. The best of the famous tales and poems, including *The Raven, The Bells, Annabel Lee, The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, etc., 100 selections in all.

5878. SCOTT. The complete novel *Rob Roy*, plus his most popular songs and poems, including *Lochinvar, The Lady of the Lake* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

5879. SHAKESPEARE. Fourteen favorite plays, including *Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Richard II, The Tempest*, each with an introduction plus all 154 Sonnets.

5880. STEVENSON. *All three of his greatest* novels complete, *Treasure Island, Kidnapped* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, plus the *New Arabian Nights* and five other thrilling stories.

5881. THACKERAY. Famous essays, *The Four Georges* and *London Travels* and *Sketches*, plus the complete novel *Henry Esmond*, a masterpiece of vivid historical fiction.

5882. TURGENEV. Two complete novels, *Fathers and Sons* and *Smoke*, and nine of the best short stories of this great writer who is one of the three giants of Russian literature.

5883. VOLTAIRE. *Candide* and all the other Romances complete, plus his witty *Dialogues* and *Philosophic Criticisms*, in all more than 25 of his most important writings.

5884. WILDE. The complete novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, five great plays, including *Salome* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and his best known poems, essays and fairy tales.

5885. ZOLA. Seven stories and a complete novel, *Nana;* compelling glimpses of life in the raw that are world famous examples of the Naturalistic school of writing.

6328. MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST: Essays in Political Criticism. By Dwight Macdonald. One of our liveliest intellectual journalists has gathered together the best of his political writing, from the myth of war guilt to General Patton's pearl-handled revolvers, providing excellent reading fare and intellectual stimulation. *Pub. at $4.75.* *Only* **1.98**

6485. ARTS YEARBOOK #1. The first in an annual series of brilliant art books. Distinguished articles on Primitive Art, Modern Art at the Turn of the Century, "The Eight", Old Masters, Pre-Raphaelitism to Bloomsbury, Discovery of Primitive Art. Profusely illustrated, *24 magnificent color plates*, Calendar of Events 1890-1913. Hard-bound. 9¼" x 12½". *Pub. at $3.95.* *Only* **1.00**

6131. Guide to EARLY AMERICAN HOMES: South. By Dorothy & Richard Pratt. The breathless beauty of more than 850 historic homes, from Maryland to Arkansas, from Missouri to Florida, including Mount Vernon, Monticello and the Hermitage as well as fascinating private homes and mansions. A treasury of *over 160 pictures* and interesting descriptive reading, with full information on how, when and what to see for utmost enjoyment. *Pub. at $6.95.* *Only* **4.98**

4930. THE SECOND SEX. By Simone de Beauvoir. A masterpiece of documentary writing that is a profound and unique analysis of what it means to be a woman—in body, in mind, in spirit, sexual life, social position, love and marriage. The author employs the resources of biology, psychology, sociology, history, literature and philosophy, to provide a total picture of modern woman. "One of the few great books of our era."—*Philip Wylie.* Reprint ed. *Orig. pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **4.95**

6371. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE: The Making of a Statesman. By J. H. Plum. The amazing career of a debt-encumbered squire who rose to become 18th century England's most influential statesman, fascinatingly told against the background of one of England's most absorbingly interesting eras. Illus. *Pub. at $5.50.* *Only* **1.98**

6259. THE SPLENDOR THAT WAS EGYPT. By Dr. Margaret Murray, F.S.A., F.R.A.I. A comprehensive, colorful survey of the grandeur that was Egypt, covering both its history and prehistory, its social conditions, religion, arts and sciences, language and literature. *End-paper maps, over 200 illustrations in line, halftone, color.* *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **5.88**

6402. THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES: A History in Text and Pictures. By Marjorie Farnsworth. *Intro. by Billie Burke Ziegfeld.* A profusely illustrated history of a unique American institution, this book tells the story of the famous Ziegfeld girls, of the great comedians, the many creative artists and, of course, of the master showman himself, uniting it all in a nostalgic re-creation of the greatest era in American show business. 8" x 10¼". *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **2.98**

6498. Britten's OLD CLOCKS AND WATCHES and Their Makers. *Seventh Edition.* By G. H. Baillie, C. Clutton & C. A. Ilbert. The standard work on horological history for more than half a century, out of print for 20 years and now published in this new edition, virtually rewritten and completely re-illustrated. Incomparably the finest work on its subject; a reliable tool of the trade for dealers, an essential guide for those starting to collect, and the most authoritative general reference work for the experienced collector. *183 plates. 40 diagrams, special fold-out frontispiece.* Glossary of technical terms, detailed bibliography, list of British hall-marks, full index. 8½" x 11". *Pub. at $25.00* *Only* **14.95**

P-223. JAPANESE GEISHAS. A pair of "pillar paintings" portraying a charming trio. Their exquisite kimonos—resplendent with gorgeous indigos, purple, blue, dull-gold, grays, yellow, sienna and charcoal blacks—indicate that they are geishas from the Gay Quarter of Edo. An unknown 18th century Japanese master depicted each graceful fold of kimono, each precise swirl of hairdress, and the almost porcelain-like fragility of the rose-tinted faces. A famous printer has reproduced every nuance of tone and line by collotype, including the linen texture of the original backgrounds. Each panel-shaped print measures 40¼" high x 16¾" wide. *Pub. at $30.00.* *The pair, only* **1.98**

6277. WORD ORIGINS AND THEIR ROMANTIC STORIES. By Wilfred Funk. Reveals the fascinating derivations of more than 3,000 words in common use, with unusual stories you can use to spark any conversation. 432 pp. *Originally $4.95.* *Only* **1.98**

6404. AMERICAN WINE COOKBOOK. By Ted Hatch. An expert cook and authority on food here remedies a major omission in American cooking—how to get the most delicious use out of our abundant, inexpensive and delightful wines. Introductory material and more than 700 tested recipes employing wines. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.98**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

marboro Dept. S-233, 131 Varick St., New York 13, N. Y.

Please send me, postage prepaid, the bargains circled below.

☐ Enclosed find $_____ ☐ Send C.O.D.* Minimum purchase $3.00.

4786 4930 5073 5219 5536 5537 5650 5698 5699 5772 5783 5815 5859 5867
5869 5870 5871 5872 5873 5874 5876 5877 5878 5879 5880 5881 5882 5883
5884 5885 5944 5957 6131 6134 6135 6259 6263 6277 6293 6307 6312 6328
6344 6371 6400 6402 6404 6405 6406 6413 6421 6432 6444 6456 6485 6498
6548 6556 6617 P223 P304 P348

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

☐ Check here if you receive our monthly bargain circular

New York City residents add 3% sales tax. *A few cents extra for C.O.D.
Add 25c per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions.
10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY, VISIT A MARBORO BOOK SHOP
47 West 42nd Street • 8 East 59th Street • 144 West 57th Street
56 West 8th Street • 390 Fulton Street (Brooklyn)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Duffel Stuffers

THE American traveler, faced with a trip abroad, loaded to the scuppers with information from his travel agent, free advice from experienced friends, and the inside dope dispensed by an ever-lengthening list of travel books, was still left, at takeoff time, with one question that seemed unfathomable: Whom do you believe? Knowledgeable travel agents frequently fume and fuss over Fielding's "Travel Guide to Europe," which makes didactic commentary about Europe's hotels, cities, countries, restaurants, and shops. "I know that hotel isn't right for this client," a travel agent was saying the other day, "but he read about it in this book and now that's what he wants."

But if the traveler was putting his lot in with the travel reporters, there was still that other question, "Which travel book d'ya read?" As the reissues of the standard works came tumbling into book reviewers this spring, Fielding's had this to say about a well-known Barcelona restaurant called Parellada: "On our last two visits the smell was so rank and the floors so filthy that we made our inspection and walked out fast. Not recommended by this guide under any circumstances." However, on the same shelf was Harvey Olson's "Aboard and Abroad," which includes Parellada in its list of thirteen restaurants recommended for Spain, and says of it, "Formal attire required. Expensive. Soft music and fine food." Having been dunned for a nickel less than $5 for either of these tomes, the reader might well ask himself whom he was supposed to believe, and what accounted for this incredible difference of opinion.

FIELDING'S TRAVEL GUIDE TO EUROPE. *1958-1959 edition. By Temple Fielding. Sloane,* $4.95. This reissue of the best known and most controversial book in the field is fatter, windier, more autocratic than ever. It is also full of more fact (and more fancy) not to mention more opinion than the other standard volumes on European travel: Richard Joseph's "Guide to Europe and the Mediterranean," Sydney Clark's "All the Best in Europe," and Harvey Olson's "Aboard and Abroad."

With Fielding's one appreciates the absolute welter of information dug up anew or rehashed each year, but one begins to grow suspicious of its authenticity because of the now savage, now over-benevolent attitudes of the writer. The report card of a country, a hotel, or a restaurant seems often to be based on how its governmental tourist department greeted the visiting author, rather than how its private tourist facilities might greet the ordinary tourist. There are vestiges of past vendettas all through the pages, notably the brawl which Fielding had with the British Travel Association eight years ago. Neither of the two press officers who have occupied that post for the British agency during the ensuing time have ever laid eyes on Fielding, yet the whole tiresome imbroglio is still being aired in the current edition, taking up space that might have been excised for sheer weight. The book runs to nearly 900 pages as is.

There is a hint here of that egomaniacal attitude of some Broadway columnists who, once slighted, once crossed, will carry a pica of hate to the grave. In the fall of 1950 Fielding holed up at the George V Hotel in Paris to revamp his French chapter. He found his room too noisy and asked to have it changed, but the management was unable to comply. To this day the George V is on the Fielding blacklist, although it is one of the prime luxury hotels of Europe and enjoyed by thousands of Americans every year.

Criticisms of the Fielding book are never taken lightly by Fielding. A rather pointed analysis of the book by Robert Sage in the Paris *Herald Tribune* compared to some charitable attitudes on the part of its European competitor, the *Rome Daily American,* produced this gratuitous bouquet for the Rome paper: "Unlike the more somber Paris *Herald Tribune,* which concentrates heavily on financial reporting and French local events, here is a paper of immediate interest to all U.S. travelers to all foreign countries."

Fielding's recommendations are just as strong as his criticisms, but here again one can legitimately wonder why all of Greece gets kissed off in twenty-three pages whereas Majorca, where Fielding lives, gets nineteen pages of its own. And Seville is dismissed in a scant few lines. The book's advices to ask for this or that headwaiter or restaurant owner jar sharply with the foreword's allegation that the author visits each restaurant incognito. He develops such paroxysms of rapture about the Mediterraneo, a pleasant Rome hotel owned by the benevolent Maurizio Bettoja (and surrounded by clanging trolley cars and noisy street walkers) that it takes a whole page of justifications to make his superlatives stick. Its penthouse suite is his Roman retreat.

Says Fielding of Fielding's methods of research, "We're strictly Mr. and Mrs. Joe Smith, routine American tourists (which we are) who are typically easygoing and who often appear to be baffled." In 1952 Fielding Joe-Smithed it to Europe at the head of a thirty-seven-day tour that was to cost each participant $14,850. Wrote he in the brochure, "It is exactly the kind of thing which (*sic*) overthrew Russian czars, dissolved the Roman Empire, and caused the French Revolution—but for once in our hard-working lives, it's a hell of a lot of fun and nuts to the Comintern." The tour was denounced in Congress, which threatened to withhold the participants' passports. As a routine tourist, Fielding pulled in to a travel congress in Lausanne a few years ago, wheeled around the city sealed in the glassed-in back seat of a Rolls-Royce town car driven by a liveried chauffeur. At a travel convention in Madrid last fall he held court in a fruit and flower-filled suite in the Palace Hotel of which he writes, "The secret of the Palace's appeal to tens of thousands of clients all over the globe lies in its management; Don Alfonso Font, the director, is one of the three greatest hotel men in the world. . . . Heavenly suites about $25 . . . for the American traveler of taste highest recommendation of any hotel in Spain."

Fielding and his wife figure they spend $15,000 a year in actual travel and revision expenses. With the book pegged at $4.95 and figuring a normal royalty rate of 15 per cent of the retail selling price, it then must take 20,000 annual sales just to break even. *Time* magazine, in a recent appreciation, said of Fielding that, "unlike some free-loading travel writers, he picks up his own tabs," a fact made "feasible by such lucrative offspring, *e.g.,* Fielding's "Currency Guide," The Temple Fieldings' "Selective Shopping Guide," a syndicated Sunday column (twenty-three newspapers), and the recently launched "Epicure Club." But the currency guide, which still sells for $3.95, has long since been copied and marketed at $1, and although the *Time* story was dated April 21, 1958, the Sunday column (twenty-one papers) was dropped by the Post-Hall Syndicate on November 2, 1957. One unmen-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tioned point is that unlike travel writers, free-loading and pre-paying, who make their home bases in the U.S. Fielding's European domicile permits him the first $20,000 of income tax-free.

For anyone who can get past the autocracy, the dogma, the peeves caused by affronts to the author, the praise induced by toadying, there is still a lot of fact among the fiction, and a racy aura of high-charged bazzazz throughout.

ABOARD AND ABROAD: 1958-59. *By Harvey S. Olson. Lippincott.* $4.95. No fuss, no folderol, Olson's is as straightforward a report as could ever be written up by a 4-H Club member whose family always said he wrote wonderful letters home. The prose is not quite professional, not quite inspired, and sticks to simple declarative sentences that begin, "On the left is the . . . ," "On the right is the . . ." The makeup of the book calls for a special section on dining out, another on hotels, and a third on shopping before the country-by-country chapters begin. Restaurants tend towards a cross section of medium-priced and expensive rather than the top gourmet places of town. Color maps in the back, plus a comparative clothing size scale. Mr. Olson is a travel agent.

ALL ABOUT PORTUGAL. *By Georgia Long. Duell, Sloan and Pearce,* $3.95. A thin little volume about a narrow country which, as I have been saying for some years, is about to be discovered by tourists. An immensely colorful land it has been by-passed for years, but now, as Georgia Long explains, the hotel-building boom is on with all sorts of places going up in Lisbon which needed them badly, castles being turned into hotels in Sintra, and such. Portugal is still slow to get into the price inflation that is creeping over Europe and you can still stay in a *pousada* with bath and three meals for less than the price of Miss Long's book.

FODOR'S MODERN GUIDES: BRITAIN AND IRELAND. *Edited by Eugene Fodor. David McKay,* $4.50. One of the lengthy series on European countries which features chapters by various writers who might be anybody from Sir Compton MacKenzie to somebody you never heard of. Sandwiched in between the essays are columns and boxes of practical information, such as hotels and restaurants. And sandwiched between everything else are full page photos, tipped-in maps and detachable cards that will get you a discount at places mentioned therein. Wherever there is any room left over the editors have stuck in a sketch. It's all the busiest little bee of information you ever saw, printed in a type that won't please the myopics, but if you can read it and assimilate it all you'll be lots wiser, if a little bit eye-strained.

FODOR'S MODERN GUIDES: YUGOSLAVIA 1958. *Edited by Eugene Fodor. David McKay,* $3.95. Nobody, but nobody has amassed this collection of data on travel on postwar Yugoslavia. There is everything here from the phone number of the first-aid station in Sarajevo, to the freight rates for carrying your car from Venice to Rijeka. The photographs, on coated stock are the best I've seen in any Fodor book and just fore of the end papers there are several pages of roadmap in color, and for once large enough in scale to be usable, and small enough in size so it doesn't require forty folds to get it tucked back in. The essay text is lightened by a delightful piece by Peter Curtis on what the life is like. If you're for here, this is it.

ALL THE BEST IN JAPAN. *By Sydney Clark. Dodd Mead,* $4.95. Good old dependable Sydney has turned up again, this time in the mysterious East. However, it is the same old Clark, if anything a little more so. He is chatty, rambling, conversational, and if you stay with the lazy looping style you'll end up with a headful of information —on the Kabuki, the state of Japanese prostitution, or what happens at a Japanese bath house when two female masseuses in halters and shorts tackle a male travel writer. Not recommended for those looking up something in a hurry but just made for the long flight or the leisurely sail to Yokahama harbor. Clark also throws in as a bonus Manila, Hong Kong, and Macao.

THE STANDARD GUIDE TO MEXICO AND THE CARIBBEAN. *1958-59 edition. By Lawrence and Sylvia Martin. Funk and Wagnalls,* $4.95. Far and away the best guidebook on the area. It is the Fieldings of lower latitudes without the snide style and the barbs. Yet it gets the point across, calls spades by their proper names, and accomplishes more with a pleasant lilt and humor. The scope of the territory is tremendous, sweeping through Mexico and on into the Caribbean from the boiling Spanishy-Yankee island of Cuba to the lonely atoll of Saba, an ex-volcano poking up in the sea in the Dutch West Indies. All through the description is a lttle underplayed and you'll have to savor every pointed word to see what you're getting into.

—HORACE SUTTON.

GOOD AS CASH ANYWHERE, ANYTIME
YOUR SIGNATURE IS YOUR SAFEGUARD
BUY THEM AT YOUR BANK
SAFE WAY
TO CARRY MONEY
FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK
TRAVELERS
CHECKS
FULL REFUND IF LOST OR STOLEN
BACKED BY THE FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

5 LAKES
5,500 ACRES

SKY HIGH in the WHITE MOUNTAINS

Opening JUNE 28th

Lake TARLETON Club

Pike • New Hampshire

Home of the Famous WHITE MOUNTAINS' FESTIVAL of the 7 ARTS

Magnificent 18-Hole Golf Course • 2 Putting Greens • 2 Orchestras • Boating • Water-Skiing • Fishing • 7 Tennis Courts, 3 all-weather • Nightly Entertainment • Famed Cuisine

Your Hosts • THE FAMILY JACOBS

For Reservations:
Phone, N.Y.C., FL 7-7632
...or Your favorite Travel Agent

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Please send the address at which copies are now being received, as well as the new address, when notifying us of an address change. Allow three weeks for the changeover. Include postal zone number, if any.

SATURDAY REVIEW
Circulation Department
25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GOLDEN BOUGH

One-Volume Edition

By Sir James G. Frazer

"This excellent one-volume summary of the original 12-volume work . . . traces the slow emergence of man from his primitive fears and superstitions . . . one of those basic books that should be part of every home library . . ."
—**Saturday Review Syndicate**
$3.95

4, 5 and 6 by TEY

The Singing Sands
A Shilling for Candles
The Daughter of Time

Complete and Unabridged

By Josephine Tey

". . . it's impossible to mention all the new books . . . But one reprint volume at least must be urgently recommended: FOUR FIVE AND SIX BY TEY . . . all standing high among the most civilized and human detective stories ever written."
—**New York Times** $4.50

THE EVIL EYE

Studies in the Folklore of Vision

By Edward S. Gifford, Jr., M.D.

"Dr. Gifford has scoured history and legend for every scrap of information bearing on this frightening human credulity . . . a wealth of anecdote and factual material that should please readers who relish the unusual."
—**Chicago Sunday Tribune**
Illustrated $4.95

Picture these books on your vacation!

A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE

By Ann Hebson

"a new writer on whom . . . we will all do well to keep a watchful eye . . . writes with the vitality of the natural storyteller, the insight of the observer for whom all that is human invites the artist's attention."
—**N. Y. Herald Tribune** $3.75

PARTON'S ISLAND

By Paul Darcy Boles

Author of
Deadline; Glenport, Illinois; etc.

"Some of the wondrous flavor of Mark Twain on a pretty fair writing day is in the pages of this bittersweet story of a couple of boys and an island in a river down Alabama way . . . an enchanting book . . ." —**Chicago Sunday Tribune** $3.75

SNAKES IN FACT AND FICTION

By James A. Oliver

The Curator of Reptiles of the New York Zoological Society has tracked down fanciful and superstitious tales of giant, poisonous, swift and crafty snakes . . . and snake charmers . . . and contrasts them with scientific facts.
Illustrated $4.95

THE NEW WAY OF THE WILDERNESS

By Calvin Rutstrum

"A clear and comprehensive book . . . for both novices and experienced travelers in the true wilderness . . . excellent chapters on travel . . . camp cooking, bedding, clothing, ammunition . . . coping with accidents . . ."
—**Virginia Kirkus Bulletin**
94 drawings $4.50

YONDER ONE WORLD

A Study of Asia and the West

By Frank Moraes

Author of **Jawaharlal Nehru**
and **Report on Mao's China**

"eminently readable . . . impressive book . . . the fact that it is written by an Indian journalist who looks at Asia from within . . . objectively rather than emotionally . . . makes it all the more valuable to the Western reader."
—**Saturday Review** $3.75

WATER COLOR:

The Happy Medium

By William B. Schimmel

Learn to paint with this easy-to-follow volume featuring clear instructions and photographs showing technique as substitutes for private lessons. Covers equipment, brush drill, values, color wheel, color mixing, specific aspects of nature, and composition. 56 photographs, 3 full-color plates. $6.00

The Macmillan Company 60 Fifth Ave. New York, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HISTORY

The Heart of Modern Turkey

"The Loom of History," by Herbert J. Muller *(Harper. 433 pp. $7.50), traces the various cultures that have peopled Asia Minor from prehistory to the present. C. A. Robinson, Jr., who considers the work, is a classicist and student of the area. He is the author of many books, among them "Ancient History: From Prehistoric Times to the Death of Justinian."*

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

I FEAR that Asia Minor, the heart of modern Turkey, is still so little known that the mere mention of it does not make a person's blood run faster. In fact, however, it is one of the most exciting areas on earth. It has served as a bridge between Asia and Europe for migrating tribes and the armies of the Persians, Alexander the Great, and many others. Here prehistoric cultures of remote antiquity developed; here, too, Sumerian, Babylonian, Egyptian, and Assyrian influences mingled with Hittite and later civilizations. We think also of Troy, the classical Greeks and Romans, the Orthodox Byzantines, Catholic Franks and other Crusaders, the Mohammedan Arabs and the Turks.

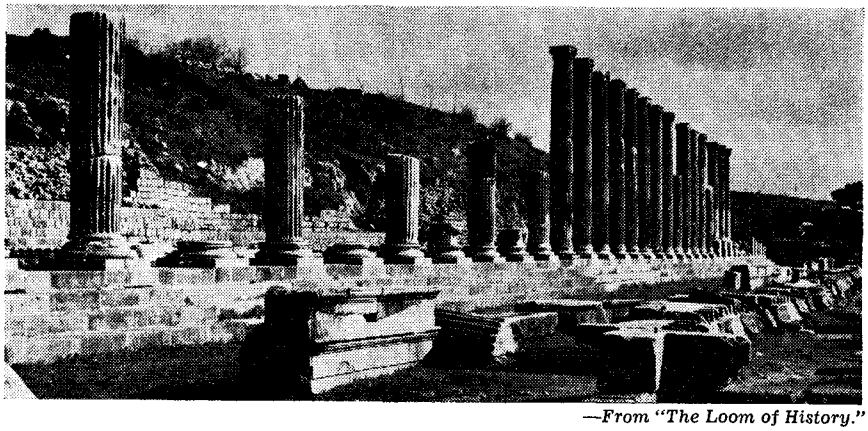
All this and much else form the subject of Professor Muller's "The Loom of History." It is a very considerable feat to have covered so vast a field, and the author must be congratulated on his wide reading and travels. On the other hand, his book would have gained in sharpness and realized more fully the promise of the fascinating photographs, if its length had been cut in half. As it is, much of it reads like an uninspired text. Certain topics (Hellenistic art, for example) have only a slight connection with the main theme; the fact that the Olympian gods used to "call one another fools and bitches" does not lighten very much the presentation of Greek religion.

Often, of course, Professor Muller does let himself go, for this is a book of contradictions. He is contagiously enthusiastic about the meaning of ancient Greek civilization, about the art of the Byzantines and the Seljuk Turks. He gives a wonderful picture of the founder of modern Turkey, Ataturk, though perhaps not of Turkish peasant women, who "are no more seductive than farm animals, and not much more enlightened."

And that brings me to the book's chief weakness. Professor Muller has simply not thought long and hard enough about his great subject. I may be deficient in a sense of humor, but statements such as these, which clutter up the book, strike me as bad history and worse taste: Christianity "grew up as an end-of-the-world religion in a sick empire. . . . The eunuch priests of Attis were embryonic Christs who had sacrificed their manhood for his sake. . . . Nestorius attacked as a pagan fable Mary's title of Mother of God, with its implication that God had worn diapers. . . . God arranged to have the Romans take [Tarsus] over."

Moreover, despite the bows to archeologists, it is baffling to read that "the layman has a right to smile at these scholars—especially because they have developed an almost morbid fear of pleasing him, or being 'popular.' Like all specialists today, they write chiefly for one another, in a learned jargon; it appears that the badge of intellectual integrity is a complete absence of style." I had thought that Ceram's "Gods, Graves and Scholars" had killed this attitude for good. At any rate, it is because of excavations, such as those of the University of Pennsylvania Museum at Gordium, that new material lies ready for Professor Muller. Asia Minor probably holds the key to more important problems in European history than any other land of antiquity, and it is good news indeed that Harvard will soon dig at Sardis, the capital of Croesus.

"The Loom of History," as I have said, is packed with information on the millenniums-long history of Asia Minor. It concludes with an Appendix in a dozen sections, giving the history of the Armenians and various cities and some interesting suggestions for tourists.



—*From "The Loom of History."*

The promenade in the Asclepium of Pergamum.

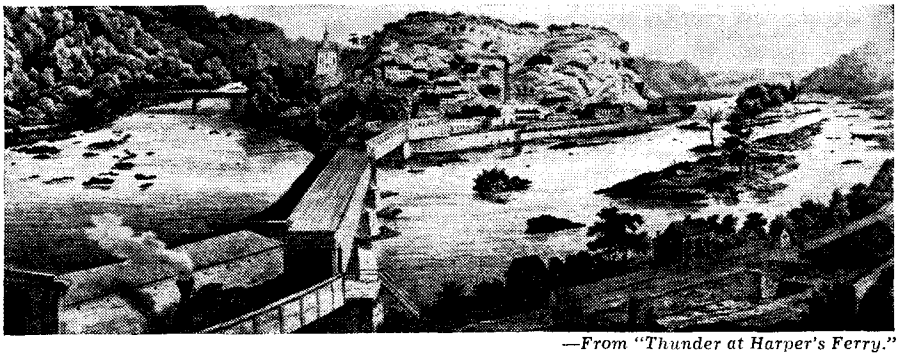
History Hour-by-Hour

"July 4, 1776," by Donald Barr Chidsey *(Crown. 160 pp. $3) and* ***"Thunder at Harper's Ferry," by Allan Keller*** *(Prentice-Hall. 282 pp. $4.95), are two historical studies, written in the hour-by-hour technique, in which the former recaptures the dramatic signing of the Declaration of Independence, and the latter tells of John Brown's famous raid. The books are assessed by Bruce Lancaster, author of "Night March" and other works.*

By Bruce Lancaster

WITHIN the past few years writers have struck a relatively new lode of high-assay ore in what may be termed "The Event Book" or the "Twenty-four-Hour Book." In these an event and personalities participating in or affected by that event are explored by the tools of careful research down to the last rock-crumb. Such play-by-play accounts cast up a wealth of often fascinating detail, unknown to all but the most devoted specialists, against an important backdrop whose main features are at least vaguely familiar to the general reader. This prospecting can create a vivid, living picture, intensely human showing the great and the obscure alike moving through the time-span in question, keenly aware of or completely blind to the life-current stirring about them. An artisan leaves his work and goes out to see what is happening; a statesman, missing the vast importance of an

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—From "Thunder at Harper's Ferry."

Harper's Ferry at the time of John Brown's raid—". . . [a] tragic, mad attempt."

impending decision, is chiefly concerned with the loss of his spectacles; a minor aid is frantic when a commander succumbs to the paralysis of fatigue during combat: plain citizens are torn, briefly, from their work-a-day life and rushed into the whirl of great events.

Because we are shown, sometimes at kaleidoscopic pace, the great and the small thus caught up in the event in question, we are somehow infused with a rare sense of immediacy, are projected into a sort of audience-participation show. If the work is well done, we are made a part of some bygone happening whose human impact we could not otherwise experience without a vast amount of study. We have had Walter Lord's "A Night to Remember" and "Day of Infamy," James Bishop's "The Day Lincoln Was Shot" and Cecil Woodham-Smith's "The Reason Why," to name a few. The field is infinite and no doubt we shall have "The Nineteenth of April," "Black Friday," and "The Day the Owls Nearly Took Over the Country."

Allan Keller's "Thunder at Harper's Ferry" tells the story of John Brown's tragic, mad attempt to end slavery by a Negro uprising, armed and led by himself and his friends. From the gathering of the plotters at the Kennedy house north of the Potomac to the seizure and siege of the Harper's Ferry Arsenal buildings, and on to the inevitable hollow tread on the gallows steps at Charles Town in present West Virginia, the whole hour-by-hour detailing is admirably and objectively done. The background of the raid and its plotters is set forth in swift flashbacks that never break the continuity of the immediate narrative. The main focus is always John Brown and Harper's Ferry, a town which assumes under Mr. Keller's touch a personality all its own.

The over-all story is familiar enough, but Mr. Keller's treatment makes it an intimate, often shocking personal experience, something through which the reader has actually lived. Not only are the raiders followed in step-by-step detail, but innumerable facets of the main event flash out. The reader shares the cold terror of the people in the train halted by Brown's men. He has glimpses into Harper's Ferry houses as the news of the coup dawns on the inhabitants. He may follow a frightened young girl along High Street to Shenandoah Street, or push back from a Virginia breakfast table with a railroad employe, an Arsenal official as the firing breaks out.

Governor Henry Wise is shown, erupting in a fury of understandably conflicting orders in the face of the long-dreaded slave uprising. Colonel Robert E. Lee and Captain J. E. B. Stuart join a train-load of marines, Ferry-bound, while in the Shenandoah; sheriffs and militia officers round up posses to crush the invaders, penned in the now-historic engine-house. Each minute, each second is lived until the last final rush of marines shatters Brown's little force, and the reader is caught up in that rush that eventually leads to the Charles Town gallows.

Fine as this panorama is, questions are bound to come up in the reader's mind. Are Brown's Kansas years a little glossed over? Was the Mosquito Creek Massacre the only outburst with which Brown may be charged? These are two. It may be added that Mr. Keller assigns Robert E. Lee to the 1st U. S. Dragoons, not the 2nd, his actual command. And a street map of Harper's Ferry, even a sketch like that in "Battles and Leaders of The Civil War," would have clarified the course of events even more.

In "July 4, 1776" Donald Barr Chidsey presents the construction and adoption by the Continental Congress of the Declaration of Independence. This book demonstrates that the technique employed in other "Event Books," is not infallible. Here we have an array of people great and small, famous and forgotten, observing, participating in the framing and flowering of that great statement of a people. The July days are presented in full detail, yet somehow the fuse fails to ignite as it has ignited in books touching lesser events or people. Flashbacks pop in and out in a fashion that bewilders rather than clarifies. Verbatim quotes are so long that their effect is killed. No impending sense of drama is built up, and there is no crescendo of achievement at the end. Jefferson, Franklin, the Adams cousins, Rodney, and the rest are all there, but flat as the names in the program of a pageant.

Factual errors, large and small, creep in. John Hancock was not "the first man to have a house on Beacon Hill." He lived in Uncle Thomas's house, built in 1737, and Uncle Thomas, dying in 1764, could hardly have been a "Loyalist." The Secretary to the Congress appears throughout as Charles Thompson, instead of "Thomson." The tea shipments that led to the Tea Party were rather to help bail out the East India Company than to kill smuggling. Guy Carleton, not John Burgoyne, commanded the 1776 Champlain expedition, and John Dickinson, hailed here as a "good Quaker," was not a good enough one to keep him from serving as both enlisted man and brigadier in our armed forces.

Sentences are often long, terribly involved and the whole text is marred by a style which, most unjustly to the fourth estate, is usually termed "journalese."

By Land and By Sea

"The Great Age of Discovery," by Paul Herrmann *(Harper. 507 pp. $6), is a popular history of exploration through the ages. Isabel Barclay, who reviews the book, is the author of "Worlds Without End."*

By Isabel Barclay

IN "The Great Age of Discovery" Paul Herrmann has written of explorers and exploration from the time of Columbus's voyages to America to Stanley's feats in Africa. With enthusiastic imagination Dr. Herrmann has told the story of the men who charted oceans and mapped continents—da Gama, Magellan, Pizarro, Cook, Livingstone—they are all here and many less luminous characters who each in their way contributed to man's knowledge and conquest of the earth. The book is illustrated with maps, drawings, and photographs, and Dr. Herrmann has given dimension to the men and times in which they lived. He has done so with extraordinary success but, unfortunately, his absorbing story is often marred by conjecture.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For instance, Dr. Herrmann speaks of the Viking settlement of Massachusetts as if it were an historic fact akin to the Viking settlement of Greenland. And yet he must be aware that there is not a trace of generally accepted archeological evidence that the Vikings ever colonized Massachusetts, or that they even came to the Massachusetts shore. The sagas, sailing directions, and known colonization of Greenland lead us to believe that the Vikings reached North America around the year 1000 A.D. But on the North American continent there has never been found any real proof of their discovery. The evidence is contained in European sources and is inferential.

Again when Dr. Herrmann deals with the Quetzalcoatl legend in Mexico, he is in the realm of conjecture rather than fact. This legend tells of the White Gods who once ruled the land. The Mexican tribes who suffered under the harsh rule of the Aztecs hopefully believed that one day these gods would return as their liberators and saviors. It is a fascinating legend and its widespread belief was undoubtedly a great psychological help to the Spanish in their conquest of Mexico, but it is impossible to conclude, as Dr. Herrmann does, that the legend of the White Savior is proof that white men came to this part of the world during the Middle Ages. True, he admits contemporary historians reject this hypothesis, but he appears to consider their attitude carping, and so charmingly and beguilingly does he put forth his own thesis that we find ourselves seduced.

This is not to contend that myth, tradition, and legend have no place in history; they have, for history is primarily the record of ideas, and what men have thought and believed is fundamental. But though novelists may sometimes be granted historic license in these matters, historians never. To the historian falls the not always enviable lot of drawing a firm line between documented fact and educated guess. Indeed it is the scholar's duty when history and fiction meet, as inevitably they must, to see that each retains its true identity. Had Dr. Herrmann consistently done this, his book would have lost nothing in enchantment and gained much in authority.

Danton's Paris

***"The Way of the Tumbrils," by John Elliot** (Reynal. 236 pp. $3.95), is a guide to the scenes of historic events in eighteenth-century Paris by a British railway executive. Reviewer Allan Temko retraced Parisian history for his book "Notre-Dame of Paris: The Biography of a Cathedral."*

By Allan Temko

FROM exceedingly grim materials —the tragedy and suffering of France under the Terror—Sir John Elliot has fashioned a rather pleasant little book. Over the past thirty years Sir John, a railway executive who is presently Chairman of London Transport, has made a hobby of visiting the scenes of great events of the Revolution which took place in or near Paris. (How many of the businessmen in American public life, one wonders, have the same curiosity about the past? How many can express themselves, as does Sir John, with admirable lucidity and modest grace?) His hobby-horse brought Sir John to such rich and unexpected discoveries that he decided to describe them in a book. The result has been a charming guide to eighteenth-century Paris, based on solid historical research as well as on first-hand knowledge of streets and buildings.

Although much of the old city was lost when it was rebuilt by Baron Haussmann, a good deal survives in the twisting streets which lead off the boulevards. "Here is the Paris that Danton knew," Sir John writes. "You can see it with your eyes, and feel it coming up from the street into your bones."

With Lenotre's "Paris in the Revolution" in hand Sir John made his way through the ancient quarters, seeking buildings such as the hotel in which Charlotte Corday stayed when she came to the capital to kill Marat. He found a very old structure still serving as a hotel, and asked for the room of Charlotte Corday. Before he could explain further, the woman at the desk consulted the register. "I am sorry, monsieur, Mademoiselle Corday is not here—she must have left some time ago. . . . She has given you the slip, monsieur?" In fact, she had. The street numbers had been changed, and it turned out to be the wrong building. The right one, partly intact, was found a few doors away.

Not only did Sir John meet those French who couldn't know or care less about their national history, he met those who couldn't care more. Surprisingly, too, in a city filled with inscriptions, few of the buildings he found were marked for their historical significance. This gives a measure of the freshness and depth of his investigations.

Indeed, his research took him to some curious spots. To see Marat's bathtub he went to the Musée Grévin, which is the Madame Tussaud's of Paris. To visualize the mob which assembled before the Bastille, he mounted the staircase within the column that stands near the site of the prison—something very few tourists do —and looked down from the vantage of the frightened officers of the garrison. In an effort to share the feelings of the unfortunates who were carried in tumbrils to the guillotine, he retraced the *"via dolorosa"* they followed from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Concorde, which of course was then the Place de la Revolution. Best of all, perhaps, he lingered in the Cour du Commerce on the Left Bank, a fascinating vestige of old Paris in which Danton brought political tracts to the printer's shop (which is still there) and where Dr. Guillotin himself lived.

But more than a picture of old Paris, this unassuming book provides a picture of its author: a man both fascinated and perplexed by the idea of revolution. Today the passions of that period may seem as hidden as the door of Robespierre in the Rue St. Honore, or as the quiet Chapelle Expiatoire near the Madeleine. But they can erupt at any moment, as indeed they already have.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 781

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 781 will be found in the next issue.

QMVQDUZ KEP WYSS

E KEV YW,

FYZ VDHDX WXMW

CUK YW.

—BMCV XYIJUV.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 780

Friendship is a sheltering tree.

—ANON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

Stories for Lazy Hours

Six Recreational Suggestions

POETS AND MADMEN: Counting as separates the twelve vignettes which are grouped under the titles "Four Women," "Comic Strip," and "What's the Purpose of the Bayonet?" there are twenty stories in George Garrett's first collection, **"King of the Mountain"** (Scribners, $3.50). They are enough to mark him as more than a writer of promise. In seriousness, intelligence, economy, in their knack for people and places and their ear for talk, above all in the illusion of reality upon which, Henry James said, all the other values of fiction helplessly depend, these are stories to compel respect.

Born in Florida, educated at Princeton, tested by the Army of Occupation in Europe, and now teaching at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Conn., Mr. Garrett reflects in his stories most of his experience except the pedagogical. His themes here are the uneasy relationships between fathers and sons, the muffled struggle between aspiration and resignation in the young, the brutality and soullessness of army life, and the frustrated sexuality of women.

I find him least persuasive on women. However, there is an admirable objectivity in Mr. Garrett's handling of his themes, even when he assumes the first personal singular. Sometimes he poses problems so coolly or in such balance between two characters that it is hard to tell where he himself stands. In the title story, one of the best, a small-town Southern lawyer bucks the Ku Klux Klan at the risk of his life, when no one else will do so. Much later, commenting on that checkered political career, his son remarks that "it took a narrow-minded, petty demagogue with a wild desire to be a martyr to stand up for law and order at that time . . . This isn't an age for heroes. When we get a hero he's a caricature."

Or he is an incompetent or an accident. The disenchanted ex-bohemian of "The Seacoast of Bohemia" reflects on a poet friend, incompetent in every way, who got a medal in Korea: "It probably takes a poet or a madman to be a hero anyway." Mostly Garrett's characters are sadists, drunks, goof-offs, or failures, not heroes. "A man is what he is and he doesn't have to apologize for it," says the Princeton student of his drunken father in "A Hard Row to Hoe," and another boy in "The Lion Hunter" remarks that "if you have to spend all your time being what people want or think you are, you'll never find time to find out who you really are."

Perhaps it is Mr. Garrett himself airing those quasi-existential, quasi-quietist, limp, and uncommitted opinions. I hope not, and I think not, because under his presentation of these characters, as under his presentation of the demoralized army, is what I take to be a controlled anger, a moral conviction. I take him to be with the poets and madmen.

—WALLACE STEGNER.

PACIFIC LIVES AND LOVES: With bold strokes John Hearne in his third novel, **"The Eye of the Storm"** (Little, Brown, $3.95), realistically pictures a West Indian island-city where a young, business-conscious generation living hellbent for pleasure and profit is taking the place of the old, hard-bitten "plantocracy." The rum-soaked and passion-charged atmosphere remains but old race-barriers crumble, allowing the amoral heroine Rachel Ascom to parlay her physical attractiveness into a position of power as a news editor. Through the eyes of a first-person narrator, Andrew Fabricus, we see how people who wander into Rachel's orbit become warped by her animal shrewdness and magnetism. Andrew himself has turned into a cynic after being her part-time lover and watches with grim detachment as a series of others stray into the fold. The picture becomes more intense when barrel-chested Jojo Rygin, a building constructor, tries to dominate Rachel through the promise of wealth only to be viciously betrayed and ruined. Jojo exacts his revenge with a final, but futile gesture.

Hearne's novel is rather reminiscent of Alec Waugh's "Island in the Sun." Though both capture the hothouse flavor of a generation in painful transition, Hearne's story has a more dynamic rhythm and uncluttered approach to social and personality problems.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

MIDDLE OF THE ROAD: **"Our Kind of People"** (Ballantine, $3.95), an ingenious and exciting social melodrama, is an examination of the row that takes place when a Negro buys a house on the most exclusive (and therefore "restricted") street in town, and offers to sell it at an exorbitant profit. Jack Dillon has set his novel in the North, so the National Guard doesn't come into it, but a good deal else does, including a cross-burning done by one of the most thoroughgoing ninnies in recent fiction.

This fellow, a bank manager, is about the only character in the book who's all of a piece. Most of them are qualified—pretty bad but with some redeeming traits, pretty good but somewhat flawed. Ray Henderson, the Negro engineer who buys the mansion on Gordon Avenue, is in this last group. Understandably embittered by job and housing discrimination, Ray devises his holdup scheme more for revenge than cash, and has to fight his conscience as well as his new neighbors and his family.

The point the book tries to make is that good sense and moderation won't get very far very fast, but that extreme action generally means a setback. The author has used an extreme example to get this across, but it makes for a lively entertainment.

—D. R. BENSEN.

OPERATIC PERIOD PIECE: Two penniless Irish girls, Clare Halvey and Rose Lennane, are the leading characters of Kate O'Brien's latest novel, **"As Music and Splendor"** (Harper, $4.50). Their lives, their dedication to the world of music, and their contrasting temperaments—as different as "blackbird and lark"—are portrayed against a meticulous, exhaustively detailed operatic background during the late 1880s. The novel is set mostly in Paris and Rome, both of which the author knows well.

Rose particularly has been a gamble on the part of a village committee who agreed to educate her on the strength of her sweet voice, in hopes that she might become a star and someday repay them. The girls are sent to a convent in Paris which specializes in music. There, in spite of homesickness for Ireland, they make good, and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they go on to further triumphs in Italy. Particularly Rose, who has great warmth and a flair for romantic opera. Clare, cooler and more detached in everything, including love, is told she sings "Italian opera as if [she] smelt a bad smell."

On the upward climb they acquire friends and influence people. They also suffer love and money problems and complications from diverse ethical codes. Rose, now known as "La Rosa d'Irlanda," is a great success and sings at La Scala. She has two love affairs, while Clare's fancy takes a different course. En route there are hair-splitting analyses of emotions and some unusual personalities.

"As Music and Splendor" is well written in Miss O'Brien's usual smooth style. I liked best the younger and fresher first part of the book—the convent life is well described—and the contrast of character in the divas. However, opera fans may prefer the woes and rewards, the pleasures and pains of bel canto, the backstage life of the prima donnas. Frankly, I found the music side a little long-winded. The author is almost too knowledgeable about old opera days. Whatever one's pleasure, however, this long, romantic period piece does have a two-way appeal.

—ROSEMARY C. BENÉT.

SLAIN IN SPAIN: The short paragraph heading Richard Condon's **"The Oldest Confession"** (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $4.50), drew from me a little moan of apprehension. "The bull is fresh and believes himself prepared for anything." It runs, in all too familiar style: "He knows his strength and has great confidence in his ability to conquer anything in the ring." One more American author, with all the vast range of America to choose from, was going to have a go at poor old Spain.

Mr. Condon shows himself well able to construct an exciting tale of crime on traditional lines, with all the homey concomitants of violence, double-cross, and rubbings-out. The booty at stake is Goya and Velásquez rather than rocks or grands, and Mr. Condon tries hard to make his hero interesting by decking him out with a fancy point of view: namely, that he prefers the honest dishonesty of stealing works of art from his Spanish friends to the dishonest honesty of partnership in his father's business.

Mr. Condon has placed his story in a Spanish setting so wild as to interfere with this enjoyable reading. We are constantly breaking off to laugh aloud or to rub our eyes and wonder if we really see what we think we do. There is a beautiful Duchess, whose

MORE LIGHT ON THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS

A work of religious and historic importance even more absorbing and significant than his earlier work

by MILLAR BURROWS

"The material treated here is of inestimable importance for considered and objective judgments on the nature and significance of the scrolls.... The excellent scholarship, soundly tempered judgment, careful reasoning, clear style and sensitive translations, which were the outstanding features of *The Dead Sea Scrolls* are also the chief characteristics of *More Light on the Dead Sea Scrolls*. The value of this new book is heightened by a map of the Qumran community, the up-to-date bibliography and an index."—NELSON GLUECK, *N.Y. Times* $6.50

THE VIKING PRESS • N. Y. 22

DOCTORS TO THE WORLD

"A splendid saga of victory over disease—a documentary which reads like a novel—a story of hope and victory and understanding." —DR. HOWARD A. RUSK, Associate Editor, *N. Y. Times*

by MURRAY MORGAN

From the villages of Mexico to the Amazon jungle, from the Andean plateaus to the wilds of Africa—here are exciting, human, on-the-spot stories of men and women battling disease around the world. A vivid and heartening report of a great international endeavor, the World Health Organization.

Many photographs $5.00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blood has been blue for nine centuries, madly in love with a renowned bull-fighter. Because her elderly husband is still alive, and because the Church wherein she took her marriage vows is a "living thing" to her, she does not allow her *torero* so much as a brotherly kiss. The Duke conveniently dies of his European vices and the Duchess arranges to marry her bull-fighter—in the living Church again, "so as not to shock the servants." By this time any respectable Spanish servants would be already dead of shock. Before the wedding can take place, however, the *torero* is murdered by the Duchess's cousin, the Marquis of Villalba: not, as might be thought, to save the family honor but to create such a stir throughout Madrid as will spread even to the custodians in the Prado, thus enabling hero Bourne to steal unmolested Goya's famous *"Dos de Mayo."* For sad to say, the noble Marquis is a thief as well and has only himself to thank when the Duchess batters in his skull with a poker. The revenge this spirited lady then takes on hero Bourne could hardly have been improved on by one of the Borgias.

Mr. Condon can also be funny when he means to be. But the unconscious efforts remain, for me, the best.

—HONOR TRACY.

LOBOTOMIST: The real hero of **"Daybreak"** (Doubleday, $3.95), Frank G. Slaughter's twenty-fourth novel, is reserpine—the drug which has proved so helpful in the alleviation of emotional disorders. Dr. James Corwin, the novel's human protagonist, is a neuro-surgeon whose specialty is jiffy frontal lobotomies. Always dubious of the moral implications of his specialization, Corwin is intrigued by the alternative presented by reserpine (which he has been taking as an antidote to hypertension). The drug is still in its experimental stages and Corwin wants to run a clinical test at Leyden, the state institution where he is a resident physician. At this point "Daybreak" develops its major conflict: the surgeon's project runs counter to the philosophy of the hospital's politically-minded director, who prefers to operate the asylum like a profitable prison.

Corwin's race to outflank his chief by means of a crash program underlines the drama inherent in the use of the new drug, and makes exciting reading. An intriguing foundation of realism is given the novel by Dr. Slaughter's insights into the marriage of politics and medicine at a state hospital; and a love affair between the good doctor and one of his curables should enhance the book's popularity.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

The Criminal Record

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
AFFAIR AT HELEN'S COURT *Carol Carnac* (Crime Club: $2.95)	Mystery man with Yank accent dies in swank English nursing home; good Yarders dig up bones of 1930 felony.	Insp. Julian Rivers lively and literate as ever; medics are strong focus of attention; pace good to hot.	Smooth job.
THE BRIGHT ROAD TO FEAR *Richard Martin Stern* (Ballantine: $2.95)	Deported racketeers seek to establish empire on Italian coast; native U. S. lad, son of immigrants, has critical mission.	Chapterless yarn; formula production partially saved by pro handling; some characters well drawn.	Conventional.
PILGRIM AT THE GATE *Desmond Cory* (Washburn: $2.95)	Veteran of Nazi camps develops ingenious revenge scheme, several die in process; Berlin, Cracow, centers of action.	Complete chess game played (moves given); atmosphere abounds; some long speeches; poetry quoted; pace variable.	Unusual; not too effective.
THE DOOMSTERS *Ross MacDonald* (Knopf: $2.95)	Lew Archer, S. Calif. eye, takes snake-pit fugitive as client; old citrus-belt family disintegrates, some members violently.	Lecherous sheriff among generally unpleasant personnel, also various physicians, nurses, social workers.	Medium.
THE CASE OF THE RUSSIAN CROSS *Christopher Bush* (Macmillan: $2.95)	Ludovic Travers, London eye, takes on blackmail research that sprouts remarkable ramifications; murders bring Yard in.	Author's 50th is usual solid and convincing job; holds up well despite huge population; pace excellent.	Detection all the way.
THE CATALYST *Kenneth Lowe* (Crime Club: $2.95)	Alger hero returns to home town (Chicago exurbia), pops question to gal friend; corpses develop.	Course of true love fails to run smooth; lawyer and prospective sister-in-law are problems.	Plus mark.
THE WOMAN IN THE WOODS *Lee Blackstock* (Crime Club: $2.95)	English school lads discover skeleton wearing one shoe; village life severely disturbed; *ill* child is key character.	Much conversation (some of it very pleasant); local color good; characters well drawn in main; pace leisurely.	For that slow boat to China.
VIOLENT HOURS *Robert Walsh* (Signet: 25¢)	Roving newspaperman hits Texas town during political crisis; wild doings ensue; characters highly perishable.	Much alcohol consumed, especially by law-enforcement section; local boss (and others) unconvincing.	More outline than story.
BLIND DATE *Leigh Howard* (S&S: $2.95)	London newshawk, planning tryst with nameless inamorata, runs into cloud of cops and deep trouble.	Most of yarn is devoted to high-grade verbal sparring between hero and Insp. Northam.	Real tingler all the way.
THE EIGHTH MRS. BLUEBEARD *Hillary Waugh* (Crime Club: $2.95)	N.Y. insurance chief evolves plot to snare killer-for-profit of seven successive wives.	Jack Graham of sales staff plays eye, along with real op. and beautiful bait.	He's beaten this.
THE ALINGTON INHERITANCE *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.95)	English heiress in jeopardy as snares are laid, but aging Maud Silver and Insp. Frank Abbott are not idle.	Author's 57th is (as frequently) one of those estate jobs (missing papers, etc.); violence finally flares at page 122.	Leisurely.
THE BLONDE IN BLACK *Ben Benson* (Mill-Morrow: $2.95)	Mass. songbird on spot as bullet fells recording tycoon; Wade Paris of state cops solves case in single night.	Formula job involves much Q&A; climax predictable; disk-jockey's *modus operandi* interesting.	He's done better.
PEOPLE WILL TALK *E. C. R. Lorac* (Crime Club: $2.95)	Elderly English female novelist disappears; good local cops sift it, round up three corpses.	Scenery includes North Country, Wales, Italy; cast huge but well managed; snappy tempo.	High grade.
INVITATION TO VIOLENCE *Lionel White* (Dutton: $2.95)	Long Island actuary, driving home from poker seance; runs into tail end of big gem stick-up.	Innocent-bystander role interests both cops and mob's brain; two gals worry; some careless writing.	Medium.
THE FINISHING STROKE *Ellery Queen* (S&S: $3.50)	EQ's *second* case opens 1905, is solved 1957; main action 1929-30 in Westchester County manor; two die, but who?	Excellent period-piece; cast large but nicely handled: *SR* plays part; gimmicks all over, but they add to fun.	Neat baffler.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Diary of Death

"Notes from the Warsaw Ghetto: The Journal of Emmanuel Ringelblum," edited and translated by Jacob Sloan *(McGraw-Hill. 369 pp. $5.95), is the prototype for John Hersey's novel "The Wall." Reviewer Henriette Roosenburg wrote "The Walls Came Tumbling Down."*

By Henriette Roosenburg

WHEN in September, 1946, the rubble of what had once been the Warsaw ghetto was being cleared, workmen found a plastic milk container crammed with what at first seemed to be personal letters. On further examination, however, they turned out to be a careful, chronological collection of notes on some of the most horrible years in human history: the years of the gradual, grinding extermination of the Polish Jews by the Nazis. "Notes from the Warsaw Ghetto" should be read by all those who have never quite believed that these things happened, and by all those who are unable to imagine what it means to live for years a daily life of fear and dread and hunger, of seeing children being packed into sealed cars to be taken to the gas chambers, of seeing thousands of adults killed in the streets.

The "Notes" are not a diary in the accepted sense of the word. They are almost totally impersonal and more often than not their author contents himself with jotting down the facts and refraining from comment. Rather, they are like a voluminous bundle of research an historian might collect before writing a scholarly work, and in a way that is what happened.

Emmanuel Ringelblum, the author of these "Notes," was a teacher of history and a trained archivist, who realized from the very beginning of the war (which also meant the beginning of the systematic persecution and extermination of Jews) that a collective record of these times had to be kept for posterity. In an introduction to the "Notes," Jacob Sloan explains how Ringelblum gathered a staff around him, how he kept in touch with other Jewish communities throughout Poland, how they kept working under the steadily deteriorating circumstances, writing weekly and monthly summaries, piecing together their information, and finally, tragically, caching their handiwork deep under the ruins of the ghetto, just before the 1944 Warsaw uprising. These archives, together with the "Notes," have also been found. They survived the archivist: on March 7, 1944, Emmanuel Ringelblum, his twelve-year-old son, and his wife were killed by the Nazis after their last hideout, a cellar under the rubble, had been discovered. Several times Ringelblum had been offered outside help to escape, but he refused to leave his people and his archives, which by then he considered his life's work. The last entry in the "Notes" tells about the ingenious, but often subhuman and degrading ways by which a handful of Jews managed to conceal themselves in sewers, cellars, and walled-off holes. The account ends: ". . . but the populace is afraid that at the crucial, terrifying moment the Germans will discover some clever way of turning to nought all our efforts at self-rescue. Whether this is true or not, only the future will tell." The future has told—and we all owe a deep debt of gratitude to Emmanuel Ringelblum.

Bloody Blackmail

"Desperate Mission," by Joel Brand as told to Alex Weissberg *(translated by Constantine FitzGibbon and Andrew Foster-Melliar; Criterion. 310 pp. $4.95), is a factual account of the enslavement and extermination of Hungary's half-million Jews. Tibor Koeves, who reviews the book, was formerly editor of* U.N. World.

By Tibor Koeves

THIS is the story of one of Fascism's most abject and most tragic sideshows: the entrapment and extermination of half a million Hungarian Jews during the last years of World War II. The terrible climax of the story, the torture, gassing, and cremation of hundreds of thousands of men and women innocent of any crime is a black fact of this century. If many details still remain obscure and puzzling it is because a lack of documents

"The book is dynamite."

—Gerald W. Johnson

THE

UNFINISHED

STORY OF

ALGER HISS

FRED J. COOK

Catherine Drinker Bowen: "More than ever I am sure that Hiss had not a fair trial and was never proved guilty."

W. G. Rogers *(Associated Press):* "In truth no book yet, including Hiss' own, has asked the old disturbing questions so cogently."

Gerald W. Johnson: "I read it with mounting alarm. Hiss and Chambers are now subsidiary figures. What is under suspicion is the American system of administration of justice; if that has gone rotten, the damage that any traitor can do is small by comparison."

Gerald Griffin *(Baltimore Sun):* "A newspaper man's analysis, easy to read and deftly done, which finishes up with an explosive suggestion."

Paul Hyde Bonner: "He has helped to get the thing in focus, more in fact than Chambers, or Lord Jowitt, or Hiss himself."

Ed Olwin *(St. Paul Dispatch):* "A 'whodunit' unexcelled, except that the mystery remains a mystery and breeds mysteries."

Emerson Price *(Cleveland Press):* "The book is of such importance that I now make a special plea that you read it. Buy it, beg it, borrow it—but do not miss it."

At all bookstores, $3.50

WILLIAM MORROW & CO.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

compelled the author to rely on the testimony of those who managed to survive.

Controversy around these tragic events kept a *cause célèbre* alive in Israel until recently. It led to the fall of the Sharett government in 1955 and to the murder and later the judicial exoneration of one of the leaders of the Budapest Rescue Committee accused of treasonable bargains with the Nazis. What clearly emerges from the facts is the scenario of a gruesome blackmail for an unprecedented prize.

The SS leaders lording it over Budapest declare themselves ready to spare Hungary's Jews and even to permit them to leave the country if they receive 10,000 army trucks in exchange.

On the face of it, their offer is nothing short of a miracle. But where can the trucks be found in the midst of a gigantic war straining the resources of every country? And would the Allies consent to such reinforcement of the Wehrmacht's capabilities?

Fully aware of the desperate dilemma, the Jewish leaders in Budapest also know that as long as they succeed in keeping the negotiations open, their people have a chance to escape hell. They scheme, they plead, they promise, they attempt the impossible. Months go by, the Nazis lose patience, and the death trains start rolling toward the death camps. Spurred to new efforts, the Jewish committees scrape together a few million Swiss francs, and the death march is halted.

The reprieve is short-lived. The Jews are unable even to secure a Swiss visa for Himmler's personal representative, and he is compelled to negotiate the fate of hundreds of thousands standing in the middle of a bridge between Germany and Switzerland under a driving rain. The last word belongs to the administrators of the gas chambers.

Such are the bare outlines of an incredible chain of events amounting partly to a real-life, heart-breaking Grand Guignol, partly to a confused and complex international intrigue.

The overwhelming impression that emerges from this chronicle is the inevitability of doom caused by human failure. There is hardly a man or an organization in these pages without its share of grievous, deadly blunders. The author implies that some of the Jewish organizations committed major mistakes at crucial moments, as did also the British, the Turkish, and the American governments. Nor are the Nazi organizations and high officials credited with more efficiency or acumen. They are shown as credulous, jealous, hesitant, illogical. To believe the author, the decision-makers were pygmies from one end of the spectrum to another, whether they were Jews or Gentiles, democrats or totalitarians. The only people who knew their job and did it with irrevocable skill were the stokers in the crematoriums, and the engineers in the gas chambers.

Fiction's fine this summer...

If you liked *Desirée,* you'll find this big novel of passion and violence in 18th-century Norway wonderfully rewarding. Full of romance, splendor, vitality. 408 pages, $4.95

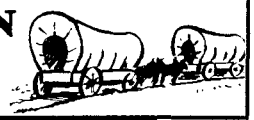
Lindeman's Daughters

SYNNOVE CHRISTENSEN

Coast-to-coast praise has been given to this eloquent fictional treatment of the bloody Mountain Meadows Massacre during the Mormon Rebellion. Mrs. Bean "has combined thorough research with a sturdy narrative that brilliantly recreates the tensions within the persecuted Mormon society."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review* $3.95

THE FANCHER TRAIN

AMELIA BEAN



A long-time favorite novelist has now created his finest medical novel — about the 20th-century miracle drugs that have given hope to the "hopelessly insane." $3.95

Daybreak

FRANK G. SLAUGHTER

"Grand in scope, romantic in mood, as rich in incident and character as it is in detail," says the N. Y. Herald Tribune about this turbulent story of five generations of British Guiana planters. 576 pages, $4.95

THE OLD BLOOD

EDGAR MITTELHOLZER

This elegant novel of the Chinese Opium War is "picturesque and entertaining" (Book-of-the-Month Club News) . . . "vivid and exciting (N. Y. Times) . . . "colorful and dramatically alive" (Saturday Review). What more can you ask for? $4.50

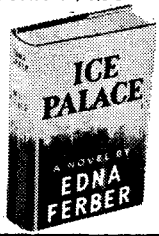
HONG KONG

MONA GARDNER

America's finest woman novelist takes you on a stirring romantic trip to present-day Alaska, with a fine story of a young girl caught in the conflict between those who love Alaska . . . and those who own and exploit it. National best seller. $4.50

ICE PALACE

EDNA FERBER



See your bookseller this week for these outstanding novels guaranteed to give you pleasurable summer reading. **DOUBLEDAY**

These Faces

By Donald Hall

IGNORING Rome and the Great Wall of
China, and nineteen-thirty-seven;
ignoring that years run down,
men change,
buildings and machines wear out,
nations
lose wars or break down after winning,
that civilizations stagger like
seasons from phase to phase;
these faces
when they are old are neither tragic
nor hateful nor resigned, but puzzled
and resentful, for these men grow old
and do not know that they are older.
I cannot see the watch on my wrist
without knowing that I am dying,
and that a new politician is
being born, perhaps in Jakarta.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Summer Reading

Continued from page 16

MAN IN MODERN FICTION. *By Edmund Fuller. Random House.* $3.50.

THE MARCH OF CONQUEST. *By Telford Taylor. Simon & Schuster.* $7.50.

MEN AND EVENTS. *By H. R. Trevor-Roper. Harper.* $4.50.

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD. *By Theodore White. Morrow.* $3.95.

THE NAKED FACE OF GENIUS. *By Agatha Fassett. Houghton Mifflin.* $5.

NAKED UNDER CAPRICORN. *By Olaf Ruhen. Lippincott.* $3.75.

A NEW ENGLAND GIRLHOOD. *By Nancy Hale. Little, Brown.* $3.75.

THE NORTHERN LIGHT. *By A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown.* $4.

THE ORDEAL OF WOODROW WILSON. *By Herbert Hoover. McGraw-Hill.* $6.

PHARAOH. *By Eloise Jarvis McGraw. Coward-McCann.* $4.95.

POEMS OF A JEW. *By Karl Shapiro. Random House.* $3.50.

PRIVATE. *By Lester Atwell. Simon & Schuster.* $5.

PRIVATE ELISHA STOCKWELL, JR. SEES THE CIVIL WARS. *Edited by Byron Abernethy. University of Oklahoma.* $3.75.

SCHUBERT. *By M. J. E. Brown. St. Martins.* $7.50.

THE SERGEANT. *By Dennis Murphy. Viking.* $3.50.

TALE OF VALOR. *By Vardis Fisher. Doubleday.* $4.95.

THEY GATHERED AT THE RIVER. *By Bernard Weisberger. Little, Brown.* $5.

THE TIME OF THE JUGGERNAUT. *By Herbert Steinhouse. Morrow.* $4.95.

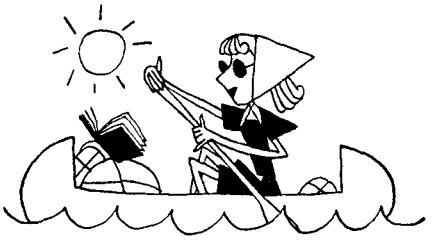
TURGENEV'S LITERARY REMINISCENCES. *Edited by David Magarshack. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $5.

A VERY FAR COUNTRY. *By E. M. Almedingen. Appleton-Century-Crofts.* $4.

VICTORY: THE LIFE OF LORD NELSON. *By Oliver Warner. Little Brown.* $6.50.

WAR FISH. *By George Grider and Lydel Sims. Little, Brown.* $3.95.

THE WORLD OF EVELYN WAUGH. *Edited by Charles Rolo. Little, Brown.* $6.



The Forecast

JUNE:

TALE OF VALOR. *By Vardis Fisher. Doubleday.* A fictional, fleshed-out reconstruction of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

THE CHOICE. *By Michael McLaverty. Macmillan.* A novel of rural Ireland in which a man of faith and gentleness is defeated by the rooted prejudices of country people.

HELL'S KITCHEN. *By Richard O'Connor. Lippincott.* A lively, solidly documented account of a sordid section of New York that was once called the "Vale of Flowers" by the Dutch.

THE GINGERBREAD MAN. *By Ellen Ferber. Doubleday.* A first novel that updates a familiar fable with Freud.

VARIETIES OF LOVE. *By Herbert Kubly. Simon & Schuster.* A collection of short stories by the author of "American in Italy," which won a National Book Award.

PRINCE OF CARPETBAGGERS. *By Jonathan Daniels. Lippincott.* A portrait of an elusive, tricky post Civil-War personality, one Milton Littlefield.

THE BRIDES OF SOLOMON AND OTHER STORIES. *By Geoffrey Household. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* A potpourri of entertaining tales spanning the world from Sarajevo to Peru.

NOT AS A CROCODILE. *By Arthur Marx. Harper.* Humorous anecdotes by Groucho's son of experiences with his grandchildren.

JULY:

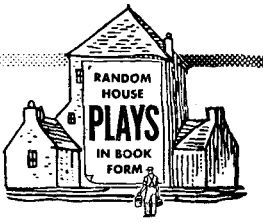
THE DUD AVOCADO. *By Elaine Dundy. Dutton.* Subtitled "Or the *Vie Amoureuse* of Sally Jay in Paris," a gay novel by the wife of the London *Observer's* drama critic, Kenneth Tynan.

THE BODY. *By Carter Brown. Signet.* The debut in the States of a suspense writer whose mysteries have sold more than 17,000,000 copies in Australia, Europe, South America, and Africa.

THE DEATH OF MANOLETE. *Story and pictures by Barnaby Conrad. Houghton Mifflin.* Another contribution for *aficionados* of the bull ring by the versatile (writer, artist, matador, restaurateur) Mr. Conrad.

BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES 1958. *Edited by Martha Foley. Houghton Mifflin.* This year's addition to an annual series.

SECESSION WINTER AND OTHER ESSAYS. *By Henry Adams; edited and with an introduction by George Hochfield. Sagamore.* Hitherto



Just published!

Two Outstanding Hits

of the current Broadway season

SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO

By DORE SCHARY

THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

By WILLIAM INGE

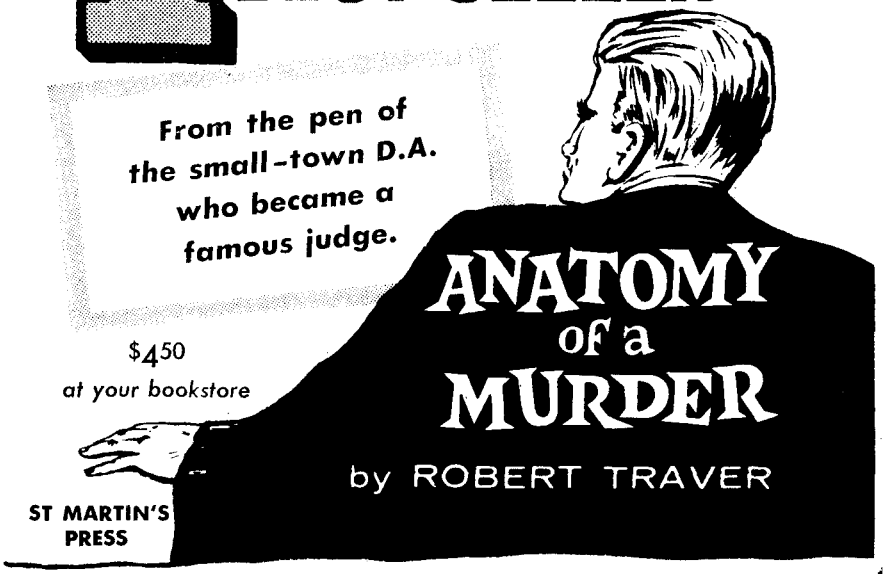
$2.95 each, now at your bookstore

RANDOM HOUSE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

#1 NATIONAL BEST SELLER

From the pen of the small-town D.A. who became a famous judge.



$4.50 at your bookstore

ANATOMY of a MURDER

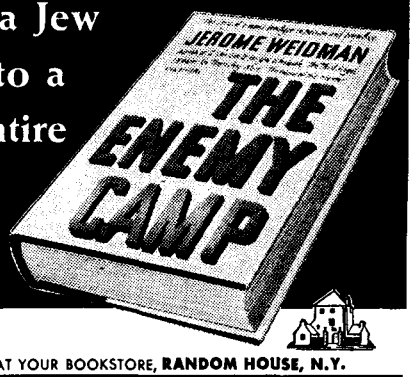
by ROBERT TRAVER

ST MARTIN'S PRESS

"Suspense of the highest and most delicious quality... obsessively interesting."

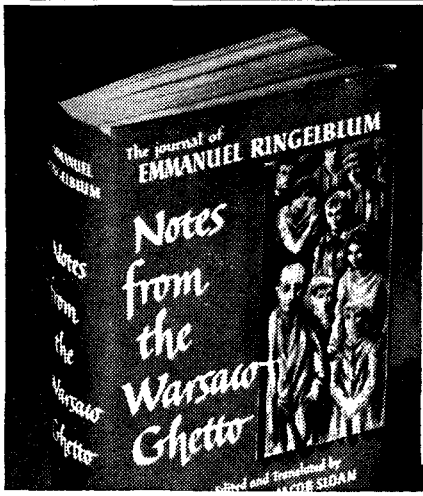
—CLIFTON FADIMAN

A strong, moving, suspenseful and shocking novel about a Jew who—though married to a Gentile—believes the entire Christian world is "the enemy camp"



By JEROME WEIDMAN

A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION. $4.95, NOW AT YOUR BOOKSTORE, **RANDOM HOUSE, N.Y.**



Terrifying and unforgettable

The true account of the three years of the Warsaw Ghetto, perhaps mankind's greatest tragedy

NOTES FROM THE WARSAW GHETTO

The Journal of Emmanuel Ringelblum

Edited and translated by Jacob Sloan

$5.95. A McGraw-Hill Book

unavailable in book form, these essays cast a keen, young eye on politics during the Lincoln and Grant administrations.

COCKTAIL TIME. *By P. G. Wodehouse. Simon & Schuster.* The author's frothiest daiquiri in years.

SILENT GROW THE GUNS. *By MacKinlay Kantor. Signet original.* Twelve of the author's Civil War stories garnered from various magazines.

THE KING MUST DIE. *By Mary Renault. Pantheon.* The midsummer selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, this novel evokes the world of mythology in its retelling of the Theseus and Minotaur story.

JUDGMENTS ON HISTORY AND HISTORIANS. *By Jacob Burckhardt. Beacon.* Historical essays by one of the great intellectual figures of the nineteenth century, collected from the author's own lectures at the University of Basel from 1865 to 1885.

FLYING SAUCERS AND THE STRAIGHT-LINE MYSTERY. *By Aimé Michel. Criterion.* The author of "The Truth About Flying Saucers," a French mathematician and engineer, offers additional conjectures about Unknown Flying Objects.

ONLY IN AMERICA. *By Harry Golden. World.* Salty selections from the author's monthly paper, *The Carolina Israelite.*

THE BYSTANDER. *By Albert J. Guerard. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* The Riviera and Monte Carlo provide color for this novel about a weakling's troublous relations with a woman with whom he fell in love at the age of fifteen.

THE HABIT OF LOVING. *By Doris Lessing. Crowell.* These seventeen stories about men and women "by love possessed" in the Cozzens sense, are by the distaff member of Britain's Angry Young Men club.

STRANGERS ON EARTH. *By Henri Troyat. Crowell.* A sequel to "The Red and the White," this novel deals with the problem of adjustment by White Russian refugees in Paris after the Revolution.

THE GREAT ARMS RACE. *By Hanson Baldwin. Praeger.* This book grew out of a series of articles in *The New York Times* (of which the author is military editor) comparing U.S. and Soviet power in 1958.

CALL DOWN THE STORM. *By LeGette Blythe. Holt.* A story of miscegeneration by a Southerner from way back that attempts to portray in fiction terms the South of 1876.

THE SUMMER LOVERS. *By Hollis Alpert. Knopf.* A sophisticated love story set on Long Island, by one of *SR*'s movie critics.

THE PORTUGUESE ESCAPE. *By Ann Bridge. Macmillan.* The August selection of the Literary Guild, this suspense novel by the wife of a former British Ambassador to Portugal combines intrigue with geography.

THE CULTURED MAN. *By Ashley Montagu. World.* A revealing list of quizzes in various intellectual byways, the correct answers to which indicate the reader's cultural quotient.

AUGUST:

COME NORTH WITH ME. *By Bernt Balchen.* The autobiography of the famous Norwegian-born polar explorer, pilot, and adventurer.

KNIGHTS OF BUSHIDO: The History of Japanese War Crimes. *By Lord Russell of Liverpool. Dutton.* The author of "The Scourge of the Swastika" documents atrocities during World War II.

AMEDEO. *By Daphne Barclay. Dutton.* A sentimental tale of a little Italian orphan's search for his mother, during which he grows in self-assurance and faith in God.

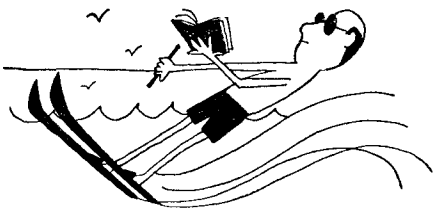
BALTHAZAR. *By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton.* A sequel to "Justine," so far as time, place, and characters are concerned, this novel of the Alexandrian world delves into the human heart.

MARX AND AMERICA. *By Earl Browder. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* In this book the former head of the Communist Party in America tells why the USA is a square peg in the Soviet ideology.

THE MARK. *By Charles Israel. Simon & Schuster.* A powerful psychological novel about a rape case.

AMERICAN HOMESPUN. *By Wallace Brockway and Bart Keith Winer. Simon & Schuster.* An anthology spanning three centuries of Americana and frontier writing.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LIAM O'FLAHERTY: Selected Stories. *Edited by Devin Garrity. Signet original.* Twenty-nine tales of crucial moments in the lives of Irish fisherfolk and farmers.

THE GREEK PHILOSOPHERS. *By Rex Warner. Mentor original.* The British classical scholar surveys and comments on Hellenic thinkers from Thales to Plotinus.

NO MORE WAR! *By Linus Pauling. Dodd, Mead.* An exhortation to end nuclear bomb testing, by a distinguished American scientist.

DEALS WITH THE DEVIL. *Edited by Basil Davenport. Dodd, Mead.* Included in this collection of yarns, which range from folklore to SF, are Dickens, Maupassant, and Masefield.

THREE'S COMPANY. *By Alfred Duggan. Coward-McCann.* Imperial Rome is the backdrop for this novel about the comic, bewildered Lepidus and his contemporaries Mark Antony and Octavius Caesar.

A TOUCH OF MIDAS. *By Jan Carew. Coward-McCann.* A first novel, set in British Guiana, by a native of the island in whose veins flows Negro, Dutch, South American Indian, and Portuguese blood, and whose callings have been steelworker, journalist, broadcaster, painter, and actor.

LOLITA. *By Vladimir Nabokov. Putnam.* Literature or pornography, this novel aroused controversy when first issued in English last year by the Olympia Press in Paris.

SOUTH AFRICAN WINTER. *By James Morris. Pantheon.* An important book on a turbulent country by the author of "As I Saw the U.S.A.," "Sultan in Oman," and "Islam Inflamed."

THE VIOLATED. *By Vance Bourjaily. Dial.* A major and controversial novel about what happened to the author's generation.

A REALLY SINCERE GUY. *By Robert Van Riper. Longmans, Green.* A first novel about Madison Avenue, in which a principled man runs into fellows who aren't.

LET NO MAN WRITE MY EPITAPH. *By Willard Motley. Random House.* The story of the son and namesake of Nick Romano, who figured in "Knock on Any Door."

PATERSON V. *By William Carlos Williams. New Directions.* The fifth book in the New Jersey doctor's long poem.

CONFESSIONS OF A MASK. *By Yukio Mishima. New Directions.* The third book and second novel by the best-selling Japanese author to be published in the U.S., his last being "The Sound of Waves" and "Five Modern Nō Plays."

THE DEMOCRATIC VISTA. *By Richard Chase, Doubleday.* A study of the past, present, and future of American culture.

OUR FRIEND JAMES JOYCE. *By Padraic and Mary Colum. Doubleday.* The title indicates the approach of this biography by the Irish-born, naturalized-American poet-dramatist and his recently deceased wife.

A MIXTURE OF FRAILTIES. *By Robertson Davies. Scribners.* In this novel the author of "Leaven of Malice" turns his wit and sense of the absurd to the story of the creation of a singer.

POETS OF TODAY V. *Selected and edited, with an introductory essay by John Hall Wheelock. Scribners.* The fifth annual volume in a series that samples the work of newcomers.

THE BEST STORIES OF EDITH WHARTON. *Edited by Wayne Andrews. Scribners.* A new edition that carries an introduction which will ultimately be incorporated into a biography by the editor.

ARENA. *By Charles Grayson. Rinehart.* A novel about bullfighting in Spain and Mexico, which the author is currently incorporating into a screenplay with John Huston.

FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH: An Anthology of Polar Writings. *Oxford.* Passages from the writings of travelers to the North, each prefaced with a brief biographical note on the author.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. *By Alan Moorehead. Harper.* A small portion of this book, the August Book-of-the-Month Club selection, ran in *Life* magazine.

THE SECRET OF LUKE. *By Ignazio Silone. Harper.* Long anticipated, this novel is about an Italian war criminal who returns to his native village.

WAR AND PEACE IN THE SPACE AGE. *By General James Gavin. Harper.* In which the author tells what happened in connection with his resignation from the Army because of the handling of missiles and what he thinks should have been done.

AVALANCHE! *By Joseph Wechsberg. Knopf.* The greatest disaster in modern Alpine history is recreated through the personal stories of those involved in the catastrophe.

LIES LIKE TRUTH. *By Harold Clurman. Macmillan.* A collection of theatre essays by the well-known director and critic.

THE STICK AND THE STARS. *By Commander William King, R.N. Norton.* A submarine commander of the Royal Navy recounts his adventures during World War II.

RECENT GARDENING GUIDES:

YOUR GARDEN IN TOWN. *By Ruth Marie Peters. Holt.* For those who can't get away to the country this summer, here is a simple guide to growing greenery on a rooftop, in a city yard, or on a window sill.

A JOY OF GARDENING. *By V. Sackville-West. Harper.* A charming and literate book filled with ideas about what to do with a plot of earth. Numerous suggestions for plant arranging and garden planning are listed by the seasons.

THE GUIDE TO GARDEN FLOWERS. *By Norman Taylor. Houghton Mifflin.* A compact and comprehensive reference book that seems

THE ONLY WAR WORTH WINNING

DR. GORDON S. SEAGRAVE is one of the most illustrious figures in American medicine. The "Burma Surgeon" is now in his 36th year of service to humanity at his hospital in the hills of Namkham, Burma. His work is now sponsored by MEDICO, the new, exciting program of the International Rescue Committee.

Before World War II, Dr. Seagrave organized a dozen hospitals in Burma in places where a doctor had never before been seen. He estimates that he has performed more than 30,000 operations and has personally trained several generations of hill-tribe girls who have become excellent nurses and surgical aides. His career represents one of the great humanitarian contributions of the American medical profession to the world.

MEDICO's war — THE ONLY WAR WORTH WINNING — is against human suffering in the remote areas of Asia and Africa. MEDICO's soldiers are American doctors, nurses, dentists and medical technicians. MEDICO teams are being sent to areas where medicine is only a word and suffering an endless reality. The weapons of MEDICO are drugs, medical equipment, and the dollars which the American people are generously providing.

MEDICO is a non-sectarian, person-to-person program dedicated to the goal of alleviating human suffering. Medical personnel — and scores have volunteered — provide the hands and skill to cure the sick. The heart of MEDICO must be at home with you.

Death and disease know no national boundaries. You can arm MEDICO's soldiers in this crucial struggle against humanity's greatest enemy — disease. Help us to send into the frontlines doctors, drugs and medical supplies.

Help us to meet humanity's enemy on every front with the best weapons in THE ONLY WAR WORTH WINNING. Please indicate the extent of your assistance by checking your response to the list of MEDICO's needs.

MEDICO NEEDS

1—10.00	in medical solutions can prevent a child from becoming blind from trachoma.
2—25.00	will supply a midwife kit to a village woman upon completion of MEDICO training.
3—50.00	will supply a village aid station with bandages, and equipment for a month.
4—100.00	is the cost of training one indigenous nurse.
5—150.00	will purchase a small kerosene refrigerator for a field hospital's stock of vaccines, or will buy one portable sterilizer.
6—1,000	will maintain a mobile field clinic for one month.
7—3,000	will supply a fully electrically equipped mobile operating unit, including all surgical supplies.
8—25,000	will fully equip, supply and maintain one medical team in the field, on the average, for one year.

MEDICO'S OFFICERS

DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER
Honorary Patron
DR. PETER COMANDURAS
Secretary-General

PROGRAMS in OPERATION

THOMAS A. DOOLEY, M.D.
Laos
GORDON SEAGRAVE, M.D.
Burma

MEDICAL ADVISORY COUNCIL

(Partial List)
GEORGE E. ARMSTRONG, M.D.
GUNNAR GUNDERSEN, M.D.
ALTON OCHSNER, M.D.
I. S. RAVDIN, M.D.
HOWARD A. RUSK, M.D.
PAUL DUDLEY WHITE, M.D.

INTERNATIONAL RESCUE COMMITTEE

(Partial List)
LEO CHERNE
Chairman
ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE
President
ERIC M. WARBURG
Treasurer

MEDICO, a division of the
International Rescue Committee
255 4th Avenue
New York 10, N. Y.

SRL

I enclose $_____ to support the MEDICO program of the International Rescue Committee.

I want my contribution used for Project Number 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____

Please make checks payable to MEDICO
Contributions are deductible from taxable income

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1,000 beautiful prints FREE

Utrillo, Dufy, Rembrandt, Classic Cars, Norman Rockwell, Pictorial Maps, Dogs, Cats, Audubon Birds, Travel Posters—superb full-color reproductions—as large as 24" x 39"—ideal for framing.

Yes—it's true—you can obtain over 1,000 prints now available *absolutely free!* Such art treasures as 23"x25" full-color reproductions of paintings by Utrillo and Dufy—a portfolio of paintings by Rembrandt, Bosch, and other Dutch Masters—dozens of scenic travel prints—a collection of 14" x 14" Norman Rockwell paintings—colorful maps—giant photo-mural—plus a wealth of ready-to-frame reproductions of cats, dogs, birds, locomotives, cars, etc.

The secret is **THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO FREE PRINTS**—first, up-to-date guide to 1,000 fine reproductions yours FREE for the asking. These very same prints would cost many hundreds of dollars if purchased through bookstores or art dealers. Bonanza for decorators, teachers, students, artists, nature lovers, families with children, etc. Act now—send only $2.00 for **THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO FREE PRINTS** (including a valuable complete section on easy, low-cost framing by Interior Designer Elaine Rapp.) Write today to:

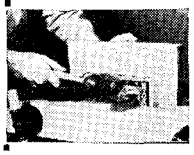
THE CITADEL PRESS, Dept. C-268
222 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

GUARANTEE: Within 30 days, you must receive prints worth at least 15 times the cost of **THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO FREE PRINTS** or your $2.00 refunded without question.

BIND YOUR PRIZED PAPERBACKS!

PICTORIAL MANUAL of BOOKBINDING

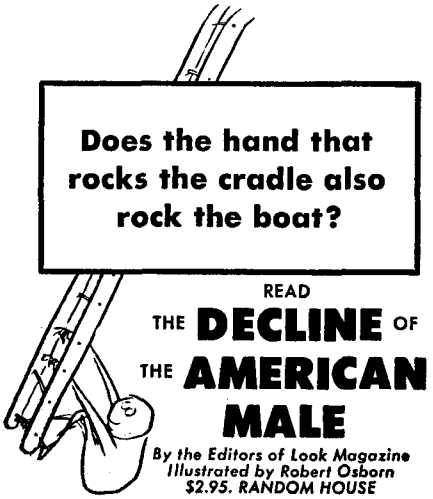
Easy, inexpensive methods for permanently binding your favorite paperbacks, assembling magazines into handy book form. Instructions can be successfully followed by any beginner. The only manual that demonstrates the art of bookbinding through clear, step-by-step pictures and drawings. Describes tools and equipment needed, shows how to buy or make them inexpensively; gives instructions for deluxe leather bindings, gold stampings. All sewing and covering styles plus the author's new lockstitch method are included.



Manly Banister
196 drawings, photos
9 x 12. $3.75
Just Published!

From bookstores or write:

THE RONALD PRESS COMPANY
15 East 26th St., New York 10



to tell all about flowers, including how to identify them, where to grow them, and how.

AMERICAN ROSE ANNUAL. *Edited by Frank H. Abrahamson. Doubleday.* Essays, statistics, facts on fungicides and fertilizers for the gardener who knows something about roses.

OMNIBUSES:

FIRST TRILOGY. *By Joyce Cary. Harper.* One of the titans of contemporary literature represented by his triptych "Herself Surprised," "To Be a Pilgrim," and "The Horse's Mouth," which introduces Sara Monday, Tom Wilcher, and the incomparable Gulley Jimson.

FOUR FIVE AND SIX. *By Josephine Tey. Macmillan.* Three exceptionally literate suspense novels, "The Daughter of Time," "The Singing Sands," and "A Shilling for Candles," certain to delight even those who generally deplore mysteries.

THE WILLIAM SAROYAN READER. *Braziller.* For Saroyan devotees, and they are as faithful as they are legion, this is a comprehensive anthology.

TEN MODERN SHORT NOVELS. *Edited by Leo Hamalian and Edmond L. Volpe. Putnam.* Few surprises in this literary potpourri (Tolstoy, Faulkner, Mann) but the selections are all acclaimed "masterpieces," and they represent sundry writers from foreign lands.

FROM DEATH TO MORNING. *By Thomas Wolfe. Scribners.* From the land of the Gants to Brooklyn come fourteen short stories.

COLLECTED SHORT STORIES. *By Aldous Huxley. Harper.* The glittering satire of these Huxley tales remains untarnished. The familiar ones—"The Gioconda Smile," "Young Archimedes"—are still re-readable and solid stories.

MODERN AMERICAN HUMOR. *Edited by Bennett Cerf. Modern Library.* These humorous essays and sketches include bright pieces by Thurber, Lardner, Benchley, *et al.*, in an encyclopedic collection of fun and wit.

HOW-TO GUIDES:

THOUGHTS ON AMERICAN FOX HUNTING. *By Denison Hull. Longmans.* All about the hares and hounds, and how to hunt them presented in a handsomely illustrated volume.

THE NEW WAY OF THE WILDERNESS. *By Calvin Rutstrum. Macmillan.* This helpful handbook gives extensive advice to the camper, from selecting equipment for the trip to paddling your own canoe.

THE SWIMMING POOL BOOK. *By Robert Scarff. Barrows.* For those who already have swimming pools and those who would like to, this tells how to install a pool, how to landscape it, and how to enjoy its ultimate delights.

IMPROVE YOUR GOLF. *Edited by Dave Camerer. Random House.* Advice from the old pros (Middlecoff, Snead, Demaret) on a dozen facets of the golf game. Well illustrated.

AN OUTBOARD CRUISING GUIDE. *By Fessenden S. Blanchard. Dodd, Mead.* Where to go in a runabout or a cabin cruiser and how to get there, catalogued in a guide for the boatman.

THE ART OF BARBECUE AND OUTDOOR COOKING. *By Tested Recipe Institute. Bantam Books.* The open-air cuisine, from plain lump-charcoal cookery to the more sophisticated hibachi *al fresco* dining.

Ballade for the Birds

By David McCord

I FOUND on a brittle card my name, my trade:
"The Breeder of Barred Rocks." That *The,* I guess,
When I was seven—seven or eight—dismayed
My rivals. I raised pullets with success
On grit, grain, oystershells, and mash. I bless
That memory, sorting piecemeal through the surds
And silences where childhood held recess.
You'll say this stuff is strictly for the birds.

How many or how few the eggs they laid,
I don't recall. I feel their stickiness
In my pants' pocket, hear the serenade
Of day-old chicks, and see them all compress
Their newborn selves of fluff and fearsomeness
Against the incubator glass. No words
Recapture my delight in *them.* Redress?
You'll say this stuff is strictly for the birds.

Ambition grows. I wanted the parade
Of Muscovy and puddle duck; ingress
Of five tall geese to hiss in cavalcade—
But our old farm was pond and puddleless.
And over all the years, I must confess
That ducks and geese, like those lost roaming herds
Of buffalo, awaken vague distress.
You'll say this stuff is strictly for the birds.

Envoy

Prince, an old man may feed the pigeons. Yes,
And dream his flock of swans can sing in thirds.
No cocks crow in the park. Crumbs make a mess.
You'll say this stuff is strictly for the birds.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literary Horizons

Continued from page 15

most of the novel. "A Death in the Family," on the other hand, is suffused with tenderness, with all the warmth of love and the agony of grief.

In the second place, Agee possesses resources of language that Cozzens cannot touch. During most of his life Cozzens has been satisfied with a sound, workmanlike prose of no great distinction. In "By Love Possessed" he has tried to fashion a more individual style, and, although I find some of his mannerisms irritating, I do not hold so low an opinion of his efforts as do Dwight MacDonald and some others. But the originality and the devastating precision that Agee had developed as far back as 1941, when he wrote "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men," are beyond Cozzens's range. "A Death in the Family" begins: "We are talking now of summer evenings in Knoxville, Tennessee, in the time that I lived there so successfully disguised to myself as a child." Even Cozzens's most ardent admirer will not pretend that he has that kind of imagination.

But it is possible to like both books and to feel that a literature that in single year can produce them together with "The Wapshot Chronicle" and the others I have mentioned is by no means moribund.

Mr. Cozzens headed the best-seller list for an agreeably long period, and it would be pleasant if the awards increased the sales of Cheever and Agee. There is some question, however, whether prizes do help sales or even reach the minds of large numbers of people. A few days after the announcement of the Pulitzer Prizes, I asked a class of would-be writers who had won the prize in fiction, and there were several who didn't know. Only half the class members could recall the name of the winner of the NBA in fiction, and not a person knew what novel won the NBA last year. (In case your curiosity is aroused, it was Wright Morris's "The Field of Vision.")

In France, one hears, a prize-winner automatically becomes a best-seller. Not so in America. Perhaps that is a sign of a healthy individualism, but I suspect that it is chiefly a symptom of indifference to literary affairs. I should hate to see an Oscar-like ballyhoo, but I do think that literary journalists might make more of the controversies that inevitably grow out of awards of any kind, and that is one reason why I have written this piece.

THE SMALLER DRAGON

A Political History of Vietnam

By *Joseph Buttinger*

This is the only book in English on Vietnam, and the first in *any* language to make use of hitherto secret French documents revealing the full, unvarnished story of Vietnam's penetration and conquest by France. It is a profoundly researched and lucidly written book, and it covers the entire 2000 year-long history of the beleaguered little country, called "the key to Southeast Asia." The author, a noted political analyst and writer, is Vice Chairman of The American Friends of Vietnam. 535 pp. $6.00

FREDERICK A. PRAEGER, *Publishers*
15 West 47th Street • New York 36, N.Y.

THE QUESTION

BY HENRI ALLEG

INTRODUCTION BY

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

This book from Algeria has been banned in France. Despite the ban—the first such action since the 18th century—over 160,000 copies have been sold in France alone, and it is being translated throughout the world. **The Question** is a terrifying book—a cry from the torture chambers of Algiers. Its importance extends far beyond Algeria and France. Senseless atrocity and violence are part of today's system of living. Here is one man's response. An extraordinarily moving human document—a triumph of the human spirit. $2.95

GEORGE BRAZILLER, Publisher, New York

THE NEW BEST SELLER BY

A. J. CRONIN

THE NORTHERN LIGHT

THIS MEMORABLE NOVEL of a dedicated newspaper editor's struggle for survival "should entertain a vast number of readers." By the author of THE CITADEL and THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM.

At all bookstores • $4.00

LITTLE, BROWN

Are you concerned with seeking answers to the problems of a world in crisis? Try a new approach at the fifth summer Conference on

Religion in an Age of Science

August 18-25, 1958, at Star Island, 10 miles out in the Alantic from Portsmouth, N.H.

At the conference, limited to 200, you will find professional and other workers in the fields of science and religion, some of them near the top of their fields, who will spend the week seeking more effective grounds for personal values and moral behavior in a world culture that embraces many religious traditions and that accepts the scientific picture of the world and man.

For leaflet, write: Institute on Religion in an Age of Science, 280 Newton St., Brookline 46, Mass.

Alberto Moravia's great new novel

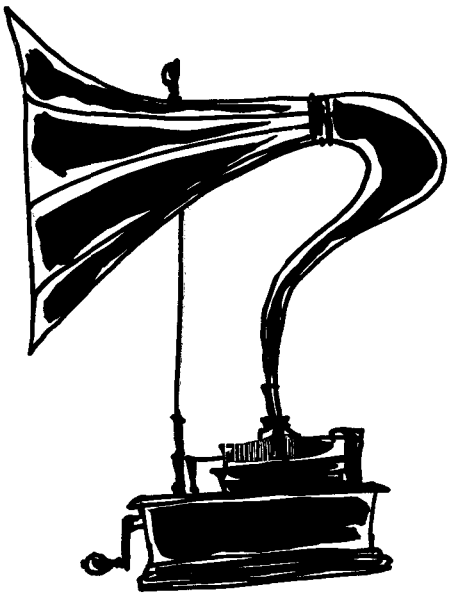
TWO WOMEN

$4.95. FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

"MUSIC AND NEWS"



By ARTHUR S. HARRIS, JR.

LAST winter a 50,000-watt radio station affiliated with the American Broadcasting Network decided to play records on Saturday afternoons rather than carry network. Such a decision might have gone unnoticed if it hadn't been for one thing: the program the affiliate declined was the Metropolitan Opera, sponsored by The Texas Company.

Listeners in the area who wanted to hear the Metropolitan could try to pull it in from elsewhere, or they could accept the station's offer to hear the broadcasts in its main studio in a downtown hotel, where portable chairs were to be set up every Saturday. But it was soon obvious from letters to the station and strong newspaper editorials that most people wanted to hear the broadcasts on their local radio station in their own homes, as they had for years. Since the ABN affiliate stood its ground and programmed a disc-jockey at the "twin-turntables," the NBC station in the area was able to clear the program from its rival network and carry it a day later, a service that brought the NBC station over 10,000 letters of praise.

The station which declined to carry the opera is now, of its own choice, an independent radio station grinding out music and news twenty-four hours a day. It is heavily loaded with promotions, gimmicks, and contests and is now offering $50 for a parakeet which can recite its call letters! It is only fair to report that the station's audience has nearly tripled since it cast its network aside, and presumably so has its income.

The head of the sales firm which represents this station outside its local area has put it bluntly. Network programming, says Mr. Adam Young, is more a liability than an asset to a station's standing. And one of the largest radio sales firms, John Blair and Company, recently reported that it handles more national advertising radio dollars than NBC, and more than ABN and Mutual together. *Advertising Age* estimates the firm grosses more than $23,000,000 annually. This is "spot radio," the use of local radio by national advertisers who can tailor their advertising to each market, putting on a spurt for sun tan lotion two or three months earlier in the South than in the North, or skipping markets altogether where distribution may be poor.

The tremendous upsurge of spot radio, using local station salesmen rather than a network's personalities, has been a severe blow to network radio, which has lost an estimated $50 million gross revenue of billings in the last ten years. Ironically it has not been the growth of TV that has hurt the networks most recently; it has been the growth of independent radio. In the last half dozen years the four radio networks have lost affiliates each year, while the number of independent stations has doubled.

The next year appears to be a critical one for radio networks as they try to adjust to smaller advertising revenues and to a more select audience. Said Matthew J. Culligan, vice president in charge of N.B.C. Radio, "The radio networks finally learned that having lost the battle of the living room—the battle of mass entertainment—they had to program for people who are on the move, working or relaxing, on a terrace or at a beach. 'Monitor' was the granddaddy—the beginning of the brand new radio programming form: a show that would run for nine hours a day and could be listened to at almost anytime you tuned in." In his April letter to radio-TV editors, NBC president Sarnoff insisted that "crisis" talk about network radio is outdated. Despite the fact that all major radio networks are on record as having lost money last year, said Sarnoff, "the important consideration, at least as it relates to NBC, is that our loss was substantially less than that of the previous year."

Figures on what each of the four networks gross are not published but reliable estimates indicate that only NBC and CBS have substantial billings, *i.e.*, above ten million dollars. Both Mutual and American have undergone severe face-liftings during the last year and at various times there have been trade rumors that one or the other would fold. By streamlining itself to a "service network" dispensing primarily news, Mutual claims it is in the black. In the fall of 1957, ABC made a valiant effort to revitalize network radio. President Robert Eastman gave the radio network a new designation (ABN), and went in heavily for live programming, with singers, orchestras, and personalities in hour studio programs. "We can't afford not to justify the cost of live programming," said Eastman at the time. "Network radio has to have a vitality in it. The thing that's different from a phonograph record is that this [live programming] will have spontaneity. It will have sparkle, presence, happening at this particular moment

MR. Eastman put his plan into operation and for a few months ABN boasted half a dozen live programs with full studio orchestras. Unfortunately the programs did not attract advertisers in enough volume to justify their tremendous expense, nor could the network gain station clearances. Gradually the programs switched to recorded music; then they began to disappear altogether, and in April Mr. Eastman resigned from the network after less than a year. This spring, at a time when the trade papers were carrying apprehensive stories about the future of the American Broadcasting Network, the Texas Company switched its Saturday afternoon Metropolitan Opera broadcasts to CBS for the forthcoming season. While definite statements on this switch are hard to come by, it is apparent that CBS seemed to the company and its agency a more secure "buy" and—from the point of view of markets and probable station clearances—a wiser investment.

The struggle of the radio networks to exist is being watched sympathetically by many, partly because in a day of steadily declining radio fare, the networks, with their re-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sources, responsibility, and imagination, offer some hope that all of radio will not slide into what Mr. Culligan of NBC calls "jukebox radio" stations "playing over and over again rock and roll music, with token news." No one, in this television age, expects network radio to program as it did a dozen years ago, with a succession of "block programs." We no longer expect to tune in for "Vic and Sade" or "The First Nighter." Except for a much-reduced roster of "soap operas," the situation and dramatic programs have largely moved to television. But surely network radio has value, especially as an instant news and information medium, and few would want to see the networks disappear altogether.

Despite the efforts of radio networks to program creatively, an increasing number of affiliated stations now carry only a minimum of network, preferring to play records and air brief news summaries. Add these half-hearted affiliates to American's nearly 2,000 independent stations, and you have a nation whose three thousand AM radio stations are beginning to sound monotonously the same, a kind of invisible network. At a meeting of radio broadcasters in Boston last year, members of a newspaper radio-TV editors' panel called radio "an all-American juke box." Said Fred Remington, radio editor of the *Pittsburgh Press*, "The public has become awful sick of popular music and disc-jockeys."

Such criticism may incense the followers of those hypnotic words, "Music and News," as this formula for success has been taken quite seriously. In radio circles the talk invariably turns to the Music-News pattern and its variations. "Three Little Words Guide Your Radio Buy in Milwaukee," begins an advertisement in *Broadcasting*, a weekly trade magazine. The three words? *Music, News, Sports.*

To an outsider, the Music-News pattern seems simple enough—records and disc jockey chatter, a brief summary of news, then back to the records again. Many stations, like New York's WNEW, one of the country's pioneer music-news stations, operate with this pattern day and night, seven days a week. Within the industry there are subtle distinctions between one music-news station and another. Program directors (who ten years ago actually conceived programs) now worry whether they are programming too much Wayne King or too much Rock 'N' Roll. Perhaps the safest formula is repeatedly to play the forty most popular records of the week.

It was this "Top 40" format which Mitch Miller of Columbia Records attacked at the first annual convention of disc jockeys at Kansas City in March. Addressing the assembled "jocks," Miller gained their support by airing their pet grievance: today's disc jockey is no longer a performer playing what he likes but a puppet who is straitjacketed into a "Top 40" formula dictated by an audience-rating-conscious management. Appealing to the jockeys to take radio away from the record lists and give it back to all the people with music for every age group and every taste, Miller had some strong words:

> You carefully built yourselves into the monarchs of radio and then you went and abdicated—abdicated your programming to the corner record shop; to the eight to fourteen-year-olds; to the pre-shave crowd that makes up 12 per cent of the country's population and 0 per cent of its buying power, once you eliminate pony-tail ribbons, popsicles, and peanut brittle.

Noting the unprecedented market for LP records and "hi-fi players," Miller warned broadcasters that people are tired of hearing singles on AM radio and are increasingly turning to LPs on home record players. "It must be more than a coincidence that single record buying went into a decline at the very time the number of stations that program the 'Top 40' climbed to a new high."

A month after the Miller speech, the president of Hollywood radio station KLAC was reported by the United Press as cleaning house of his jabbering jockeys in favor of more music and less personality-boy chatter. "In the major marketing areas," said M. W. Hall, "disc jockey programming will slowly but inevitably come to an end."

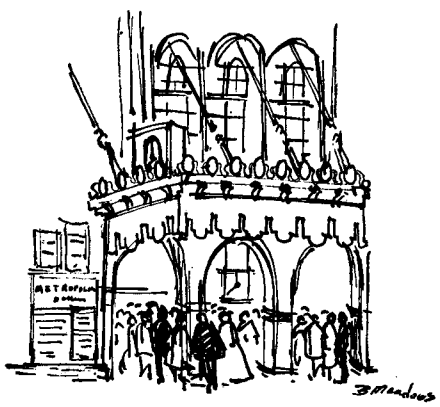
ALTHOUGH stations proclaim their dedication to "music and news," it requires little listening to know that their emphasis is on music, with news given only lip service. Most music-news stations rarely depart from their inflexible hourly formula (fifty-five minutes of music, five of news) even when there is need for extended news coverage. By and large, those detailed, dramatic on-the-spot broadcasts of news events actually happening are a thing of the past for many independents. Stations which used to air stormy city council sessions now stick to a thirty-second news summary the next morning. News-in-depth has all but disappeared, having been replaced by a more flexible step-child, "spot news," consisting of a dash of this and a pinch of that, all nicely condensed and watered-down, and supplying about as much information as a newspaper headline.

In the music-news world, the disc-jockey is king, the newsman knave. Stations advertise, "$15,000 for bright, breezy, rhyming jock ('All the rage, Patti Paige') with fast line of chatter." As for newsmen, a trade paper ad is likely to read: "Newsmen wanted, able to gather, write, edit, and air news. Must own car. Forty-six hour week. $70 to start." In far too many stations there are no newsmen whatever. The "bright, breezy, RHYMING jockey" rips a summary off a news printer and intones the news himself.

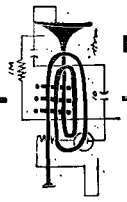
In fairness, it should be said that a minority of Music and News stations regard news as important. Radio circles were stunned a year ago when the important Westinghouse stations, including a number of radio pioneers, announced they were abandoning network affiliation to go Music and News. It is to the credit of the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company that its stations have neither neglected good news coverage nor public service. "We took our news staffs and doubled them or better," reported WBC President Donald H. McGannon recently. "We added stringers throughout our coverage areas . . . as many as fifty stringers at some stations. If we can bring the hottest stories in town as they occur, when they occur, from where they occur, without having to wait for the nighttime edition or tomorrow morning's edition, and so on, we think we'll always have a news beat on the newspapers that just can't be reckoned with."

The Westinghouse stations have their own Washington news bureau; as independents their newsrooms are staffed with competent newsmen who write newscasts and have the authority to sweep aside regular programs for news coverage in *depth.* Such fine news coverage is some-

(*Continued on page* 53)



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PERSPECTIVES IN JAZZ

Jazz Versus Folk Music

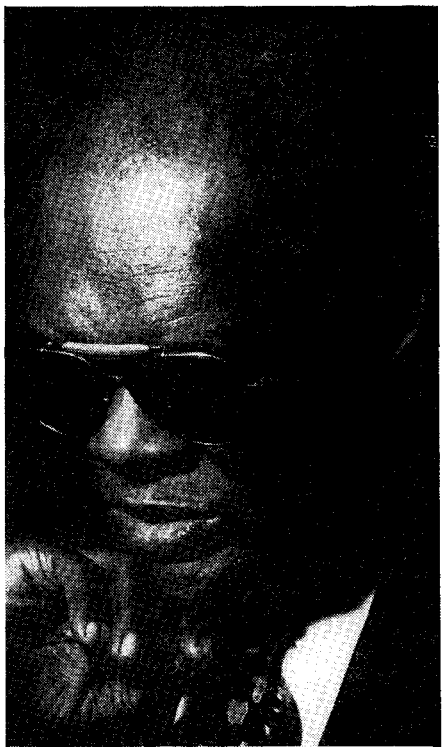
EVERYONE agrees that folk music is the beginning of all music, but a good definition—like a good man—is hard to find. Even the folklorists get into a bind when they try to be scientific about it. One unreasonably authentic folk-singer of my acquaintance insists that a true folksong must be sung, among other things, with the arms at the sides and the eyes closed. That's the way he learned them.

Of course, there are more helpful definitions. "Folk music," says Marion Bauer, "is the unconscious expression in melody of the . . . feelings, character, and interests of a people." On this the experts agree. But it doesn't quite fit jazz because the "expression" is often very conscious and the people "expressed" by the music have changed from the Negro in the South, through citizens of the U.S.A. as a whole, to people all over the world. In the process, some of jazz has become popular and dilute, but some of it, too—and this is the crux of the matter—has remained individual and distinct.

But to saw away at a limb of my own climbing: folk-music and early jazz have some things in common. They originated with the voice, they were conceived as melody, they have surprising survival power, and they were not written down. Folk music, we are told, is handed down orally from generation to generation—but not jazz. Well, jazz tunes were written down at an early date, but the solo improvisations were not—and improvisation can transform the music. Thus, elements can and do survive, embedded in improvisation, which amounts to an oral (or at least aural) tradition. For jazzmen go to school primarily by listening to the improvisations of other jazzmen.

On the other hand, important differences between folk music and jazz exist. For example, Fox-Strangways states that the words of a folksong affect the rhythm. The opposite is true of jazz, where the rhythm dominates the words, a distinction which leads us back to the difference between Anglo-American folk and African tribal music. Jazz is a blend of blends, but its distinctive and enduring qualities do not come from the Anglo-American tradition which we know best, but rather from what the folk have absorbed of West African music.

There are other differences. Folk



—*Lawrence.*

Reverend Gary Davis of Harlem, New York—"rasping whoops . . . ; master of a truly archaic idiom."

music tends to be informal, non-professional, dependent upon the authenticity of the performer, and rooted in some particular time and place. By contrast, jazz may be informal or formal—or both—depending on its composition and arrangement. The earliest jazzmen, even the itinerant guitar pickers, were professionals, making a living as best they could by their music. Again, the authenticity of the performer is secondary (many people play it well enough), and the jazz idiom is widely diffused.

The way in which jazz spread complicates the picture, too. It did not filter down from the elite to the masses, nor from the majority to the minority, as most cultural influences do. On the contrary, jazz is an underground river, its source among a minority, which surfaced and overflowed until it flooded the majority and even dampened the elite. And this musical inundation is characterized and preserved by improvisation, the call-and-response pattern, blue tonality, complex rhythms, and other elements which did not come from European sources.

When combined, these Afro-American elements make a strong brew which is a little too upsetting to the average citizen to be worth undiluted mass production. Perhaps that is why, at a time when popular music is vulgarizing our art music and obliterating our folk music, good jazz remains immune.

Many of these elements, however, can still be heard on a folk level: in Alabama, "Cat-Iron" (Folkways 2389) sings and plays guitar in a style which may be described as early Afro-American; in Mississippi, K. C. Douglas with his "Dead Beat Guitar" (Cook 5002) sings in a later and more popular folk style. On "American Street Songs" (Riverside 12-611), the hoarse voice and rough-hewn ballads of Pink Anderson are paired with the rasping whoops of preacher Gary Davis; both are masters of a truly archaic idiom.

But the basic elements can best be heard intact on prison recordings, where enforced isolation has preserved them. Pete Seeger's anthology of "Negro Work Songs" (Folkways 475), recorded in Texas, preserves the real thing, indoors but unrehearsed; Alan Lomax's collection of "Negro Prison Songs" (Tradition 1020), recorded at Parchman, presents a wider and better-recorded variety of field hollers, work songs, and folk tunes. This is as close as American folk music comes to the music of Africa.

BUT what about jazz today? In "Jazz Impressions of the USA" (Columbia 984), the Brubeck Quartet dabbles in the folk idiom; in the Giuffre Trio's "Crawdad Suite" and "The Train and the River" (Atlantic 1254), the folk feeling becomes strong; and in Mose Allison's "Back Country Suite" and "Local Color" (Prestige 7091, 7121), folk and jazz expression are combined with great success.

The most adventurous explorations, however, are being made by such arrangers as Gil Evans on "Miles Ahead" (Columbia 1041), John Benson Brooks on "Folk Jazz USA" (Vik 10830), and George Russell on "Jazz Workshop" (Victor 1372). Folk elements, it seems, are being taken over directly into modern jazz, and the parallel to Bartok is not too far-fetched. Brooks, for one, takes motifs from Anglo-American ballads which he develops entirely in the vocabulary of modern jazz, leaving plenty of room for top-notch improvisation.

Jazz is not folk music, but it still preserves and can be identified by powerful and persistent folk characteristics, which, if and when they are combined with the structural complexity of classical music, may point the way to a new and dynamic art music, fusing the best of both.

—MARSHALL W. STEARNS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRO AND CONDON

Humph and His Cats

LONDON.

DEAR EDDIE:

Last year, as you'll recall, we didn't get to hear much jazz here—except for that night in Bristol, when Wild Bill Davison went to sit in with the Cassey Bottom Stompers and the floor nearly fell in and we later had to go to the station house and bail out some overenthusiastic fan. Of course, we knew Humphrey Lyttleton's band, from our tour together, when you said it was as good as any you'd heard in the States for some time. Humph then had Bruce Turner playing alto and clarinet, and all of us were astonished at his imagination and technique. Bruce is gone from Humph's band. He is jobbing around on his own now, here and there. But Humph remarked to me, "We believe we've found a worthy successor in Tony Cole—he left his instrument at home when he came to audition with us, and so we felt at once that he had possibilities."

Cole *is* a worthy successor. I heard Humph's band at his own club, and was delighted to find that it had undergone an astonishing metamorphosis. In addition to Cole, who plays excellent alto and clarinet, Humph has added a tenor man and a baritone saxophonist. The band is now oriented toward the kind of music that was being played in Kansas City in the early Thirties by such organizations as the late Walter Page's Blue Devils —and toward the smaller Ellington groups of the mid-Thirties. This is especially interesting when you consider that Humph himself was in the vanguard of the English Revivalists, and that until two years ago he employed a banjo and played practically nothing that was not out of the King Oliver period (as Ernie Anderson once said of another band, they started out with "Wild Man Blues"—and went back). Last time I was here, Humph was leading a kind of Condon-oriented band . . . but the presence of the very modern Turner presaged the organization he leads today. This band started off, the night I heard it, with "Monday Date," which featured a magnificent solo by Joe Temperley on baritone. Then Humph stood up, drew back those snarling lips of his, and blew a chorus that proved that he had been far from idle in the year in which I'd been gone. I honestly believe he is one of the finest cornet and/or trumpet players I have ever heard in my life (currently he is playing trumpet). Moreover, I feel that some day he will be regarded as one of the most important creators in jazz. The whole range of jazz history can be heard in his records; it is as though he, as an Etonian, is so aware of tradition that it has been necessary for him to start off like Armstrong, to progress to Chicago-Condon-Rhythm Kings music and now to take a couple of side excursions to Kansas City and Harlem. Max Jones, the *Melody Maker* critic, said to me in utter seriousness the other day that it would seem natural that Humph should be playing like Chet Baker next year. To me, this would be disastrous, but I shouldn't be surprised to hear Humph playing like Miles Davis. After that, who knows? He will have run through the entire tradition and unquestionably will strike out on his own.

The Lyttleton club is as steamy as ever. Yet the music is so good that nobody cares. Humph plays there two nights a week, except when he is out on tour. His substitute band is equally remarkable, although not so experimental. It is led by a compact little Scot named Alex Welsh and features Beryl Bryden, the singer and washboard slasher.

In some respects this band of Welsh's is better than Humph's. For one thing, it knows what it is about—and I have the feeling that Humph's group is still working toward something not yet defined. Welsh's goal is clearly in sight. He is attempting to play like the Chicago bands of your youth—and he is succeeding in a way that I had not believed possible. He plays cornet, and he tears into every number as though he is determined to show that he is the English cousin of Wild Bill. His companions—Archie Semple on clarinet, Roy Crimmins on trombone, Fred Hunt on piano, Johnny Richardson on drums, Bill Reid on bass—are similarly possessed.

Young Welsh himself is an interesting fellow. He is twenty-eight, and did not touch a cornet until he was twenty-one, which, considering his playing, is amazing. He was sent by his Scottish family into insurance, and was, in his own words, bored to death. He therefore bought a hockshop cornet and joined the Leith Silver Band, the leader of which gave him a few lessons. The rest he picked up himself. "The idea was to learn to blow properly," he told me. It was an idea well assimilated, and then violated—for today he blows most improperly, but with fantastic drive and enthusiasm and good taste.

Which brings me to the real point of this letter. You know of John Osborne, whose play recently won the Drama Critics' award in New York. He and his fellow writers are termed Britain's Angry Young Men, and they have given the world a picture of British youth as a lot of self-pitying, hapless, ranting adolescents. It is not an accurate picture. The cities are grey, the class barriers still strong, the fate of the middle classes predetermined—but there is still hope, and the young jazz players like Humph, Welsh, and the rest are affirming it. And their audiences are responding. They are looking for something fundamental and earthy and laden with meaning, and they are finding it in jazz and in American folk music, which is even more popular today than last year. But even more important, they are establishing a jazz tradition of their own. —RICHARD GEHMAN.

—Ormond Gigli.

Humph Lyttleton (trumpet)—"one of the most important creators in jazz."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports—Jazz LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
"The Art of Tatum," Art Tatum, Tiny Grimes, Slam Stewart. "Elegie," "Humoresque," "Get Happy" Decca DL 8715, $3.98.	These are some of the sides that helped win Tatum's reputation for him. They're certainly worth hearing or re-hearing. I've always wanted to have this collection, and thanks to Decca for making it possible.
"Barbara." Barbara Carroll Trio. "Easy Living," "Trolley Song," "Might As Well Be Spring." Verve MGV 2095. $4.98.	Sometimes it seems as if Miss Carroll's cocktail lounge experience bogs her down. Would love to hear her play with the sincerity she had not too long ago on Fifty-Second Street.
"Don Shirley Solos." "Laura," "I'll Be Around," "Ill Wind." Cadence CLP 3007, $3.98.	Music to do ballet exercises by.
"The Hard Swing." Jazz Messengers, Chet Baker Quintet, Elmo Hope Quintet, Jack Sheldon Quintet, Pepper Adams Quintet. "Little T," "Vaun Ex," "Jumpin' Off a Cliff." World Pacific JWC 508. $4.98.	Although there is some fine ensemble work, by the different groups, and some nice spots in some of the solos, there's nothing here that makes you sit up and say, "Yeah!"
"Holiday for Jazz." Joe Holiday and his orch. "Mimi the Champ," "Timmy's Tune," "Hello To You." Decca DL8487, $3.98.	Joe is backed by experts, (Joe Newman, Osie Johnson) playing expert arrangements and he is able to show off his fine sax playing. The trouble is, all the numbers are Holiday originals, and they are hardly worth all the fuss.
"Look, Dad! They're Comin' Down Our Street." Jack Lidstrom Stompers. "Struttin' with Some Barbecue," "Lazy River," "Ole Miss." World Pacific PJ 1235, $4.98.	According to the liners, Lindstrom digs both Armstrong and Gillespie, but there is only evidence of "Pops." When Mr. Lindstrom broadens out, and no longer copies Louie's choruses and arrangements, he will undoubtedly bend a happy little groove that will shed some light on his own personality. The ensembles are confused and could have had a better beat if the pianist had some of Basie's expert percussiveness.
Louis Bellson at the Flamingo. Driftwood Seven-Eleven Broadway. Verve MGV 8256, $4.98.	This quartet makes a lot of music. Bellson's solos are executed with exquisite taste and time and his accompaniment is the same. Truck Parham, bass, plays all the right notes, with a good beat. Edison's championship is legend, but on "Georgia Brown" he sits on his laurels for a couple of choruses. Is this a debut as a soloist for pianist Abney? He's marching with fine company.
"Makin' Whoopee." The Art Tatum, Benny Carter, Louis Bellson Trio. "Blues In C," "Foggy Day." Verve MGV 8227, $4.98.	Tatum plays a few good measures here and there. It would be unfair to comment on Mr. Carter, since Art gave him no room at all to blow. As a trio, nothing happens.
"Man Alive!" Frankie Vaughan with Wally Stott and his orch. "Shoe Shine Boy," "East of the Sun," "I'm Coming," "Virginia." Epic LN 3453, $3.98.	Liner blurb says Mr. Vaughan is a fine showman. That may be, but his experience as a performer hasn't helped his taste and musical conception. Although he has fine backing and has chosen fine songs, he doesn't do right by them.
"The Mello-Sound" Don Elliott and his choir. "A Million Dreams Ago." "Paper Moon," "Tired of Me." Decca DL 9208, $3.98.	Don and Billy Byers have written some pleasant arrangements. The vocals, by Elliott, have a nice sound. (He sure has a high soprany voice, there.) Don's instrumentals are always competent, but it wouldn't hurt him to play with more abandon or something. A very mellow sound.
"The Soft Touch," Ellis Larkins. "Ghost of a Chance," "A Love Like This," "Love Me." Decca DL 9205. $3.98.	A breath of cool fresh air.
Sonny Rollins plays "Sunny Moon for Two," "Like Some One in Love," "If You Were Mine," "Through With Love." Period SPL 1204. $4.98.	This album has Sonny's group one one side and Thad Jones and his group on the other. The Rollins side is very disappointing. Of the three Jones boys on the other side (Thad, Jimmy, Jo) Thad is the only one who has any conviction about the groove they're in. Frank Wess on "If You Were Mine," and Jimmy Jones on "Flamingo" take the best solos on the album.
"The Street Swingers." Brookmeyer, Hall, Raney. World Pacific PJ 1239, $4.98.	There's plenty of individuality here. Ensembles good. Solos likewise, I'm sure. Nice rhythm from Osie and Bill Crow. Biggest kicks—Brookmeyer's piano playing.
Swedish Modern Jazz. Arne Domnerus and his group. "Relax Topsy Theme," "Blue Moon," "I Got Rhythm," "Gone with the Wind," "Frenesi." RCA Camden CAL 417, $1.98.	The rhythm section, individually and collectively, is great. Mr. Domnerus, who is technically proficient and has some feeling has picked up some bad habits; rapid fire phrases, dead tones; that he could do without.
"That Warm Feeling," Russell Garcia and his orch. with Roy Eldridge. "It Never Entered My Mind," "Can't Get Started," "Cheek To Cheek," "Foggy Day." Verve MGV 2088, $4.98.	Most of the numbers on this album have been recorded by all kinds of people who have usually left them for dead. So you sort of get a sinking feeling when you look at the titles. Then you hear what one of the greatest jazzmen in the world does about bringing them back to life again. Roy sure treats them beautifully. This album should knock anyone out. One of the best string and horn albums extant.
"Swingin' With Bud." Bud Powell, George Duvivier, Art Taylor. "Another Dozen," "Salt Peanuts," "She," "Oblivion." RCA Victor LPM 1507, $3.98.	There are spots on this album where Bud is not his own pure self. It sometimes seems as if every piano player in the world is capitalizing on Bud's style. Nevertheless, Bud's the big bo. Bassist Duvivier swings his ears off.
"Very Warm for Jazz." Ralph Burns and the Quiet Herd. "La Gitana," "Summer Love," "My Heart Stood Still," "Swing Into Spring." Decca DL 9207, $3.98.	Nothing but the best from Mr. Burns. A master. Lovely solos by Cohn and Zoot. Urbie sounds just fine on "Witchcraft." Ralph plays the end behind everyone. So why doesn't he take any solos? What wrong can he do? —Ruby Braff.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Music and News"

Continued from page 49

times the rule also at newspaper-owned stations, but good news stations are not common, certainly not as common as the increasing number of "good music stations" or that fortunate creation of the FCC, the FM band. When one of these stations cuts away from the turntables to pick up a direct broadcast from a newsman flying over a forest fire, radio again proves itself superior to any other medium as a means of instant communication.

IT IS hardly necessary to labor the point that public service programming, once the pride of many a station, has just about disappeared from the public air waves. Stations which formerly had full time Public Service Directors planning programs for local civic organizations now pay only lip-service to this responsibility. Today's technique is simple: insert throughout the broadcast schedule public service announcements as mailed to the station. In between the rock and roll, the calypso, and the all-time standard pops, the listener is treated not only to a plethora of commercials, but an occasional announcement that "The First Methodist Church Women's Auxiliary will hold its annual card party and flower show on May 19 at the home of Mrs. Julia T. Fleming. All members of the auxiliary are invited." So much for public service—on to Fats Domino. Before it changed its policy, one 24-hour Music and News station actually broadcast most of its public service announcements in the early morning hours when its commercial schedule was light, yet the station bought newspaper space each week to boast of how many public service messages it had broadcast!

Fortunately there are a number of radio stations which still take public service programming seriously. Most of these, like Detroit's WJR, Hartford's WTIC, and Schenectady's WGY (to name only three of many), are stations which still regard public service as *important* and network radio as essential. In the words of Mr. Merl L. Galusha, until recently manager of pioneer GE radio station WGY and now manager of its TV outlet, "The public expects a service broader than that offered in a program diet of music and news only. Radio has a much greater obligation than to provide only a music and news service." Such stations as WGY, WJR, and WTIC still broadcast a variety of programs: farm news in the early morning, gardening and homemaking news, special events, good music, Sunday morning church services. It is on these stations that one hears every December the local college choral society broadcasting directly from the college chapel with its annual Christmas program, while the local Music-News stations are playing the latest record craze, "The Hat I Got for Christmas Is Too Big."

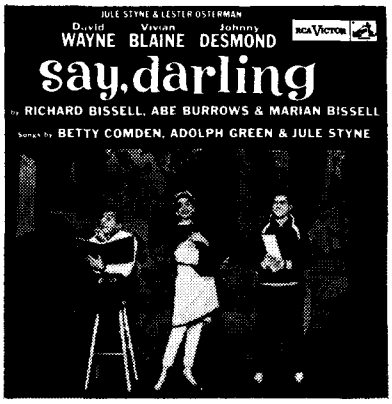
It is significant that in late March the Federal Communications Commission sent letters to nine Atlanta radio stations whose licenses were up for renewal. At issue were program logs which showed that these stations had little or no educational, agricultural, or religious programming. Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that Atlanta's venerable radio station WSB was *not* one of the nine.

Defenders of the Music-News formula assert that in a television age, their stations serve the greatest number of listeners at any given time. Mr. Philip Merryman, manager of WICC in Bridgeport, Connecticut, calls the popular radio format, "New Radio." Gone is the day, he says, when a "station hooked itself to a network and fed the good life to any owner who knew how to stay on the air with a staff of five." Today radio is a "Useful Companion," a servant updating people on news, getting them out of the house on time in the morning, "telling them how to dress, whether school is open, how the roads and traffic look, what's ahead for the day and evening—and what the shopping specials are today."

No one can deny that radio is having good years, although most of the revenue is going into independent stations. (An estimated $343 million gross in 1957 went to the independents.) After the shaky days when TV first emerged as advertising competition, radio has brashly fought TV. Now there are just twice as many AM and FM stations as there were ten years ago—and millions more radios, including a tremendous number of portables.

THE Music-News operators, being businessmen, like to point out that their formula has helped rescue radio from its early TV jitters. And surely nobody expects radio to revert to its formula of the Thirties, with street interviews and local amateur hours, for radio has changed with the times. Yet at the same time there is this disquieting prospect: as more stations sever their network affiliations to embrace Music and News, a substantial radio audience is left without much choice. The country over, the quality of local AM radio today is declining.

"a smart, sassy romp!"
Walter Kerr, N. Y. Herald Tribune


JULE STYNE & LESTER OSTERMAN
David Wayne Vivian Blaine Johnny Desmond
RCA VICTOR
say, darling
by RICHARD BISSELL, ABE BURROWS & MARIAN BISSELL
Songs by BETTY COMDEN, ADOLPH GREEN & JULE STYNE

Broadway's newest smash. The greatest sound ever recorded in an original cast album. Brilliant orchestration. Top cast.

RCA VICTOR

The Invisible Psychiatrist!

. . . comes to your home on this astonishing new 12" LP record. He teaches you how to relax naturally, safely, release deep inner tensions, stresses without costly tranquilizers. No effort. Perfected and used by M.D. Psychiatrist. Just $6.95 *complete* with text. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sleep-Learning Research Ass'n. Box 24 J, Olympia, Washington.

FREE! Inside Story on Publishing Your Book

If you are the talented author of an unpublished manuscript, let us help gain the recognition you deserve. We will publish your BOOK—we will edit, design, print, promote, advertise and *sell* it! Good royalties.

Write for FREE copy of How To Publish Your Book

COMET PRESS BOOKS, Dept. SR-6
200 Varick St., N. Y. 14

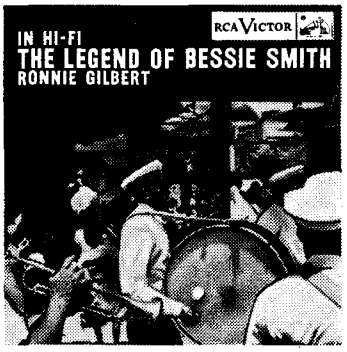
Droll HUMORIST—Discerning ANALYST

HON. HAROLD C. KESSINGER

PROGRAM ASSOCIATES—Utica, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BESSIE LUE SMITH



On Long Play and 45 Economy Package
A New Orthophonic High Fidelity Recording

RCA VICTOR

What are the FACTS about today's most controversial political figure?

NOW READY!

TRUJILLO

by
Abelardo R. Nanita

What can you believe about Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo? What is the key to his character?

This book gives you the *facts*, and an insight into one of the most controversial political personalities of our time. *Just published.*

$3.75. *At your bookstore, or:*

VANTAGE PRESS, INC.
120 West 31 St. New York 1

Truth or . . .

Continued from page 14

included in the curriculum of every officially recognized psychoanalytic institute and training center in the United States. The same is true of the works of Adler, Jung, Rank, W. Reich, and others.

In any event, controversial issues in science cannot be settled in the forum of public opinion. The resolution of such issues requires detailed clinical observation, the collection of data, correlation of data with hypotheses, elaboration of new theories, and the validation of such theories by painstaking study. Nonetheless, one must admit it is only human to be tempted to forsake the drudgery of the vineyard in favor of shouting from the roof-tops.

Finally, Fromm makes a whole set of unqualified statements about what is wrong with psychoanalysis and how it got that way. He has definite pronouncements to make on Freud's unconscious motivations and the reason why Freud's followers have exploited psychoanalysis for their personal ends. These are all very interesting speculations which Fromm has made so dogmatically. In keeping with the spirit of his article, Fromm's assertions can neither be proven nor disproven, but they can surely be circulated far and wide. It is hard to know why Fromm should choose to make such claims about psychoanalysis. One could impute all sorts of personal motivations to him. Of this, I have absolutely no knowledge whatsoever, and if I did I would not mention it. Such considerations are quite irrelevant. The validity of a scientific hypothesis is completely independent of the motivations of the person who promulgates it. Scientific issues are decided on the scientific merits of the evidence. Without evidence there is no science, only propaganda.

Now that Fromm has sounded the prophecy of doom for the psychoanalytic "movement," it remains only for the analysts to resign themselves and await the oncoming apocalypse. But salvation is possible, if only psychoanalysis will repent its sins and embrace humanism and dialectics! No one can dispute that psychoanalysis will benefit from integrating these currents of thought. The same applies with equal force to many other currents of research in other fields of science and the humanities. Fromm is much to be envied for his clear vision and sense of certainty. How wonderful to be at close range yet see the issues *sub specie deternitatis!*

Six Days or Forever?

Tennessee v. John Thomas Scopes

by RAY GINGER

The first full story of the famous "Monkey Trial." The Broadway hit *Inherit the Wind* touched on the trial scenes . . . Darrow and others have written partial accounts . . . Now you can read the complete story of the trial that left the civilized world gasping with incredulity. $3.95

36 *at your bookstore or write to*
BEACON PRESS DEPT. SR-6
25 BEACON ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Send me *postpaid:*
☐ SIX DAYS OR FOREVER? $3.95
☐ Your new catalog
Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
__Check __Money Order No C.O.D.'s

Best Book Contest for 1958

$1600 Cash Awards plus 40% royalty. All types of manuscripts invited. For Contest rules and details of famous publishing plan, write for free Brochure S.

Pageant Press, 101 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 3

MEMO TO WRITERS:

The priceless ingredient in every book is the integrity of the publisher. If we are convinced of the quality and sales potential of your manuscript, we will offer you a fair cooperative contract. Publication will be handled by men of vision and experience. Submit your manuscript to:

THE AMERICAN PRESS
Atten: Mr. Saunders, 489 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N. Y.

the American Communist Party

A Critical History (1919-1957)

by IRVING HOWE and LEWIS COSER

Systematically relates American Communism to American Life. The major portion deals with the '30's . . . the left-wing flirtation of the intellectuals, attempts at dual unions, Popular Front. . . . Careful analysis of Stalinism. Superlatively good historical writing. Irving Howe is the author of *Politics and the Novel.* $6.75

39 *at your bookstore or write to*
BEACON PRESS DEPT. SR-6
25 BEACON ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Send me *postpaid:*
☐ THE AMERICAN COMMUNIST PARTY $6.75
☐ Your new catalog
Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
__Check __Money Order No C.O.D.'s

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freud

Continued from page 13

jealousies and by the wish to spare Freud's name from the criticism of having been unkind and harsh to men deeply devoted to him. (I do not mean to accuse Dr. Jones of conscious insincerity; that unconscious strivings can defeat conscious intentions is another matter, however, and exactly the subject matter of psychoanalysis.)

While Jones did not see Ferenczi in the last year of his illness, I have a statement by Dr. Clara Thompson, who was with Ferenczi from 1932 to the day of his death, in which she states that "except for the symptoms of his physical illness, there was nothing psychotic in his reactions which I observed. I visited him regularly, and talked with him, and there was not a single incident, aside from memory difficulties, which would substantiate Jones's picture of Ferenczi's psychosis or homicidal mood." Dr. Michael Balint, one of Ferenczi's most trusted disciples, and executor of his literary estate, also disagrees with Dr. Jones's assertion. He writes: "Despite this very serious neurological condition (in connection with his pernicious anemia) his mind remained clear till the end and I can vouch for that from personal experience, as I saw him frequently during his last months, practically once or twice every week" (personal communication to me). Ferenczi's stepdaughter, Mrs. Elma Lauvrik, who also was with Ferenczi until his death, wrote me a statement confirming entirely Dr. Thompson's and Dr. Balint's descriptions.

I have given such a detailed description of the fantastic constructions of Dr. Jones, partly in order to defend the memory of gifted and devoted men who cannot defend themselves any more, and partly to show in a concrete example the party-line spirit to be found in certain quarters of the psychoanalytic movement. If one suspected the psychoanalytic movement of such a spirit before, then Jones's work, and especially the treatment of Rank and Ferenczi in the third volume, confirms this suspicion in all details.

THE QUESTION that arises now is: *how was it possible that psychoanalysis, a theory and a therapy, could be transformed into this kind of fanatical movement?* The answer to this question is possible only if we examine the motives by which Freud was prompted when he built the psychoanalytic movement.

Indeed, superficially seen, Freud was only the creator of a new *therapy for mental illness*, and this was the subject matter to which his main interest and all the efforts of his life were devoted. However, if we look more closely, we find that behind this concept of a medical therapy for the cure of neurosis was an entirely different intention, rarely expressed by Freud, and probably rarely even conscious to himself. This hidden, implicit concept did not primarily deal with the cure of mental illness, but with something which transcended the concept of cure and illness. What was this something?

It was certainly not medicine. "After forty-one years of medical activity," wrote Freud, "my self-knowledge tells me that I have never been a doctor in the proper sense. I became a doctor through being compelled to deviate from my original purpose; and the triumph of my life lies in my having, after a long and round-about journey, found my way to my earliest path." What was this earliest path to which Freud found his way back? He says it very clearly in the same paragraph: "In my youth I felt an overpowering need to *understand something of the riddles of the world in which we live, and perhaps even to contribute something to their solution.*"

This interest in the riddles of the world, and the wish to contribute something to their solution, was quite active in Freud when he was in high school, and especially in the last years before he graduated from there, and he reports himself: "In the powerful influence of a school friendship with a boy rather my senior, who grew up to be a well-known politician, I developed a wish to study law like him, and to engage in social activities." This school friend was a Socialist, Heinrich Braun, who was to become one of the leaders of the Socialist movement. As Freud reports somewhere else, this was the time when the first bourgeois ministers were appointed by the Emperor, and there was great jubilation in the homes of the liberal middle class, and especially among the Jewish intelligentsia. Freud by that time was greatly interested in the problems of Socialism, in a future as a political leader, and even intended to study law as a first step in this direction. Even in the years when Freud worked as an assistant in a physiological laboratory, he was fully aware of his need to devote himself to a cause. "Philosophy," he wrote his fiancée in 1881, "which I have always pictured as my goal and refuge in my old age, gains every day in attraction, as do human affairs altogether, or any cause to which I could give my devotion at all costs; but the fear of the supreme uncertainty of all political and local matters keeps me from that sphere."

However, Freud's political interest, if we use the word in a rather broad sense, his identification with leaders who were either conquerors or the great benefactors of the human race, was by no means of so recent a date as his last years in high school. Already, as a boy, he had a great admiration for Hannibal, and this admiration led to an identification with him which still existed in his later life, and which is clearly recognizable from Freud's own reports. His identification with Moses was perhaps even more profound, and lasted longer, and it is only the lack of space which does not permit me to give more proof for this assertion. Suffice it to say that Freud identified himself with Moses, the leader of the ignorant mass of people into a better life, that of reason and the control of passion. It is only another indication of the same attitude that in 1910 Freud was interested in joining an "International Fraternity for Ethics and Culture." Jones reports that Freud asked Jung whether he thought such a move feasible, and that he dropped it only after Jung's negative response. However, the International Psychoanalytic Movement which was founded shortly afterwards was to become a straight continuation of the idea of an International Fraternity for Ethics and Culture.

What were the aims, and what was the dogma of this movement? Freud has expressed it perhaps most clearly in the sentence: "Where there was Id—there shall be Ego." His aim was the control of irrational passions by reason; the liberation of man from passion, within human possibilities. He studied the sources of the passions in order to help man to dominate them. His aim was truth, the knowledge of reality; this knowledge to him was the only guiding light man had on Earth. These aims were the traditional aims of rationalism, of enlightenment philosophy, and of puritan ethics. It was the genius of Freud that he connected them with a new psychological insight into the dimension of the hidden and irrational sources of human action.

In many of Freud's formulations it becomes visible that Freud's interest transcended that of a medical cure

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in itself. He speaks of psychoanalytic therapy as of "the liberation of the human being," of the analyst as one who must serve as a "model" and act as a "teacher," and he states that "the relationship between analyst and patient is based on love of truth, that is, an acknowledgment of reality, that it precludes any kind of sham or deception."

What follows from all this? While Freud consciously was only a scientist and a therapist, unconsciously he was—and wanted to be—one of the great cultural-ethical leaders of the twentieth century. He wanted to conquer the world with his rationalistic-puritan dogma, and to lead man to the only—and very limited—salvation he was capable of: the conquest of passion by intellect. This, to Freud, was the *only* valid answer to the problem of man, not any kind of religion or any political solution like Socialism.

His movement was imbued with the enthusiasm of eighteenth and nineteenth-century rationalism and liberalism. It was Freud's tragic fate that this movement became popular after the First World War among the urban middle class and intelligentsia who were lacking in faith and in political or philosophical radicalism. Thus, psychoanalysis became the substitute for radical philosophical and political interest, a new creed which demanded little from its adherents except learning the nomenclature.

It is exactly this function which has made psychoanalysis so popular today. The bureaucracy which inherited Freud's mantle cashes in on this popularity, but inherited little of his greatness and of his real radicalism. Its members fought each other in petty intrigues and machinations, and the "official" myth about Ferenczi and Rank serves to eliminate the only two productive and imaginative disciples among the original group who had been left after Adler's and Jung's defections. But I believe that, if psychoanalysis is to follow and develop the basic discoveries of Freud, it must arrive at a revision of many of his theories conceived in the spirit of nineteenth-century physiological materialism, and revise them from the standpoint of humanistic and dialectic thinking. Such a translation of Freud into a new key must be based on a dynamic view of man rooted in insights into the specific conditions of human existence. The humanistic aims of Freud, transcending illness and therapy, may then find a new and more adequate expression—but only if psychoanalysis ceases to be governed by a sterile bureaucracy and regains its original daring in the search for truth.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion: 45¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 37¢ per word; 26 times 39¢ per word; 13 times 41¢ per word; 6 times 43¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

ELSIE AUGENBLICK — Manuscript Typing; Books, Plays. 342 Madison, MUrray Hill 7-0492, MUrray Hill 9-8132.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, ALL FORMS. Theses, Books, Plays, MSS. Delivery all publishers. Editing, Ghostwriting speeches, all subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 10 East 43 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5159.

AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE: Professional typing. 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, marketing. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

SUPERIOR TYPING—Books, Plays, Etc. LEAHEY'S, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

NATIONALLY RECOGNIZED writers organization accepting new members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB, 1817 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

OUR book and booklet production-distribution program features author-ownership. 70% royalties. FREE FOLDER. William-Frederick Press, 391 East 149 St., NYC 55.

GHOSTWRITING, EDITING, research, typing. Free brochure. LITERARY AID BUREAU, 215 West 98 St., NYC. TRafalgar 6-2294; MOnument 2-1058.

FREE! Writer's Market List! If you're interested in writing fiction or articles for leading magazines, or book publishers, Daniel S. Mead, prominent literary agent, has prepared a catalogue of markets which is a "must" item. For free copy write: Daniel S. Mead, 915 Broadway, Dept. SR, NYC 10.

TYPING—Superior. IBM equipment. Reasonable. Fast service. Empire State Secretarial Service, 330 Fifth Ave., PEnnsylvania 6-8072.

STORIES, ARTICLES, NOVELS, BOOKS PLACED! Highly recommended marketing and editorial aid for publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Free information. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42nd Street, NYC 36.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—Millions of back issues, thousand titles. Try us. "Back Number" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

OUT-OF-PRINT

JOHN FRIEND, BOOKFINDER can get the books you want. Free Search Service. Box 2570R, Long Beach 1, California.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low. Fast service. Try us—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

TRAINED BOOK DETECTIVES—Active searchers. Success is a habit with us. We can find quickly and economically almost any book you need. No search charge. Send to BOOKLAND, U S.A., P. O. Box 746, Dept. C, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

CAN'T GET IT? We'll find it and FAST. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 75 Phillips St., Boston, Mass.

FILMS

SR's Index to 16mm reviews and articles. Send 25¢ to FILMS, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC 36.

IF YOU WANT TO START A FILM CLUB . . . send $1 for the "Film Society Primer," 96 pp., edited by Cecile Starr, published by the American Federation of Film Societies, 110-42 69th Ave., Forest Hills 75, New York.

LANGUAGES

AT HOME you relax and learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Russian, Japanese, Modern Greek —any of 34 languages available with Linguaphone, The World's Standard Conversational Method. Complete recorded courses on FREE trial. Phone Circle 7-4752 for FREE Book, FREE trial; no obligation. FREE lesson in our studio. Open daily including Saturday. Linguaphone Institute, South Mezzanine, 54 RCA Building, NYC 20.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—scores of beautiful designs. Address Bookplates, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

FRENCH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1007 Times Tower, New York 36.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 40¢.

BOOKS

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—literature, etc. Catalogue issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham, N. Y.

SOCIALIST BOOKS. Catalogue, literature, FREE. NEW YORK LABOR NEWS COMPANY, Dept. C, 61 Cliff St., NYC 38.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL SUBJECTS. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 1-S, Wantagh, N. Y.

RARE BOOKS. English, German, Sanskrit, Persian, on literature, religion, philosophy, etc. Luther's work 1575, Mahabharata, Ramanaya. Offers invited. Box E-863.

ART

FRIENDLY little Art School in quaint TAXCO. Individual instruction. Inexpensive living and tuition. Bilingual teachers. TAXCO SCHOOL OF ART, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

ART SLIDES from World Museums. Send $1 for three 2 x 2 color slides and catalogues. ARTCO, Box 455S, Van Nuys, California.

MOONING FOR MATISSE? For connoisseurs: "Original Prints and Drawings of Modern Masters." Catalogue, 110 Illustrations—$1. DEITSCH, 51 East 73 St., NYC 21.

CONTEMPORARY ORIGINAL PRINTS in limited editions by leading American, European and Japanese artists offered by non-profit membership organization. Write for application form, free bulletin. INTERNATIONAL GRAPHIC ARTS SOCIETY, 65 West 56 St., NYC.

ORIGINAL LAUTREC POSTERS: Divan Japonais, Jane Avril, Elles, May Belfort, LaRevue Blanche. F.A.R. Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., NYC 21.

HI-FI COMPONENTS

HI-FI RECORDERS. Free catalogue. CARSTON, 215-L East 88 St., NYC 28.

LOOKING FOR A RECORDER OR RECORDING TAPE? Before you order get our prices. Professional Hi-Fi, Box 62, Canal Street Station, NYC 13.

WORKSHOPS

PSYCHODRAMA. Interviews for summer groups held now. Paul Kalina, PLaza 5-9322.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORD MART

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss imports, also Dolmetsch, Purcell and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering), $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods, contrabass recorders, spinets, harpsichords. Free catalogue 3-86B. HARGAIL, 147 West 57 St., NYC.

FOLK INSTRUMENT, Appalachian Dulcimer. Quality handcraft. Jeffreys, 416 Parkwood, Staunton, Virginia.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free list. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, P.O. Box 155, Verona, New Jersey.

VOICES OF THE SATELLITES—Authentic recording of radio signals from man's first satellites. Clear explanation, popular level. Historical collector's item 10 inch LP or magnetic tape. $3.95. TABEN RECORDINGS, Box 224C, Ardmore, Pennsylvania.

PERSONALS

ELECTRIC PLAYER PIANO ROLLS and unusual player instruments wanted. Larry Givens, Wexford, Pennsylvania.

EUROPEAN TOUR LEADERS wanted 1959 season. Age 25-35. Previous European travel experience necessary. Requirements: Male, personable appearance, congenial, tactful, proven ability as host and leader of groups. Quality adult tours departing March through September. Apply giving resume and snapshot to Tom Maupin Tour Associates, 1236 Mass., Lawrence, Kansas. Box E-869.

EXPERIENCED AIRCRAFT ENGINEER wants silent moneyed limited partners. Aerial motorcycle—helicopter ready for pre-prototype development. Box E-868.

HERALDIC WOODCARVING — Arms individually sculptured, polychromed—L. H. Sellers, Radnor, Pa.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. Lists for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

YOUNG MAN, 27, graduate student, will exchange services for living expenses during summer. Considers anything anywhere. Box E-867.

EX-STATE TROOPER, bachelor, maintain small estate, kennel, prefer cottage. Box E-870.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondences or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

SINGLE GIRL, 23, personable, intelligent, B.S., desires interesting, satisfying work. Eastern Seaboard preferred. Box E-847.

SAN FRANCISCO MALE, personable, industrious, good cook, limited finances, desires partner interested opening small, tasteful Bay-Area restaurant. Box E-848.

CHARMING EXCLUSIVE Madison Square Park—Attractive one room studio suites with full hotel service. MADISON SQUARE HOTEL, 35 Madison Ave. NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. LExington 2-6880.

MALE, 29, previous experience art gallery and interior decoration, widely traveled in Europe, broad knowledge wines and gourmet foods, desires position in above or related fields. Box E-849.

NEWSWOMAN, 27, wants to be Girl-Monday-thru-Friday in job requiring responsibility, imagination, initiative. Offering regular salary. Degree; camera, publicity experience. Box E-852.

TEACHER, MALE, single, 30, returning graduate study NYC wants work—summer, fall. Writer, typist, cook. Box E-853.

"FOREIGN JOB OPPORTUNITIES." Excellent professional, teaching, clerical; Europe, South America, etc. 200 job classifications, 100 firms, government now hiring (Male, Female). $1. (Refundable). OTIS PUBLICATIONS, Box 21S, Alden Manor, Elmont, N. Y.

HARVARD COLLEGE Honors Jr., tutor all high school or grade scool subjects. Experienced. New York City or Westchester. Available June thru August. Box E-736.

AUTHENTIC SPANISH BULLFIGHT POSTERS. Two for $3. postpaid. Research Publications, Box 305-A, Wall Street Station, NYC 5.

COLLEGE GRADUATE. Background English. Education or Psychology. Nice pay. Single. Box E-856.

PERSONALS

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Ask for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Charles R. Hamilton Autographs, Inc., 515 Madison Ave., NYC 22. ELdorado 5-3464.

HAVE MICROPHONE, WILL TRAVEL! Preserve in sound your manuscripts, lectures, papers, panels, meetings, seminars, performances. FAMILY PORTRAITS—Baby's first words—Johnny's unchanged voice, sister's wedding—Grandmother's Bible reading. Today's family events recorded at home become precious future memories. AMPEX TAPE RECORDERS exclusively-used with sympathetic skill. Experience in radio-recording fields. Expert editing makes your recording perfect! NO JOB TOO SMALL—only a few too big! ENdicot 2-1426 (NYC).

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South NYC. Transients from $3.50. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

YOUNG WOMAN, Office-Property management experience, wants wider opportunity, public spirited organization. Box E-815.

WANTED: Volume VIII Part 1 (Q and R) of Oxford Dictionary. 1909. Will buy, or exchange for Volume VII (O and P) Part 1. Box E-707.

FRENCH, ITALIAN—SPEAK FLUENTLY. Efficient, interesting method. LExington 2-4769 (NYC).

WILL TEACH mentally retarded in exchange for fine vacation. Box E-857.

NEW FROM ENGLAND! Bookbinding kits for paperbacks. Make hard-cover volumes in minutes. Six bindings. $1.96. BIND-YOUR-OWN. Box E-877.

SECRETARY, 24, travel. Good with children. Excellent skills, attractive, references. Box E-836.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95, includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

ARTISTIC INTERPRETATION of your personality in a personal crest. Unlimited application: bookplates, linens, stationery, etc. Unusual gift. Write for information. Flying Dragon Art Company. P. O. Box 256, Gracie Station, NYC 28.

IDEAL STENO, music—college background, wants summer job (not NYC). Box E-873.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 415 West 59 St., NYC 19.

ASPIRING ACTOR-WRITER now aspires for salaried position. B.A. English major, alert mind, well-read, can do editing, research, etc. Box E-837.

ENGLISH-EXCHANGE STUDENT, male, wants mid-June transportation to West Coast; "will do anything." Box E-865.

CULTURED, world-traveled man. Sociologist, linguist creative photographer. Interested placement anywhere U.S., abroad: Administration, research, pictorial documentation. Box E-839.

INHERITED ANTIQUE UPRIGHT PIANO, Collard & Collard (late Clementi, Collard & Collard). Box E-841.

ENJOY LEARNING TO PLAY! Summer Course, "Introduction to the Piano." Make music from the beginning. Modern methods. Sound principles. Adults and children. Howell Baker, SU 7-4755 (9-12 A.M.). Recommended by Mme. Lhevinne and Sascha Gorodnitzki. Box E-844.

AMAZING new 1958 World Wide Summer Placement Directory. Over 10,000 fascinating opportunities in all States, many foreign countries. Earn, learn and travel while you vacation. Completely verified, specific information including salaries. Limited edition. Rush $2 now. Add 30¢ for air mail. CRUSADE Box 99SR, Station G, Brooklyn 22, N. Y.

BOTANIST, RETIRED; bibliophile, modest wit, desires summer or permanent position. Box E-876.

YOU CAN FIND OUT! Confidential information developed, any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Officially licensed. Established 1922. Equitable Service Bureau, 15 Maiden Lane, NYC.

OLD TOWN SCHOOL OF FOLK MUSIC—Devoted to study of folk songs and folk instruments, announces two intensive, four week, daytime, summer courses. For details. 333 North Ave., Chicago 10.

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish, European. Write M'Wethy, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

PERSONALS

LONE GUY—SEEKING HI FI? Good music and romance are strictly compatible. You choose the concert and the "intermissions." EICO tuners, preamps, amplifiers and speaker systems are praised by the experts as "the best buys in Hi Fi." Have the fun of building your own system from kits or select factory-wired units. Write for FREE BROCHURE. EICO, Dept. 12, 33-01 Northern Blvd., L.I.C. 1, N.Y.

TUSSAH SILKS again available. Big selection bleeding madras. Aran sweaters, jackets. Avoca tweeds. Carol Brown, Putney 22, Vermont.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16, MUrray Hill 5-4280.

WOMAN, with M.A. in English, romance languages, desires full-time employment as research, editorial assistant, translator, reader. Box E-488.

MIDDLE EAST EMPLOYMENT sought by college graduate, navy veteran W.W. II. Age thirty. Six years teaching and public relations experience in Turkey. Speaks Turkish. Prefers position in Istanbul or Ankara. Available September '58. Only firms or organizations with first rate, bona fide commercial or cultural programs need answer advertisement. Reply Box E-878.

GENTLE, AFFECTIONATE CAT, needs home. TWining 6-6866 or Box E-880.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent

CONNECTICUT. Tiny three room cottage on wooded acre. Ideal for one person, possibly for two. Choicely furnished, up-to-date utilities, but no picture window. Box E-874.

For Sale

CABIN, RIPTON, VERMONT. Near Bread Loaf, Middlebury. Two bedrooms, fireplace, conveniences. View. Box 96, Castleton, Vermont.

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT. If you must be an Exurbanite, do it right. Five minutes from the station, across your own ever flowing brook, on 3 acres of wooded, easily maintained land. Custom built for owner two years ago, old brick and white clapboard. Large game room with a working bar and fireplace leads to terrace overlooking large swimming pool. Four and ½ tiled baths. Four bedrooms, two dressing rooms. Partially paneled living room, fireplace, many built-in features. Dining room, country kitchen, fully equipped work shop. Brick entrance hall, oversized closets. 2 car attached garage. Asking $63,500. MUrray Hill. 2-4986. CApitol 7-5629.

$5000 will buy a charming SW New Hampshire Cape Cod summer home on 1½ acres. Fireplaces, electricity, modern plumbing, privacy, view, some work needed. H. R. Houghton, Orono, Maine.

BEDFORD HILLS, N.Y. Westchester County. 150 year old farmhouse, completely remodeled. 2 acres overlooking lake; beamed ceiling living room with fireplace, sunny dining room, large equipped kitchen, study-bedroom and bath on first. 4 bedrooms and bath upstairs. 2 car garage. Comp'etely private yet only 5 minutes to station, stores. Near private park for tennis, skating, playfield. $29,500. MOunt Kisco 6-6937.

OLD LYME, CONNECTICUT. 200 year old colonial, beautifully restored. 10 rooms, 2 baths, 4 fireplaces, hot water-oil heat, attractively landscaped, pond, brook, 2 car stone garage, barn, sheep-shed—1 mile to new Connecticut Turnpike. Low taxes, 4½ acres. $46,500 firm. Owner—Goulding, GEneral 4-1539.

OLD CAPE COD. Good highway. Ten acres, artesian well, electricity. Living room with dining area, knotty pine. Two bedrooms, kitchen, bath. Open attic, forced hot air heat. Three fireplaces. Taxes $160—Price $13,900. Dora L. Edwards, Mont Vernon, New Hampshire.

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT. This could be a 6 room house but owner preferred sacrifice room for charm. Oversized country kitchen, living room, picture window, corner fireplace, library or 3rd bedroom. 2 tiled baths, full attic, screened porch, 2 car attached garage, oversized closets, beautifully decorated, wooded area convenient to town and station. Asking $33,500. MUrray Hill 2-4986. CApitol 7-7635.

(Continued on page 58)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSES AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 57)

For Summer Rentals

TWO GUEST HOUSES at one of Tidewater, Virginia's showplaces. Housekeeping facilities, air-conditioning. swimming pool, fishing and hunting in season. Preference given reservation requests with references. Willow Hill Plantation, Spring Grove, Virginia.

STOWE, VERMONT, Route 100. Furnished, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace, modern kitchen. Panoramic view Mt. Mansfield. Season $600. E. G. Mercier, R.F.D. 4, Ridgefield, Connecticut.

LAKE BOMOSEEN, VERMONT, modern house, cottage. Bridgeroad Farm, LExington 2-2663, NYC.

AUTHENTIC GREEK REVIVAL SCHOOLHOUSE, converted into a delightful four room home with modern plumbing and oil heat. Garage. Beautiful hillside setting, huge trees, flowering shrubs. Privacy. $12,000. Or year lease $95 monthly. Owner R.D. 1, Box 282, Rhinebeck, N.Y. Telephone: TRinity 6-3835.

MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAIN COTTAGES 70 miles NYC. Amid towering pines and unbelievable scenery. New conveniences, huge swimming pool, brook. Parents with children 10-14 particularly desired. $300 season. Write Molnar, Box E-823. Phone ED 4-4261.

SOUTHWEST HARBOR, MAINE. House on shore overlooking harbor and islands. Four bedrooms, two baths. Completely furnished. July $600. Box E-846.

UNUSUAL southern Vermont mountain stone lodge, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, 3 fireplaces, living room, dining room, kitchen, 3 guest cabins, completely equipped. Own swimming pond, canoe. Secluded. Accessible. Box E-840.

CAPE COD, Truro. Charming old house, modernized baths, fireplaces, sleeps seven. Mile from ocean. July $450. Call WEllfleet 9-3689.

FOUR ROOM COTTAGE in Vermont hills. Primitive facilities. Kerosene lamps. Spring water. Peaceful, secluded, beautiful. $260 season. Telephone 32M, Elizabeth Schwartzman, Woodstock, Vermont.

SECLUDED MOUNTAIN HOME—Professional couple will share. Children welcome. Three hours New York. Car necessary. Long season. Reasonable, ACademy 2-3680 (NYC) Evenings.

NANTUCKET. Small house. Delightful upstairs apartment, garage below. Convenient location. $65 week. MAin 5-0398 (NY) evenings. Box E-872.

WATERFRONT, MODERN housekeeping cottages. $35—$75. Weekly. Folder; Lenz's, Waldoboro, Maine.

VACATIONS

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet Cape Cod seaport village. Beach, beautiful harbor view, shore drives. Summer theatres accessible. Rates from $10. A.P. Booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

THE CLIFF HOUSE, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Me. Enjoy our salt tanged breezes. Ocean on three sides. Quiet, informal. Cocktail Lounge. All sports. Reasonable rates with or without meals. Booklet. Maurice Weare, Manager. WElls 791.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, New York. Altitude 2,100 feet. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. "We didn't think there was a place left like this!" Cottages, meals varied and best. The Tibbits.

CRESTMONT INN. Enjoy a perfect family vacation in scenic Alleghenies. Ranch-type cottages. Delicious meals. Water sports, riding, lawn bowling. Golf, tennis pros. Concerts. Tot, teen directors. Opens June 14. Write for folder K; W. T. Dickerson, Eagles Mere, Penna. Lakeview 5-3232.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT. Cornwall Guest House. Brochure available. Breakfast only. Virginia Graham, HOpkins 2-2432.

WOODHOLME LODGE on Seventh Lake in the ADIRONDACKS. Home cooked meals served family style. American plan. $50 to $58 per week—$8.50 to $10 per day. Write R. W. Keough, Box S 357, Inlet, New York.

VACATIONS

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills, Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial home. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, N.Y. Secluded and beautiful, directly on lake. Nature lovers' paradise. Open until late autumn. Reasonable. Modern conveniences. Write for booklet.

SNOWVILLAGE LODGE, SNOWVILLE, N. H. Tel. Conway, HIckory 7-2818. The charming Swiss resort in the White Mountains. Nestled in pine woods 1,000 feet high. Own tennis. Swimming, fishing, boating. Excellent continental cuisine. Every room has private bath. AAA approved.

WANTED: Tired people needing peaceful view, lake, home cooking. Seymour Lodge, Morgan Center, Vermont.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, Green Mountains, Manchester, Vermont. Charming Alpine chalet. Food for the discriminating. Rest for the weary. Inspiration for writers, artists. Folder.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lovell, Maine. Modern cabins, lake. American-Jewish Cuisine. Sports, beauty, HI-FI. $77 to $98 weekly. DEwey 9-5730 (NYC).

BLUEBERRY HILL! Summer again. Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons. Brandon, Vermont.

OGUNQUIT. AAA. Beautiful grounds, gardens overlooking the ocean. Exceptional meals. Planned activities June to September. Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 21, Maine.

SLOUCH-ON-THE-COUCH comfort at TWIN PALETTE, Teakettle Spout Lake, Mahopac, N.Y. No mobs, snobs, or mombos. Weekends only. Beautiful countryside. Books, music, art, unforgettable food. Schechtman; N.Y.: ALgonquin 4-8277 (10:00-5:00); MAhopac 8-2047, weekends, evenings.

FESTIVAL HOUSE, in the Berkshires. New filtered pool, Hi-Fi. Workshop in painting, ceramics, photography. Tanglewood Intellectual Holiday. Phone Lenox, Mass. 367.

FRENCH LEAVE . . . "for your second honeymoon when you know what you want"—the Bahamas' newest and most talked about hotel—sits smack on a mile and a half of gorgeous pink beach. Spring, Summer and Fall are particularly delightful. Write French Leave, Governor's Harbour, Eleuthera, Bahamas.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Conn. Open all year.

WATERVILLE INN—A complete mountain resort in secluded Waterville Valley, surrounded by the White Mountain National Forest. For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. A comfortable Inn, private golf course, swimming pool, tennis court, miles of walking and climbing trails. Folder. Advance Reservations. Waterville Valley, Compton P. O., New Hampshire.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. Special children's rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species) seeking an "island in Time" and loving the inner peace of quiet forests, shores compass'd by the voiceful sea, stars for streetlights. THE ISLAND INN; Monhegan Island, Maine (Ten miles at sea). Booklet D? Advance reservations necessary.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. An ideal vacation spot in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2000 feet, midst the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, congenial companions. Private swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, reading, discussion. For 1958 pamphlet write: Box 368, Damariscotta, Maine.

EVERGREEN MANOR, Peekskill, New York. Beautiful colonial estate. Swimming pool. Counselors, service. Delightful meals served on open terrace. For information write hotel or call LOrraine 8-0700.

VACATIONS

MUSIC INN AT LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS. Close to Tanglewood and Franz Liszt. Adjacent to Music Barn and Max Roach. Swimming, boating, bicycling, tennis, and the sound of silence too. Write Stephanie Barber.

SUMMER VACATIONS on farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrrain 8-0700 (NYC).

UNIQUE LAKESIDE HIDEAWAY resort on a truly lovely lake in deep enchanting woods. Plan for 3-day July 4 weekend. Uncrowded, peaceful, different! Reserve early for Tanglewood period. Our off-the highway retreat ideal for combining vacation with Tanglewood, Pillow, Playhouse, Jazz Festival. All sports, good music, fine food, wonderful hiking, real outdoors . . . even two channel connected lakes for unsurpassable canoeing, rowing, swimming. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Mass. Folder S.

ROCKY POINT, Salem, Massachusetts. Delightful spot on Bay with unsurpassed ocean view—one mile from this historic city. Spacious rooms—few guests. Meals graciously served. For folder, address Miss Elinor Ciandell, 140 Bay View Ave., Salem, Mass.

TENNIS—CAPE COD. 5 Clay courts. Quiet area. write: Hawthorne Bissell, Provincetown, Mass.

QUAKER APPROACH TO CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS: "Search for New Directions," vacation institute in Berkshire foothills, 70 miles from New York, July 11—18. Faculty will include AMIYA CHAKRAVARTY, Indian author, former secretary to Gandhi and Tagore: ALBERT BIGELOW, skipper of Golden Rule voyage to Eniwetok. Small group discussions and evening meetings. At Holiday Hills: 535 acres, with lake and excellent facilities for swimming, boating, golf, hiking, etc. Limited to 150. Inquire: American Friends Service Committee, 237 Third Avenue, NYC.

THE FALES. Woodland beauty—cottages—fireplaces —excellent food! Williamstown, Mass.

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N.Y. Charming resort estate. Concert trio. Sally Ray, folk, square, social dance leader. Crafts. All sports. Summer stock. CIrcle 6-6386 (NYC).

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA. Life is leisurely and gracious at PETER PAN LODGE. Magnificent ocean views. Epicurean food. Even breakfast in bed.

"YES, we're right on a Lake and only 4 miles from Tanglewood." Holiday Inn on Laurel Lake, Lee, Mass.

WINDY HILL, R.D. 1, WALDEN, N. Y. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Newburgh 1232.

INTERLAKEN INN. Unsurpassed swimming, "pitch and putt" golf, good company, wonderful things to eat, complete relaxation. Summer theatres. William Peters, Manager, Box 422, Lakeville, Conn. HEmlock 5-2871.

TRAVEL

PORTABLE BATTERY-OPERATED TAPE RECORDERS. Record music, speech, sounds, anywhere! Ideal for travelers who want to retain their experiences on magnetic tape and add sound to home movies. Various models available for all field uses. Sold direct from factory. Write for free literature to Dept. SR; AMPLIFIER CORP. OF AMERICA, 398 Broadway, NYC 13.

CRUISE ABOARD YOUR OWN YACHT. Refreshing summer trade wind climate, cool and calm. Windward and Leeward Islands. Well appointed vessels. Write airmail for details. Commander Vernon Nicholson, Box 103, Antigua, B.W.I.

EUROPE IN AUTUMN COLORS. GRAND CIRCLE. August 18-October 23: $1165. Sixteen countries; Britain, Scandinavia, Italy, World's Fair. Operas, theatre, concerts. Luxury motorcoach, excellent hotels, meals. Tourist class passage. Expertly conducted. DITTMANN TRAVEL ORGANIZATION (MIDWEST Tours), Northfield, Minnesota.

BORED WITH THE USUAL? Enjoy a sailing vacation. $300 per week per couple all expense. Air Mail, Yacht Aloha, Man-O-War, Bahamas.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1264

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Title provided by Disraeli for Queen Victoria, no longer used by British rulers (3 wds.).	132 97 159 45 117 50 48 30 35 175 91 / 96 148 13
B. Great world city; recent Amer. author; current fine male singer at the Met.	126 139 118 20 167 130
C. In scansion, drawing together two vowels ordinarily separate in pronunciation.	140 114 99 67 157 57 137 9 47 166
D. Minute particles of matter which we used to consider indivisible.	16 162 2 138 90
E. Dravidian language of Malabar coast of India (a fine palindromic word).	1 81 171 61 109 65 174 154 133
F. Russian novelist, bitter opponent of Bolsheviki, died in Finland (1871-1919).	122 83 131 23 8 26 145 176
G. Volcanic peak more than 15,000 ft. in Mexico, known as Nevado de Toluca.	143 84 179 49 34 104 46 40 170 93 127
H. British slang for unsteady, feeble, awry.	66 106 76 156 25
I. Substance of the black keys.	44 94 18 146 101
J. Abode of souls of unbaptized babies (2 wds.; R.C. Church).	151 87 105 102 165 125 37 55 95 134 77 / 28 12
K. Legal writing conferring some right, power, authority (2 wds.).	113 75 42 141 15 71 63 144 31 88 100 / 3 53
L. Inadvertent omission in writing or copying of adjacent letters, syllables, words, lines.	121 111 21 64 172 86 52 160 116 60 152
M. Correct living, acc'g hygienic and moral principles.	178 79 164 43 70 153 36 27 59 33 115
N. Council in Anglo-Saxon times.	69 89 68 142 85 22 17 4 62 98 120
O. The dreaming porter in *Dickens' Christmas story* "The Chimes" (2 wds.).	135 161 54 24 80 5 149 41 128 14
P. Ancient Greek wine pitcher with trefoil-shaped mouth.	7 58 39 19 168 136 92 108
Q. Amelia's patient suitor whom she finally married ("Vanity Fair").	158 51 110 173 82 10
R. Most eccentric method or manner (2 wds.).	129 6 29 150 32 123 124 38 163
S. One of India's three great rivers, almost 1900 miles long.	177 74 112 103 147
T. In mining, a periodical sale of ore; what the traffic cop is doing to cars illegally parked.	11 169 155 72 78 119 73 107 56

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 E	2 D	3 K	4 N	5 O	■	6 R	7 P	8 F	9 C	10 Q	11 T	■	12 J	13 A	14 O	15 K
■	16 D	■	17 N	18 I	19 P	20 B	■	21 L	22 N	23 F	24 O	25 H	■	26 F	27 M	28 J
■	29 R	30 A	■	31 K	32 R	■	33 M	34 G	■	35 A	36 M	37 J	38 R	39 P	40 G	41 O
■	42 K	43 M	44 I	45 A	46 G	■	47 C	48 A	■	49 G	■	50 A	51 Q	52 L	53 K	■
54 O	55 J	■	56 T	57 C	58 P	59 M	60 L	61 E	62 N	63 K	■	64 L	65 E	66 H	■	67 C
68 N	■	69 N	70 M	71 K	72 T	■	73 T	74 S	■	75 K	76 H	77 J	78 T	79 M	80 O	81 E
82 Q	83 F	84 G	85 N	86 L	■	87 J	88 K	■	89 N	90 D	■	91 A	92 P	93 G	■	94 I
95 J	96 A	■	97 A	98 N	99 C	100 K	101 I	■	102 J	103 S	104 G	■	105 J	106 H	107 T	108 P
109 E	■	110 Q	111 L	112 S	113 K	114 C	■	115 M	116 L	117 A	118 B	119 T	■	120 N	121 L	122 F
123 R	■	124 R	125 J	126 B	127 G	■	128 O	129 R	130 B	131 F	132 A	133 E	134 J	■	135 O	136 P
137 C	■	138 D	139 B	140 C	141 K	■	142 N	143 G	144 K	145 F	146 I	147 S	148 A	149 O	150 R	151 J
152 L	■	153 M	154 E	155 T	156 H	157 C	158 Q	■	159 A	160 L	161 O	162 D	163 R	■	164 M	165 J
■	166 C	167 B	168 P	169 T	170 G	171 E	■	172 L	173 Q	174 E	175 A	176 F	177 S	178 M	179 G	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's most dramatic mountains – Grand Teton National Park, Wyo.

Give us men to match these mountains!

Most *big* mountains start with *little* mountains at their feet. But Nature wasted no time building foothills here. She put all her energy into the Grand Tetons themselves and there they are, thrusting up from the plain and strutting off against the sky. Born of earthquake and ice. they are the most spectacular peaks in the chain that forms our continental backbone.

You can read about the Tetons in books: how John Colter discovered them in 1807, how the mountain men rendezvoused at Jackson Hole to swap tall tales, how conservationists made them into a great National Park.

Now, see for yourself. Tramp the miles of wilderness trails. Wet a hook in the snow-fed lakes that mirrored Indian campfires. Or, as the mountain men liked to do, lazy around a spell for your soul's quiet peace.

A poet wrote of the West: *"Bring me men to match my mountains!"* America has always answered that call, for there's a challenge in this restless, adventurous nation that breeds great men . . . *men who dare to stand up against the sky itself!*

★ ★ ★

FREE TOUR INFORMATION If you would like to visit Grand Teton National Park, or drive anywhere in the U.S.A., let us help plan your trip. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Corp., 600 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.—Also ask for our colorful National Parks Map.

ANOTHER IN SINCLAIR'S AMERICAN CONSERVATION SERIES

SINCLAIR SALUTES JACKSON HOLE PRESERVE, INC.,

founded by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. *to conserve areas of natural beauty* throughout the U.S. for the enjoyment of the public. Through the *wisdom, patriotism and generosity* of Mr. Rockefeller, 30,000 acres of Jackson Hole were restored to their primitive beauty and presented to Grand Teton National Park. The Preserve made possible Jackson Hole Wildlife Park with its laboratory, the restoration of historic buildings, and many improved facilities for visitors.

SINCLAIR
A Great Name in Oil

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED